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MALBONE:
AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XIX.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THIS was the history of Emilia's concealed visits to Malbone.

One week after her marriage, in a crisis of agony, Emilia took up her pen, dipped it in fire, and wrote thus to him:—

"Philip Malbone, why did nobody ever tell me what marriage is where there is no love? This man who calls himself my husband is no worse, I suppose, than other men. It is only for being what is called by that name that I abhor him. Good God! what am I to do? It was not for money that I married him; that you know very well; I cared no more for his money than for himself. I thought it was the only way to save Hope. She has been very good to me, and perhaps I should love her, if I could love anybody. Now I have done what will only make more misery, for I cannot bear it. Philip, I am alone in this wide world, except for you. Tell me what to do. I will haunt you till you die, unless you tell me. Answer this, or I will write again."

Terrified by this letter, absolutely powerless to guide the life with which he had so desperately entangled himself, Philip let one day pass without answering, and that evening he found Emilia at his door, she having glided unnoticed up the main stairway. She was so excited, it was equally dangerous to send her away or to admit her, and he drew her in, darkening the windows and locking the door. On the whole, it was not so bad as he expected; at least there was less violence and more despair. She covered her face with her hands, and writhed in anguish, when she said that she had utterly degraded herself by this loveless marriage. She scarcely mentioned her husband. She made no complaint of him, and even spoke of him as generous. It seemed as if this made it worse, and as if she would be happier if she could expend herself in hating him. She spoke of him rather as a mere witness to some shame for which she herself was responsible; bearing him no malice, but tortured by the thought that he should exist.

Then she turned on Malbone. "Phil-

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ip, why did you ever interfere with my life? I should have been very happy with Antoine if you had let me marry him, for I never should have known what it was to love you. Oh! I wish he were here now, even he; any one who loved me truly, and whom I could love only a little. I would go away with such a person anywhere, and never trouble you and Hope any more. What shall I do? Philip, you might tell me what to do. Once you told me always to come to you."

"What can you do?" he asked gloomily, in return.

"I cannot imagine," she said, with a desolate look, more pitiable than passion, on her young face. "I wish to save Hope, and to save my—to save Mr. Lambert. Philip, you do not love me. I do not call it love. There is no passion in your veins; it is only a sort of sympathetic selfishness. Hope is infinitely better than you are, and I believe she is more capable of loving. I began by hating her, but if she loves you as I think she does, she has treated me more generously than ever one woman treated another. For she could not look at me and not know that I loved you. I did love you. O Philip, tell me what to do!"

Such beauty in anguish, the thrill of the possession of such love, the possibility of soothing by tenderness the wild mood which he could not meet by counsel,—it would have taken a stronger or less sympathetic nature than Malbone's to endure all this. It swept him away; this revival of passion was irresistible. When her pent-up feeling was once uttered, she turned to his love as a fancied salvation. It was a terrible remedy. She had never looked more beautiful, and yet she seemed to have grown old at once; her very caresses appeared to burn. She lingered and lingered, and still he kept her there; and when it was no longer possible for her to go without disturbing the house, he led her to a secret spiral stairway, which went from attic to cellar of that stately old mansion, and which opened by one or more doors on each landing,

as his keen eye had found out. Descending this, he went forth with her into the dark and silent night. The mist hung around the house; the wet leaves fluttered and fell upon their cheeks; the water lapped desolately against the pier. Philip found a carriage and sent her back to Mrs. Meredith's, where she was staying during the brief absence of John Lambert.

These concealed meetings, once begun, became an absorbing excitement. She came several times, staying half an hour, an hour, two hours. They were together long enough for suffering, never long enough for soothing. It was a poor substitute for happiness. Each time she came, Malbone wished that she might never go or never return. His warier nature was feverish with solicitude and with self-reproach; he liked the excitement of slight risks, but this was far too intense, the vibrations too extreme. She, on the other hand, rode triumphant over waves of passion which cowed him. He dared not exclude her; he dared not continue to admit her; he dared not free himself; he could not be happy. The privacy of the concealed stairway saved them from outward dangers, but not from inward fears. Their interviews were first blissful, then anxious, then sad, then stormy. It was at the end of such a storm that Emilia had passed into one of those deathly calms which belonged to her physical temperament; and it was under these circumstances that Hope had followed Philip to the door.

XX.

AUNT JANE TO THE RESCUE.

The thing that saves us from insanity during great grief is that there is usually something to do, and the mind composes itself to the mechanical task of adjusting the details. Hope dared not look forward an inch into the future; that way madness lay. Fortunately, it was plain what must come first,—to keep the whole thing within their own roof, and therefore to make some explana-

tion to Mrs. Meredith, whose servants had doubtless been kept up all night awaiting Emilia. Profoundly perplexed what to say or not to say to her, Hope longed with her whole soul for an adviser. Harry and Kate were both away, and besides, she shrank from darkening their young lives as hers had been darkened. She resolved to seek counsel in the one person who most thoroughly distrusted Emilia, — Aunt Jane.

This lady was in a particularly happy mood that day. Emilia, who did all kinds of fine needle-work exquisitely, had just embroidered for Aunt Jane some pillow-cases. The original suggestion came from Hope, but it never cost Emilia anything to keep a secret, and she had presented the gift very sweetly, as if it were a thought of her own. Aunt Jane, who with all her penetration as to facts was often very guileless as to motives, was thoroughly touched by the humility and the embroidery.

"All last night," she said, "I kept waking up and thinking about Christian charity and my pillow-cases."

It was, therefore, a very favorable day for Hope's consultation, though it was nearly noon before her aunt was visible, perhaps because it took so long to make up her bed with the new adornments.

Hope said frankly to Aunt Jane that there were some circumstances about which she should rather not be questioned, but that Emilia had come there the previous night from the ball, had been seized with one of her peculiar attacks, and had stayed all night. Aunt Jane kept her eyes steadily fixed on Hope's sad face, and, when the tale was ended, drew her down and kissed her lips.

"Now tell me, dear," she said; "what comes first?"

"The first thing is," said Hope, "to have Emilia's absence explained to Mrs. Meredith in some such way that she will think no more of it, and not talk about it."

"Certainly," said Aunt Jane. "There is but one way to do that. I will call on her myself."

"You, auntie?" said Hope.

"Yes, I," said her aunt. "I have owed her a call for five years. It is the only thing that will excite her so much as to put all else out of her head."

"O auntie!" said Hope, greatly relieved, "if you only would! But ought you really to go out? It is almost raining."

"I shall go," said Aunt Jane, decisively, "if it rains little boys!"

"But will not Mrs. Meredith wonder—?" began Hope.

"That is one advantage," interrupted her aunt, "of being an absurd old woman. Nobody ever wonders at anything I do, or else it is because they never stop wondering."

She sent Ruth ere long to order the horses. Hope collected her various wrappers, and Ruth, returning, got her mistress into preparation.

"If I might say one thing more," Hope whispered.

"Certainly," said her aunt. "Ruth, go to my chamber, and get me a pin."

"What kind of a pin, ma'am?" asked that meek handmaiden, from the doorway.

"What a question!" said her indignant mistress. "Any kind. The common pin of North America. Now, Hope?" as the door closed.

"I think it better, auntie," said Hope, "that Philip should not stay here longer, at present. You can truly say that the house is full, and —"

"I have just had a note from him," said Aunt Jane, severely. "He has gone to lodge at the hotel. What next?"

"Aunt Jane," said Hope, looking her full in the face, "I have not the slightest idea what to do next."

("The next thing for me," thought her aunt, "is to have a little plain speech with that misguided child up stairs.")

"I can see no way out," pursued Hope.

"Darling!" said Aunt Jane, with a voice full of womanly sweetness, "there is always a way out, or else the world would have stopped long ago. Perhaps it would have been better if it had

stopped, but you see it has not. All we can do is, to live on and try our best."

She bade Hope leave Emilia to her, and furthermore, stipulated that Hope should go to her pupils as usual, that afternoon, as it was their last lesson. The young girl shrank from the effort, but the elder lady was inflexible. She had her own purpose in it. Hope once out of the way, Aunt Jane could deal with Emilia.

No human being, when met face to face with Aunt Jane, had ever failed to yield up to her the whole truth she sought. Emilia was on that day no exception. She was prostrate, languid, humble, denied nothing, was ready to concede every point but one. Never, while she lived, would she dwell beneath John Lambert's roof again. She had left it impulsively, she admitted, scarce knowing what she did. But she would never return there to live. She would go once more and see that all was in order for Mr. Lambert, both in the house and on board the yacht, where they were to have taken up their abode for a time. There were new servants in the house, a new captain on the yacht; she would trust Mr. Lambert's comfort to none of them; she would do her full duty. Duty! the more utterly she felt herself to be gliding away from him forever, the more pains she was ready to lavish in doing these nothings well. About every insignificant article he owned she seemed to feel the most scrupulous and wife-like responsibility; while she yet knew that all he had was to him nothing, compared with the possession of herself; and it was the thought of this last ownership that drove her to despair.

Sweet and plaintive as the child's face was, it had a glimmer of wildness and a hunted look, that baffled Aunt Jane a little and compelled her to temporize. She consented that Emilia should go to her own house, on condition that she would not see Philip, — which was readily and even eagerly promised, — and that Hope should spend that night with Emilia, which proposal was ardently accepted. It occurred to Aunt Jane that

nothing better could happen than for John Lambert, on returning, to find his wife at home; and to secure this result, if possible, she telegraphed to him to come at once.

Meantime Hope gave her inevitable music-lesson, so absorbed in her own thoughts that it was all as mechanical as the *mélouome*. As she came out upon the Avenue for the walk home, she saw a group of people from a gardener's house, who had collected beside a muddy crossing, where a team of cart-horses had refused to stir. Presently they sprang forward with a great jerk, and a little Irish child was thrown beneath the wheel. Hope sprang forward to grasp the child and the wheel struck her also; but she escaped with a dress torn and smeared, while the cart passed over the little girl's arm breaking it in two places. She screamed and then grew faint, as Hope lifted her. The mother received the little burden with a wail of anguish; the other Irishwomen pressed around her with the dense and suffocating sympathy of their nation. Hope bade one and another run for a physician, but nobody stirred. There was no surgical aid within a mile or more. Hope looked round in despair, then glanced at her own disordered garments.

"As sure as you live!" shouted a well-known voice from a carriage which had stopped behind them. "If that is n't Hope what's-her-name, wish I may never! Here's a lark! Let me come there!"

And the speaker pushed through the crowd.

"Miss Ingleside," said Hope, decisively, "this child's arm is broken. There is nobody to go for a physician. But for the condition I am in, I would ask you to take me there at once in your carriage; but as it is —"

"As it is, I must ask you, hey?" said Blanche, finishing the sentence. "Of course. No mistake. *Sans dire*. Jones, junior, this lady will join us. Don't look so scared, man. Are you anxious about your cushions or your reputation?"

The youth simpered and disclaimed.

"Jump in, then, Miss Maxwell. Never mind the expense. It's only the family carriage;—surname and arms of Jones. Lucky there are no parents to the fore. Put my shawl over you, so."

"O Blanche!" said Hope, "what injustice—"

"I've done myself?" said the volatile damsel. "Not a doubt of it. That's my style, you know. But I have some sense; I know who's who. Now, Jones, junior, make your man handle the ribbons. I've always had a grudge against that ordinance about fast driving, and now 's our chance."

And the sacred "ordinance," with all other proprieties, was left in ruins that day. They tore along the Avenue with unexplained and most inexplicable speed, Hope being concealed by riding backward, and by a large shawl, and Blanche and her admirer receiving the full indignation of every chaste and venerable eye. Those who had tolerated all this girl's previous improprieties were obliged to admit that the line must be drawn somewhere. She at once lost several good invitations and a matrimonial offer, since Jones, junior, was swept away by his parents to be wedded without delay to a consumptive heiress who had long pined for his whiskers. And Count Posen, in his *Souvenirs*, was severer on Blanche's one good deed than on the worst of her follies.

A few years after, as Blanche, then the fearless wife of a regular-army officer, was helping Hope in the hospitals at Norfolk, she would stop to shout with delight over the reminiscence of that stately Jones equipage in mad career, amid the barking of dogs and the groaning of dowagers. "After all, Hope," she would say, "the fastest thing I ever did was under your orders."

XXI.

A STORM.

The members of the household were all at the window about noon, next day,

watching the rise of a storm. A murky wing of cloud, shaped like a hawk's, hung over the low western hills, across the bay. Then the hawk became an eagle, and the eagle a gigantic phantom, that hovered over half the visible sky. Beneath it, a little scud of vapor, moved by some cross-current of air, raced rapidly against the wind, just above the horizon, like smoke from a battle-field.

As the cloud ascended, the water grew rapidly blacker, and in half an hour broke into jets of white foam, all over its surface, with an angry look. Meantime a white film of fog spread down the bay from the northward. The wind hauled from southwest to northwest, so suddenly and strongly that all the anchored boats seemed to have swung round instantaneously, without visible process. The instant the wind shifted, the rain broke forth, filling the air in a moment with its volume, and cutting so sharply that it seemed like hail, though no hailstones reached the ground. At the same time there rose upon the water a dense white film, which seemed to grow together from a hundred different directions, and was made partly of rain, and partly of the blown edges of the spray. There was but a glimpse of this; for in a few moments it was impossible to see two rods; but when the first gust was over, the water showed itself again, the jets of spray all beaten down, and regular waves of dull lead-color breaking higher on the shore. All the depth of blackness had left the sky, and there remained only an obscure and ominous gray, through which the lightning flashed white, not red. Boats came driving in from the mouth of the bay with a rag of sail up; the men got them moored with difficulty, and when they sculled ashore in the skiffs, a dozen comrades stood ready to grasp and haul them in. Others launched skiffs in sheltered places, and pulled out bare-headed to bail out their fishing-boats and keep them from swamping at their moorings.

The shore was thronged with men

in oilskin clothes and by women with shawls over their heads. Aunt Jane, who always felt responsible for whatever went on in the elements, sat indoors with one lid closed, wincing at every flash, and watching the universe with the air of a coachman guiding six wild horses.

Just after the storm had passed its height, two veritable wild horses were reined up at the door, and Philip burst in, his usual self-composure gone.

"Emilia is out sailing!" he exclaimed. "Alone with Lambert's boatman, in this gale. They say she was bound for Narragansett."

"Impossible!" cried Hope, turning pale. "I left her not three hours ago." Then she remembered that Emilia had spoken of going on board the yacht, to superintend some arrangements, but had said no more about it, when she opposed it.

"Harry!" said Aunt Jane, quickly, from her chair by the window, "see that fisherman. He has just come ashore and is telling something. Ask him."

The fisherman had indeed seen Lambert's boat, which was well known. Something seemed to be the matter with the sail, but before the storm struck her, it had been hauled down. They must have taken in water enough, as it was. He had himself been obliged to bail out three times, running in from the Reef.

"Was there any landing which they could reach?" Harry asked.

There was none, — but the light-ship lay right in their track, and if they had good luck, they might get aboard of her.

"The boatman?" said Philip, anxiously, — "Mr. Lambert's boatman; is he a good sailor?"

"Don't know," was the reply. "Stranger here. Dutchman, Frenchman, Portuguese, or some kind of a foreigner."

"Seems to understand himself in a boat," said another.

"Mr. Malbone knows him," said a third. "The same that dove with the young woman under the steamboat paddles."

"Good grit," said the first.

"That's so," was the answer. "But grit don't teach a man the channel."

All agreed to this axiom; but as there was so strong a probability that the voyagers had reached the light-ship, there seemed less cause for fear.

The next question was, whether it was possible to follow them. All agreed that it would be foolish for any boat to attempt it, till the wind had blown itself out, which might be within half an hour. After that, some predicted a calm, some a fog, some a renewal of the storm; there was the usual variety of opinions. At any rate, there might perhaps be an interval during which they could go out, if the gentlemen did not mind a wet jacket.

Within the half-hour came indeed an interval of calm, and a light shone behind the clouds from the west. It faded soon into a gray fog, with ugly puffs of wind from the southwest again. When the young men went out with the boatmen, the water had grown more quiet, save where angry little gusts ruffled it. But these gusts made it necessary to carry a double-reef, and they made but little progress against wind and tide.

A dark gray fog, broken by frequent wind-flaws, makes the ugliest of all days on the water. A still, pale fog is soothing; it lulls nature to a kind of repose. But a windy fog with occasional sunbeams and sudden films of metallic blue breaking the leaden water, — this carries an impression of something weird and treacherous in the universe, and suggests caution.

As the boat floated on, every sight and sound appeared strange. The music from the fort came sudden and startling through the vaporous eddies. A tall white schooner rose instantaneously near them, like a light-house. They could see the steam of the factory floating low, seeking some outlet between cloud and water. As they drifted past a wharf, the great black piles of coal hung high and gloomy; then a stray sunbeam brought out their peacock colors; then came the fog again,

driving hurriedly by, as if impatient to go somewhere and enraged at the obstacle. It seemed to have a vast inorganic life of its own, a volition and a whim. It drew itself across the horizon like a curtain; then advanced in trampling armies up the bay; then marched in masses northward; then suddenly grew thin, and showed great spaces of sunlight; then drifted across the low islands, like long tufts of wool; then rolled itself away toward the horizon; then closed in again, pitiless and gray.

Suddenly something vast towered amid the mist above them. It was the French war-ship returned to her anchorage once more, and seeming in that dim atmosphere to be something spectral and strange, that had taken form out of the elements. The muzzles of great guns rose tier above tier, along her side; great boats hung one above another, on successive pairs of davits, at her stern. So high was her hull, that the topmost boat and the topmost gun appeared to be suspended in middle air; and yet this was but the beginning of her altitude. Above these ascended the heavy masts, seen dimly through the mist; between these were spread eight dark lines of sailors' clothes, which, with the massive yards above, looked like part of some ponderous framework built to reach the sky. This prolongation of the whole dark mass toward the heavens had a portentous look to those who gazed from below; and when the denser fog sometimes furled itself away from the top-gallant masts, hitherto invisible, and showed them rising loftier yet, and the tricolor at the mizzen-mast-head looking down as if from the zenith, then they all seemed to appertain to something of more than human workmanship; a hundred wild tales of phantom vessels came up to the imagination, and it was as if that one gigantic structure were expanding to fill all space from sky to sea.

They were swept past it; the fog closed in; it was necessary to land near the Fort, and proceed on foot.

They walked across the rough peninsula, while the mist began to disperse again, and they were buoyant with expectation. As they toiled onward, the fog suddenly met them at the turn of a lane where it had awaited them, like an enemy. As they passed into those gray and impalpable arms, the whole world changed again.

They walked toward the sound of the sea. As they approached it, the dull hue that lay upon it resembled that of the leaden sky. The two elements could hardly be distinguished, except as the white outlines of the successive breakers were lifted through the fog. The lines of surf appeared constantly to multiply upon the beach, and yet, on counting them, there were never any more. Sometimes, in the distance, masses of foam rose up like a wall where the horizon ought to be; and as the coming waves took form out of the unseen, it seemed as if no phantom were too vast or shapeless to come rolling in upon their dusky shoulders.

Presently a frail gleam of something like the ghost of dead sunshine made them look over their shoulders toward the west. Above the dim roofs of Castle Hill mansion-house, the sinking sun showed luridly through two rifts of cloud, and then the swift motion of the nearer vapor veiled both sun and cloud, and banished them into almost equal remoteness.

Leaving the beach on their right, and passing the high rocks of the Pirate's Cave, they presently descended to the water's edge once more. The cliffs rose to a distorted height in the dimness; sprays of withered grass nodded along the edge, like Ossian's spectres. Light seemed to be vanishing from the universe, leaving them alone with the sea. And when a solitary loon uttered his wild cry, and rising, sped away into the distance, it was as if life were following light into an equal annihilation. That sense of vague terror, with which the ocean sometimes controls the fancy, began to lay its grasp on them. They remem-

bered that Emilia, in speaking once of her intense shrinking from death, had said that the sea was the only thing from which she would not fear to meet it.

Fog exaggerates both for eye and ear; it is always a sounding-board for the billows; and in this case, as often happens, the roar did not appear to proceed from the billows themselves, but from some source in the unseen horizon, as if the spectators were shut within a beleaguered fortress, and this thundering noise came from an impetuous enemy outside. Ever and anon there was a distinct crash of heavier sound, as if some special barricade had at length been beaten in, and the garrison must look to their inner defences.

The tide was unusually high, and scarcely receded with the ebb, though the surf increased; the waves came in with constant rush and wail, and with an ominous rattle of pebbles on the little beaches, beneath the powerful suction of the under-tow; and there were more and more of those muffled throbs along the shore which tell of coming danger as plainly as minute-guns. With these came mingled that yet more inexplicable humming which one hears by intervals at such times, like strains of music caught and tangled in the currents of stormy air,—strains which were perhaps the filmy thread on which tales of sirens and mermaids were first strung, and in which, at this time, they would fain recognize the voice of Emilia.

XXII.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

As the night closed in, the wind rose steadily, still blowing from the southwest. In Brenton's kitchen they found a group round a great fire of driftwood; some of these were fishermen who had with difficulty made a landing on the beach, and who confirmed the accounts already given. The boat had been seen sailing for the Narragansett shore, and when the squall came, the boatman

had lowered and reefed the sail, and stood for the light-ship. They must be on board of her, if anywhere.

"They are safe there?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"Only place where they would be safe, then," said the spokesman.

"Unless the light-ship parts," said an old fellow.

"Parts!" said the other. "Forty fathom of two inch chain, and old Joe talks about parting."

"Foolish, of course," said Philip; "but it's a dangerous shore."

"That's so," was the answer. "Never saw so many lines of reef show outside, neither."

"There's an old saying on this shore," said Joe:—

"When Price's Neck goes to Brenton's Reef,
Body and soul will come to grief.
But when Brenton's Reef comes to Price's Neck,
Soul and body are both a wreck."

"What does it mean?" asked Harry.

"It only means," said somebody, "that when you see it white all the way out from the Neck to the Reef, you can't take the inside passage."

"But what does the last half mean?" persisted Harry.

"Don't know as I know," said the veteran, and relapsed into silence; in which all joined him, while the wind howled and whistled outside, and the barred windows shook.

Weary and restless with vain waiting, they looked from the doorway at the weather. The door went back with a slam, and the gust swooped down on them with that special blast that always seems to linger just outside on such nights, ready for the first head that shows itself. They closed the door upon the flickering fire and the uncouth shadows within, and went forth into the night. At first the solid blackness seemed to lay a weight on their foreheads. There was absolutely nothing to be seen but the two lights of the light-ship, glaring from the dark sea like a wolf's eyes from a cavern. They looked nearer and brighter than in ordinary nights, and appeared to the excited senses of the young men to

dance strangely on the waves, and to be always opposite to them, as they moved along the shore with the wind almost at their backs.

"What did that old fellow mean?" said Malbone in Harry's ear, as they came to a protected place and could hear each other, "by talking of Brenton's Reef coming to Price's Neck."

"Some sailor's doggerel," said Harry, indifferently. "Here is Price's Neck before us, and yonder is Brenton's Reef."

"Where?" said Philip, looking round bewildered.

The lights had gone, as if the wolf, weary of watching, had suddenly closed his eyes, and slumbered in his cave.

Harry trembled and shivered. In Heaven's name, what could this disappearance mean?

Suddenly a sheet of lightning came, so white and intense, it sent its light all the way out to the horizon and exhibited far-off vessels, that reeled and tossed and looked as if wandering without a guide. But this was not so startling as what it showed in the foreground.

There drifted heavily upon the waves, within full view from the shore, moving parallel to it, yet gradually approaching, an uncouth shape that seemed a vessel and yet not a vessel; two stunted masts projected above, and below there could be read, in dark letters that apparently swayed and trembled in the wan lightning, as the thing moved on,

BRENTON'S REEF.

Philip, leaning against a rock, gazed into the darkness where the apparition had been; even Harry felt a thrill of half-superstitious wonder, and listened half mechanically to a rough sailor's voice at his ear:—

"God! old Joe was right. There's one wreck that is bound to make many. The light-ship has parted."

"Drifting ashore," said Harry, his accustomed clearness of head coming back at a flash. "Where will she strike?"

"Price's Neck," said the sailor.

Harry turned to Philip and spoke to him, shouting in his ear the explanation. Malbone's lips moved mechanically, but he said nothing. Passively, he let Harry take him by the arm, and lead him on.

Following the sailor, they rounded a projecting point, and found themselves a little sheltered from the wind. Not knowing the region, they stumbled about among the rocks, and scarcely knew when they neared the surf, except when a wave came swashing round their very feet. Pausing at the extremity of a cove, they stood beside their conductor, and their eyes, now somewhat accustomed, could make out vaguely the outlines of the waves.

The throat of the cove was so shoal and narrow, and the mass of the waves so great, that they reared their heads enormously, just outside, and spending their strength there, left a lower level within the cove. Yet sometimes a series of great billows would come straight on, heading directly for the entrance, and then the surface of the water within was seen to swell suddenly upward as if by a terrible inward magic of its own; it rose and rose, as if it would engulf everything; then as rapidly sank, and again presented a mere quiet vestibule before the excluded waves.

They saw in glimpses, as the lightning flashed, the shingly beach, covered with a mass of creamy foam, all tremulous and fluctuating in the wind; and this foam was constantly torn away by the gale in great shreds, that whirled by them as if the very fragments of the ocean were fleeing from it in terror, to take refuge in the less frightful element of air.

Still the wild waves reared their heads, like savage, crested animals, now white, now black, looking in from the entrance of the cove. And now there silently drifted upon them something higher, vaster, darker than themselves,—the doomed vessel. It was strange how slowly and steadily she swept in,—for her broken chain-cable dragged, as it afterwards proved, and kept her stern-on to the shore,—and

they could sometimes hear amid the tumult a groan that seemed to come from the very heart of the earth, as she painfully drew her keel over hidden reefs. Over five of these (as was afterwards found) she had already drifted, and she rose and fell more than once on the high waves at the very mouth of the cove, like a wild bird hovering ere it pounces.

Then there came one of those great confluences of waves described already, which, lifting her bodily upward, higher and higher and higher, suddenly rushed with her into the cove, filling it like an opened dry-dock, crashing and roaring round the vessel and upon the rocks, then sweeping out again and leaving her lodged, still stately and steady, at the centre of the cove.

They could hear from the crew a mingled sound, that came as a shout of excitement from some and a shriek of despair from others. The vivid lightning revealed for a moment those on ship-board to those on shore; and blinding as it was, it lasted long enough to show figures gesticulating and pointing. The old sailor, Mitchell, tried to build a fire among the rocks nearest the vessel, but it was impossible, because of the wind. This was a disappointment, for the light would have taken away half the danger, and more than half the terror. Though the cove was more quiet than the ocean, yet it was fearful enough, even there. The vessel might hold together till morning, but who could tell? It was almost certain that those on board would try to land, and there was nothing to do but to await the effort. The men from the farmhouse had meanwhile come down with ropes.

It was simply impossible to judge with any accuracy of the distance of the ship. One of these new-comers, who declared that she was lodged very near, went to a point of rocks, and shouted to those on board to heave him a rope. The tempest suppressed his voice as it had put out the fire. But perhaps the lightning had showed him to the dark figures on the stern; for

when the next flash came, they saw a rope flung, which fell short. The real distance was more than a hundred yards.

Then there was a long interval of darkness. The moment the next flash came they saw a figure let down by a rope from the stern of the vessel, while the hungry waves reared like wolves to seize it. Everybody crowded down to the nearest rocks, looking this way and that for a head to appear. They pressed eagerly in every direction where a bit of plank or a barrel-head floated; they fancied faint cries here and there, and went aimlessly to and fro. A new effort, after half a dozen failures, sent a blaze mounting up fitfully among the rocks, startling all with the sudden change its blessed splendor made. Then a shrill shout from one of the watchers summoned all to a cleft in the cove, half shaded from the firelight, where there came rolling in amidst the surf, more dead than alive, the body of a man. It was the young foreigner, John Lambert's boatman. He bore still around him the rope that was to save the rest.

How pale and eager their faces looked as they bent above him! But the eagerness was all gone from his, and only the pallor left. While the fishermen got the tackle rigged, such as it was, to complete the communication with the vessel, the young men worked upon the boatman, and soon had him restored to consciousness. He was able to explain that the ship had been severely strained and that all on board believed she would go to pieces before morning. No one would risk being the first to take the water, and he had at last volunteered, as being the best swimmer, on condition that Emilia should be next sent, when the communication was established.

Two ropes were then hauled on board the vessel, a larger and a smaller. By the flickering fire-light and the rarer flashes of lightning (the rain now falling in torrents) they saw a hammock slung to the larger rope; a woman's form was swathed in it; and the small-

er rope being made fast to this, they found by pulling that she could be drawn towards the shore. Those on board steadied the hammock as it was lowered from the ship, but the waves seemed maddened by this effort to escape their might, and they leaped up at her again and again. The rope drooped beneath her weight, and all that could be done from shore was to haul her in as fast as possible, to abbreviate the period of buffeting and suffocation. As she neared the rocks she could be kept more safe from the water; faster and faster she was drawn in; sometimes there came some hitch and stoppage, but by steady patience it was overcome.

She was so near the rocks that hands were already stretched to grasp her, when there came one of the great surging waves that sometimes filled the basin. It gave a terrible lurch to the stranded vessel, hitherto so erect; the larger rope snapped instantly; the guiding rope was twitched from the hands that held it; and the canvas that held Emilia was caught and swept away like a shred of foam, and lost amid the whiteness of the seething froth below. Fifteen minutes after, the hammock came ashore empty, the lashings having parted.

The cold daybreak was just opening, though the wind still blew keenly, when they found the body of Emilia. It was swathed in a roll of sea-weed, lying in the edge of the surf, on a broad, flat rock near where the young boatman had come ashore. The face was not disfigured; the clothing was only torn a little, and tangled closely round her; but the life was gone.

It was Philip who first saw her; and he stood beside her for a moment motionless, stunned into an aspect of tranquillity. This, then, was the end. All his ready sympathy, his wooing tenderness, his winning compliances, his self-indulgent softness, his perilous amiability, his reluctance to give pain or to see sorrow, — all had ended in this. For once, he must force even his accommodating and evasive nature to meet the

plain, blank truth. Now, all his characteristics appeared changed by the encounter; it was Harry who was ready, thoughtful, attentive, — while Philip, who usually had all these traits, was paralyzed among his dreams. Could he have fancied such a scene beforehand, he would have vowed that no hand but his should touch the breathless form of Emilia. As it was, he instinctively made way for the quick gathering of the others, as if almost any one else had a better right to be there.

The storm had blown itself out by sunrise; the wind had shifted, beating down the waves; it seemed as if everything in nature were exhausted. The very tide had ebbed away. The light-ship rested between the rocks, helpless, still at the mercy of the returning waves, and yet still upright and with that stately look of unconscious pleading which all shipwrecked vessels wear. It is wonderfully like the look I have seen in the face of some dead soldier, on whom war had done its worst. Every line of a ship is so built for motion, every part, while afloat, seems so full of life and so answering to the human life it bears, that this paralysis of shipwreck touches the imagination as if the motionless thing had once been animated by a soul.

And not far from the vessel, in a chamber of the seaside farm-house, lay the tenderer and fairer wreck of Emilia. Her storms and her passions were ended. The censure of the world, the anguish of friends, the clinging arms of love, were nothing now to her. Again the soft shelter of unconsciousness had clasped her in; but this time the trance was longer and the faintness was unto death.

From the moment of her drifting ashore, it was the young boatman who had assumed the right to care for her and to direct everything. Philip seemed stunned; Harry was his usual clear-headed and efficient self; but to his honest eyes much revealed itself in a little while; and when Hope arrived in the early morning, he said to her,

"This boatman, who once saved your life, is Emilia's Swiss lover, Antoine Marval."

"More than lover," said the young Swiss, overhearing. "She was my wife before God, when you took her from me. In my country, a betrothal is as sacred as a marriage. Then came that man, he filled her heart with illusions, and took her away in my absence. When my brother was here in the corvette, he found her for me. Then I came for her; I saved her sister; then I saw the name on the card and would not give my own. I became her servant. She saw me in the yacht, only once; she knew me; she was afraid. Then she said, 'Perhaps I still love you, — a little; I do not know; I am in despair; take me from this home I hate.' We sailed that day in the small boat for Narragansett, I know not where. She hardly looked up nor spoke; but for me, I cared for nothing since she was with me. When the storm came, she was frightened and said, 'It is a retribution.' I said, 'You shall never go back.' She never did. Here she is. You cannot take her from me."

Once on board the light-ship, she had been assigned the captain's stateroom, while Antoine watched at the door. She seemed to shrink from him whenever he went to speak to her, he owned, but she answered kindly and gently, begging to be left alone. When at last the vessel parted her moorings, he persuaded Emilia to come on deck and be lashed to the mast, where she sat without complaint.

Who can fathom the thoughts of that bewildered child, as she sat amid the spray and the howling of the blast, while the doomed vessel drifted on with her to shore! Did all the error and sorrow of her life pass distinctly before her? Or did the roar of the surf lull her into quiet, like the unconscious kindness of wild creatures that toss and whirl and bewilder their prey into unconsciousness ere they harm it? None can tell. Death answers no questions; it only makes them needless.

The morning brought to the scene John Lambert, just arrived by land from New York.

The passion of John Lambert for his wife was of that kind which ennobles while it lasts, but which rarely outlasts marriage. A man of such uncongenial mould will love an enchanting woman with a mad absorbing passion, where self-sacrifice is so mingled with selfishness that the two emotions seem one; he will hungrily yearn to possess her, to call her by his own name, to hold her in his arms, to kill any one else who claims her. But when she is once his wife, and his arms hold a body without a soul, — no soul at least for him, — then her image is almost inevitably profaned, and the passion which began too high for earth ends far too low for heaven. Let now death change that form to marble, and instantly it resumes its virgin holiness; though the presence of life did not sanctify, its departure does. It is only the true lover to whom the breathing form is as sacred as the breathless.

That ideality of nature which love had developed in this man, and which had already drooped a little during his brief period of marriage, was born again by the side of death. While Philip wandered off silent and lonely with his grief, John Lambert knelt by the beautiful remains, talking inarticulately, his eyes streaming with unchecked tears. Again was Emilia, in her marble paleness, the calm centre of a tragedy she herself had caused. The wild, ungoverned child was the image of peace; it was the stolid and prosperous man who was in the storm. It was not till Hope came that there was any change. Then his prostrate nature sought hers, as the needle leaps to the iron; the first touch of her hand, the sight of her kiss upon Emilia's forehead, made him strong. It was the thorough subjection of a worldly man to the higher organization of a noble woman, and thenceforth it never varied. In later years, after he had foolishly sought, as men will, to win her to a nearer tie, there was no moment when she had not full control

over her time, his energies, and his wealth.

After it was all ended, Hope told him everything that had happened; but in that wild moment of his despair she told him nothing. Only she and Harry knew the story of the young Swiss; and now that Emilia was gone, her early lover had no wish to speak of her to any one but these two, nor to linger long where she had been doubly lost to him, by marriage and by death. The world, with all its prying curiosity, usually misses the key to the very incidents about which it asks most questions; and of the many who gossiped or mourned concerning Emilia, none knew the tragic complication which her death alone could have solved. The breaking of Hope's engagement to Philip was attributed to every cause but the true one. And when the storm of the great Rebellion broke over the land, its vast calamity absorbed all minor griefs.

XXIII.

REQUIESCAT.

Thank God! it is not within the power of one man's errors to blight the promise of a life like that of Hope. It is but a feeble destiny that is wrecked by passion, when it should be ennobled. Aunt Jane and Kate watched Hope closely during her years of probation, for although she fancied herself to be keeping her own counsel, yet her career lay in broad light for them. She was like yonder sailboat, which floats conspicuous by night amid the path of moonbeams, and which yet seems to its own voyagers to be remote and unseen upon a waste of waves.

Why should I linger over the details of her life, after the width of ocean lay between her and Malbone, and a manhood of self-denying usefulness had begun to show that even he could learn something by life's retributions? We know what she was, and it is of secondary importance where she went or what she did. Kindle the light of the light-house, and it has nothing to do, except to shine. There is for it no

wrong direction. There is no need to ask, "How? Over which especial track of distant water must my light go forth, to find the wandering vessel to be guided in?" It simply shines. Somewhere there is a ship that needs it, or if not, the light does its duty. So did Hope.

We must leave her here. Yet I cannot bear to think of her as passing through earthly life without tasting its deepest bliss, without the last pure ecstasy of human love, without the kisses of her own children on her lips, their waxen fingers on her bosom.

And yet again, is this life so long? May it not be better to wait until its little day is done, and the summer night of old age has yielded to a new morning, before attaining that acme of joy? Are there enough successive grades of bliss for all eternity, if so much be consummated here? Must all novels end with an earthly marriage, and nothing be left for heaven?

Perhaps, for such as Hope, this life is given to show what happiness might be, and they await some other sphere for its fulfilment. The greater part of the human race live out their mortal years without attaining more than a far-off glimpse of the very highest joy. Were this life all, its very happiness were sadness. If, as I doubt not, there be another sphere, then that which is unfulfilled in this must yet find completion, nothing omitted, nothing denied. And though a thousand oracles should pronounce this thought an idle dream, neither Hope nor I would believe them.

It was a radiant morning of last February when I walked across the low hills to the scene of the wreck. Leaving the road before reaching the Fort, I struck across the wild moss-country, full of boulders and footpaths and stunted cedars and sullen ponds. I crossed the height of land, where the ruined lookout stands like the remains of a Druidical temple, and then went down toward the ocean. Banks and ridges of snow lay here and there among the fields, and the white lines

of distant capes seemed but drifts running seaward. The ocean was gloriously alive, — the blackest blue, with white caps on every wave; the shore was all snowy, and the gulls were flying back and forth in crowds; you could not be sure whether they were the white waves coming ashore, or bits of snow going to sea. A single fragment of ship-timber, black with time and weeds, and crusty with barnacles, heaved to and fro in the edge of the surf, and two fishermen's children, a boy and girl, tilted upon it as it moved, clung with

the semblance of terror to each other, and played at shipwreck.

The rocks were dark with moisture, steaming in the sun. Great sheets of ice, white masks of departing winter, clung to every projecting cliff, or slid with crash and shiver into the surge. Icicles dropped their slow and reverberating tears upon the rock where Emilia once lay breathless; and it seemed as if their cold, chaste drops were sent to cleanse from her memory each scarlet stain, and leave it virginal and pure.

N O R E M B E G A . *

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

* Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in

search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down ;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack ! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high ;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark ! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns ?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone ?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised ! — He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight !"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright !"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave ;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave !

"My life is sped ; I shall not see
My home-set sails again ;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls ;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest ; go thou
And look from yonder heights ;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone and still
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?"

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given;
Is Norembega then a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?"

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

"*'Urbs Syon mystica'*; I see
Its mansions passing fair,
'Coudita celo'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the mystic stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
 Within the hemlock's shade,
 And, stretching wide its arms to save,
 The sign that God had made, —

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
 And made it holy ground:
 He needs the earthly city not
 Who hath the heavenly found!

THE HAMLETS OF THE STAGE.

PART I.

IT was about three o'clock in the afternoon when fashionable people of the time of Queen Bess set out for the theatre. Even then they were too late to see the curtain drawn aside for the first act. Shakespeare's plays had not yet been "adapted to the stage," and must begin in good season, that the epilogue might be spoken before sunset. For in those days the streets of London, abounding in mud-holes and dangerous pitfalls, were not lighted even by the dim oil lamps in vogue a century later; and though the better class of people had link-boys bearing torches to guide the way, the poorer sort must go unlighted through the gathering darkness. Speedily, too; for the Bankside was fruitful in broils and robberies and broken heads, and honest folk must get home, lest they be comprehended for vagrom men and villainous breakers of the peace.

The Globe Theatre — managers, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbage — was the most popular in London from 1597 to 1630. It was built near the Bankside, on the Surrey side of the Thames, by Burbage and his brother, from the materials of their father's old theatre at Shoreditch, and was a bran-new edifice with "All the world's a stage" inscribed over the front entrance in good scholarly Latin. It was a circular building, with high walls;

the stage and the adjoining boxes, or side-rooms, were roofed, but the main part was uncovered. General admission, sixpence. For a reserved seat in one of the boxes, or, better still, for a stool upon the stage, one might pay as high as two shillings. Extravagant young gallants, who wished to display their brave new doublets and hose, often gave their shillings, after the stools were all taken, for the privilege of reclining upon the rush-strewn stage, and incommoding the crowded players with their outstretched legs.

The Globe was the summer theatre of "her Majesty's servants." In winter they removed to Blackfriars, where the old cloisters resounded with the passionate speeches of the actors and the answering plaudits of the pit. Here Queen Elizabeth, with her ladies and courtiers, sometimes lent to the production of a new piece the lustre of her royal presence. Here, perchance, my Lord of Essex, when not in disgrace, attended haughtily to the players; or the splendid Raleigh, in his suit of white satin, "with his necklace of pearls each bigger as a robin's egg," whispered in the royal ear a good word for his friend Shakespeare. In the pit at the Globe, the noble Southampton, stately and courteous, may sometimes have greeted that rising star of philosophy, Francis Bacon; and Thomas

Lodge, a flourishing physician who had done with playwriting, may have jostled elbows with Ben Jonson.

When Richard Burbage, leading actor at the Globe and Blackfriars, made his first appearance in *Hamlet*, he must have been about thirty, for Shakespeare was careful to fit the part to him in all respects. Though a great favorite with play-goers and his brother manager, he was physically far from our ideal of the pale, slender, melancholy Dane. He was certainly short, for in "*Jeronimo*," specially written for him, the author made him say:—

"My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small."

"I'll not be long away,

As short my body, long shall be my stay."

He was likewise stout, and Shakespeare, finding that he grew "fat and scant of breath," endowed his poetic *Hamlet* with the actor's unpoetic physical characteristics.

Of Burbage's quality as an actor Richard Flecknoe wrote in 1664: "He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his clothes, as he never (not so much as in the tiring-room) assumed himself again until the play was done. . . . He had all the parts of an excellent actor, animating his speech with action, his auditors being never more delighted than when he spoke, or more sorry than when he held his peace. Yet even then, he was an excellent actor still, never failing in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gestures maintaining it still into the height."

How Burbage dressed the part, the annals of the stage give little hint. It was then the custom of courtiers to present their cast-off suits to the players. When young Walter Raleigh got his cloak muddied under Elizabeth's feet, the soiled garment probably went into the wardrobe of some company of actors. And Burbage, it is conjectured, played *Hamlet* in the same style of dress which Rutland or Southampton or Raleigh was wont to wear at court—the high cone-shaped hat with broad brim and long feather, velvet doublet

slashed with silk, satin breeches enormously stuffed out with feathers, long rapier, stiff ruff, and flowing hair.

In middle life Burbage seems to have become *too* "fat and scant of breath" for *Hamlet*. At all events he won his later laurels in Richard III., and grew so identified with the character that his companions called him "King Dick." There is an old story that one night he had an engagement after the theatre to sup with a mercer's wife, and that Shakespeare, learning of the appointment, was there before him, and deep in supper and converse with the dame when Burbage's tap was heard upon the locked door. "Who is it?" asked the fair false one. "Let me in," replied the impatient actor. "Away! I know nothing of thee." "Not know *me*! It is I, thy Richard III." "Avaunt, crook-backed usurper!" interposed the dramatist; "knowest thou not that William the Conqueror came before Richard the Third?"

Burbage, like many another, was painter as well as actor, and we find mention of a "portrait of a lady" from his brush. He died at about fifty, and his slender knowledge of his professional merit rests upon a few fervent eulogies. These are extracts:—

"He's gone, and what a world with him is fled,
Friends every one, and what a blank instead!
Take him for all in all, he was a man
Not to be matched, and no age ever can.
No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry 'Revenge' for his dear father's death;
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love, and cruel Capulet;
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwashed bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand."

"Oft have I seen him leap into the grave,
Suing the person which he seemed to have
Of the mad lover with so true an eye,
That then I would have sworn he meant to die.
Oft have I seen him play his part in jest
So lively, the spectators and the rest
Of his sad crew, whilst he but seemed to bleed,
Have thought that even then he died indeed."

Joseph Taylor and John Lowen were both members of the Globe company in Shakespeare's time, and both played *Hamlet*. It has been contended that Taylor was the original Prince of Denmark, but that is probably a mistake. "King Dick" was not the man to re-

linquish the leading business while still in his prime. All that remains of Taylor's memory is the tradition that his person was better suited to the part than Burbage's, and that he was an "incomparable Hamlet."

Lowen is the connecting link between this early epoch of the stage and the time of Betterton. He lived to be ninety years old, and died in the reign of Charles I. Rowe says: "Betterton was instructed in his acting by Sir William Davenant, who had it from old Mr. Lowen, who had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself."

Davenant likewise ought to have gleaned many useful hints upon acting and playwriting from Shakespeare, at the fireside of his father's comfortable inn in Oxford, where the manager and poet was wont to stop on his journeys from London to Stratford. Mrs. Davenant was a buxom, handsome dame, much younger than her lord, and the times were full of scandal. The gossips shook their heads meaningly, when Shakespeare stood sponsor for the boy, and hinted at a nearer relationship. One day, when the lad was running eagerly to meet the favorite guest, a neighbor asked, "Whither so fast, little Will?" "To meet my godfather." "Take care, my child," returned the questioner, "lest thou take the name of God in vain."

In later years Sir William himself claimed that he was a natural son of the great dramatist. He lived to be poet-laureate after Ben Jonson, and to be knighted for his fidelity to the royal cause in the dark days of the Civil War. During the Commonwealth he escaped to France, was captured by a parliamentary cruiser while leading a company of French artisans to the Virginian Colony, and, after two years' imprisonment in England, was released at the intercession of the poet Milton. After the Restoration, when Milton came near losing his liberty, if not his head, for his republicanism, it is said that Davenant's influence secured his pardon from the crown. To Davenant was granted the patent for the "Duke's

Playhouse," and to him the stage was indebted for the introduction of better scenery and richer costumes than had ever been known before.

One August evening, just two hundred years ago, Samuel Pepys went home and made this entry in his diary: "To the Duke of York's Playhouse, and there saw Hamlet, which we have not seen this year before or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Thomas Betterton was the first great artist after Burbage in the character of the "mad lover." Once, during Betterton's day, Colley Cibber and Joseph Addison, sitting together in the pit, saw some robustious, periwig-pated fellow throw himself into a rage at the sight of the ghost, and the Spectator modestly asked his player companion if he thought it natural for Hamlet to fall into such a passion with his father's spirit, "which, though it might have astonished, had not provoked him." Both Cibber and Addison joined all contemporary writers in chanting Betterton's praises. "Alas," mourned Cibber, after his death, "I never see Shakespeare's plays played by any other, but it draws from me the lamentation of Ophelia, —

"O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

Yet Betterton is described by the preraphaelite pencil of old Anthony Aston as having "an ill figure, large head, short, thick neck, stooped shoulders, and long arms. He had little eyes, broad face, a little pock-marked, corpulent body, thick legs, and large feet. His actions were few, but just. His voice low and grumbling, yet he could tune it, by some artful device, so that it surprised universal attention even from fops and orange-girls."

This was the Hamlet over whom all London went mad. Did ever so many imperfections come into one grace? What genius must have lived in a man who could so transform and conceal such an array of disadvantages!

Betterton was the son of a cook in

the service of Charles I. He went on the stage in 1659, when he was twenty-four years old. He first played Hamlet two years after his debut. His Ophelia was the charming Mistress* Sanderson, of whom he was known to be enamored, and the town was as much interested in the real as the mimic lovers. They were married shortly after, and the young Hamlet found in his Ophelia a sweet and devoted wife. She is said to have been the first woman who appeared on the public stage. Up to her time feminine parts were played by boys; and as late as January 1661, Pepys records: "At the theatre, where was acted 'The Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done. And here the first time I ever saw women come upon the stage."

Betterton's power seems to have been greatest in counterfeiting or rather exhibiting the stronger emotions. The most impressive points of his Hamlet were in the closet scene, particularly where the prince sees the ghost. While he talked to his mother in tones of inexpressible tenderness, his horror and his eager desire to learn what the distressed spirit wished him to do "made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself." Though his complexion was "naturally ruddy and sanguine," when his father's shade appeared he turned instantly as "pale as his neck-cloth. His whole body seemed affected by a tremor inexpressible, which was felt so strongly by the lookers-on that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise." In the first scene with the ghost no ranting marred his tones, but they "seemed to rise from breathless amazement into the most tender impatience and the most touching pity, restrained all through by deep filial reverence." But he omitted many beautiful and effective lines, as,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous?"

These were clearly injurious omis-

* "Miss" was then the term of reproach, and
"Mistress" the honorable appellation.

sions, but that was the age in which Cibber patched up Richard III. for the stage, and Dryden *rewrote* the Tempest.

At first Betterton played Hamlet in the dress of a courtier of Charles II. Afterward, in the costume of William of Orange, with streaming shoulder-knots, cocked hat, and enormous powdered wig, walked his short, portly, stooping figure, the "glass of fashion, and the mould of form." Yet he held spectators in tears, in awe, in breathless expectancy too intense for applause. "And for my part," he said, "I think no applause equal to attentive silence."

For many years he was manager as well as tragedian. When Colley Cibber first appeared before a London audience, he had the misfortune to annoy Betterton by some delinquency or act of carelessness. At the end of the performance Betterton inquired the name and salary of the offender, and learning that as yet the young actor was receiving no pay, he directed the business manager to put him down at ten shillings a week, and fine him five as a punishment. No wonder Colley always praised the ladder upon which he first climbed to fame. Betterton was notably kind and encouraging to young and obscure actors. When Robert Wilks went up to London to try his fortune on the stage at a salary of fifteen shillings a week, he was so overcome by the power and dignity of Betterton's Melantius, in "The Maid's Tragedy," that he trembled and stammered in his part. After the scene was over, Betterton taking his hand, said kindly: "Young man, this fear does not ill become you; a horse that sets out at the strength of his speed will soon be jaded."

Even experienced actors were overpowered by the genius of Betterton. Barton Booth, on first attempting the part of the ghost, with Betterton for Hamlet, was struck "with such horror that he could not speak the part."

For fifty years, Betterton adorned the stage, and raised it to higher repute than it had ever borne. He was frugal as well as generous; and though his salary was never more than four pounds

a week, he saved several thousand pounds for his declining years. But speculation was rife in those days, and he was induced to risk his property in a commercial venture to the East Indies. He lost it all, and old age found him needy. At seventy-four, a benefit was given him, and Mrs. Barry spoke an epilogue by Rowe. From her sweet lips rippled the lines:—

"What he has been, though present praise be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come."

"Had you withheld your favors on this night,
Old Shakespeare's ghost had risen to do him right."

"In just remembrance of your pleasures past,
Be kind, and give him a discharge at last;
In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated buskin there.

[*Pointing to the top of the stage.*"]

The next year, 1710, he had another benefit, which yielded one thousand pounds,—an enormous sum for those days. He appeared in his favorite character of Melantius, and played almost with his youthful power, but he was suffering so much from gout that he was compelled to wear slippers. To lessen the swelling he used an application, which drove the disease to his head, and three days after, the grand old actor was dead. Mrs. Betterton was immediately allowed a pension from the crown; but she was quite crushed by her bereavement, after fifty years of happy wedded life, and did not survive to draw her pension. Betterton's great genius, pure character, and devotion to his chosen art, rendered him worthy of a resting-place among the illustrious dead, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Steele describes the emotions he felt while waiting to witness the interment "of one from whose acting I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets. . . . While I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had, in real life, done all that I had seen him represent."

Most eminent actors of those days aspired to be, like Shakespeare, authors as well. Betterton's original plays did not win him much fame, but his alterations and adaptations of dramas were successful, and many men of letters were proud to take counsel of his taste and experience. So great was his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare, that he made a journey through Warwickshire to gather reminiscences of him; and Rowe acknowledged himself indebted to Betterton for many incidents related in his life of the great poet. Dryden thanks him for "judiciously lopping *twelve hundred lines* from my tragedy of Don Sebastian,"—perhaps the only instance on record of an author's being grateful to anybody for cutting him down. And Pope, who was a mere boy when he met the great actor, consulted him about his verses, and painted a portrait of him, which is said to be still in existence. It is a precious relic,—a picture of the greatest of England's early actors, painted by the poet who stamped himself more deeply upon his own times than any other English poet has done.

For thirty-two years after the death of Betterton, the stage lacked a great Hamlet. Pains-taking Robert Wilks won considerable reputation, principally in the scene with Ophelia,—which he played with less boisterousness than Garrick, his successor,—and in the scene with Queen Gertrude, in which he threw singular pathos, persuasiveness, and earnestness into the appeal, "Mother, for love of grace!" According to Davies, "he understood the tender passion in a superior degree, and had a tall, erect person, pleasant aspect, and elegant address."

Wilks was born in Dublin, and his family intended him for the Church. But Greek and Latin were little to his taste, and he finally gave up his studies for a government clerkship in Dublin.

Here he fostered a lurking predilection for the stage, by frequenting the theatres, and eagerly discussing all the new plays. This might have proved a mere passing fancy, had he not made

a clandestine marriage, which neither his own father nor the father of his bride could ever be persuaded to forgive. Exiled from home, and deprived of means and official position through the persecution of his father, he and his young bride became the subject of much talk and sympathy in Dublin. A warm-hearted, childless goldsmith and his wife took them in, and gave them a pleasant home for two years. Meanwhile Wilks went upon the stage, and the kindness of Betterton soon helped him to eminence. He ultimately became a successful manager of the Haymarket, in company with Colley Cibber, and lived to be over seventy. He was most famous in genteel comedy, and his *Sir Harry Wildair* was the best ever seen, till clever, versatile *Peg Woffington* surpassed it. Dick Steele says: "To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be said to shine with the utmost beauty."

The clever and dissipated Powell was contemporary with Wilks. So was the elegant and scholarly Barton Booth, who was, like Wilks, designed for the pulpit, but ran away from Trinity College, Cambridge, at seventeen, to join a company of strolling players. His greatest parts were those of dignity and majesty. His *Cato* was superb. Even Addison could witness it without regretting the days of Betterton. But Booth does not seem to have won much reputation as the *Prince of Denmark*, though the ghost was one of his most famous characters, and he is said to have given it "with an effect almost appalling."

At forty-eight he was seized with incurable madness, which lasted, with a few lucid intervals, until his death, four years later. So much was his art nature, that he fancied himself the actual king or tyrant he had so often personated, and wore his crown of straw with all his wonted majesty. He was an accomplished gentleman, and more courted by the rich and noble than any other actor of his day.

But none of these *Hamlets* won the hearts of spectators. We find no one

to dim the memory of Betterton till we come down to "Little Davy,"—the idol of the public for thirty-five years. Garrick had French blood in his veins—the blood of noble Huguenots. His father was a captain in the British army, and David was born at an inn in Hereford, while the captain was stationed there on recruiting service. When twelve years old, the boy acted in plays, with great applause, in Lichfield Grammar School. Even heavy Samuel Johnson, who occupied a bench among the seniors, was charmed with the little fellow's grace and vivacity, perhaps because he saw in him his own antipode. When Johnson himself opened a school for young gentlemen, Davy, then nineteen, was one of his pupils; and a year later, when "the academy" proved a failure the two went up to London together, with one letter of introduction between them as their sole capital. They were a pair to be wondered at by any passer-by;—the large, awkward schoolmaster, with scarred face, shambling gait, and ponderous manner; the airy, volatile youth, with the grace of a harlequin and the address of a prince.

Soon after they reached the metropolis, a distant relative of Garrick's had the grace to die and leave him a thousand pounds. At first he tried to study law; afterwards he set up as a wine-merchant. All the time he longed to go upon the stage, but the pride of his family opposed itself. At length the ruling passion triumphed, and he went into the country and appeared under an assumed name. Harlequin was his greatest success, and it was enough to decide him. He returned to London and wooed fortune boldly. Drury Lane and Covent Garden would have none of him; but the little theatre in Goodman Fields gave him an opportunity.

The "strolling actor" and "pretender," as the two prosperous managers had called him, was of quite another school from the majestic Betterton, but he took the town by storm. The little man chose Richard III. for his first night; "because," said he, "if I come

forth in a hero or a part usually played by a tall fellow, I shall not get over forty shillings a week." So many rumors of his capacity had been heard, that there was a good audience at the obscure theatre, and his Richard was received with wonder and delight. Instantly he became the rage. The leading theatres were deserted, and people of fashion trooped to see him. Even Pope, old, feeble, and querulous, was drawn from his Twickenham retreat, and praised him with enthusiasm. Quin, his own reputation paling before the rising star, said spitefully: "Garri-
 rick is a new religion; the people follow him like another Whitefield; but they will soon come back to church again." Garrick retorted in the good-humored epigram:—

"When doctrines meet with general approbation,
 It is not heresy, but reformation."

He had won green laurels in Richard, Lear, and many favorite comedies, and was in his twenty-seventh year, when he first appeared at Drury Lane, following the gorgeous court of Denmark, in his inky cloak and all the trappings and the suits of woe. Of small, delicate, well-shaped frame, with an exceedingly musical, though not very powerful voice, eyes full of fire and passion, and rapid and vehement changes of tone and attitude,—he was a striking contrast to the slow and stately Betterton. And, despite the tenacity with which old play-goers adhere to their early favorites, a few survivors, who remembered Betterton well, unhesitatingly pronounced Garrick the greater Hamlet. His picturesque attitudes, his wonderful mobility of face, the profound melancholy that weighed him down, his passionate rebuke of the Queen, the marvellous play of his speaking eyes, which now flashed lightnings and now melted to liquid softness, are all descanted on by the writers of that day. The line,

"But I have that within which passeth show,"

made a very deep impression. "And when he beheld the ghost," says one of his contemporaries, "his consternation was such that the emotion of the spec-

tators, on looking at him, was scarcely less than if they had *actually* beheld a spirit. He stood a statue of astonishment; his color fled, and he spoke in a low, trembling voice, and uttered his questions with the difficulty of extreme dread."

It is a striking illustration of the inhumanity of former times, that the bitter anguish of Shylock, though expressed in the self-same words that now draw tears, was long regarded as mirth-provoking. Doggett, the comedian, had personated Shylock, in a red wig and false nose, while Kitty Clive,—the very incarnation of Thalia,—playing the disguised Portia in the trial scene, had drawn forth more pardonable roars of laughter, as she archly mimicked the leading lawyers of her time. Perhaps this coarseness and buffoonery of the stage had made Garrick unduly sensitive; at all events, though himself an incomparable comedian, and even an incomparable harlequin, he not only cut out the part of Osrick, from Hamlet, but ruthlessly expunged the scene with the grave-diggers, lest it should mar the tragedy. Lord Campbell shows that the discussion, in this scene, as to whether Ophelia is entitled to Christian burial, turning upon the question whether she went to the water and drowned herself, or the water came to her and drowned her, is almost a verbatim copy of the arguments in a famous law-case tried in the reign of Bloody Mary; and that the poet's purpose clearly was, to ridicule the counsel who argued that suit, and the judge who tried it. To Shakespeare's fondness for satirizing legal and judicial stupidity are we indebted for that immortal scene. How wonderful is its blending of pathos, wit, and shrewd philosophy! Yet the great Garrick was blind to its merits, and he banished it altogether from the stage. Years after his death, a friend said to Jack Banister, who had ventured to restore it: "If you ever meet Garrick in the next world, he will quarrel with you for bringing back the grave-diggers to Hamlet."

Fortunately for us, Garrick's acting

edition of Hamlet did not long hold the stage. But the Romeo and Juliet played to-day is the same in which he, at old Drury, and "silver-tongued Barry," at Covent Garden, vied with each other for twelve successive nights. On the thirteenth, Barry gave up the rivalry, leaving Garrick alone in the field. The contest, meanwhile, had wearied the town, and provoked the sally: —

" 'What play to-night?' says angry Ned,
As from his bed he rouses.
'Romeo again!' he shakes his head:
'A plague on both your houses!'"

"Had I been Juliet," said a lady, "and Garrick my Romeo, I should have expected he would scale my balcony and come up to me. Had Barry been my Romeo, I should have gone down to him."

It was in Richard, Lear, and Hamlet, that Garrick won his greatest Shakespearean triumphs. His low stature did not serve him well in Macbeth; and Quin dared to laugh at his Othello. But when he played Hamlet, the town applauded to the echo. Can we ever forget honest Mr. Partridge's criticism, when Tom Jones laughed at him for being afraid of the Ghost? "And yet," he says, "if I was frightened, I was not the only person." "Why, who," asks Jones, "dost thou take to be so great a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will, but if *that little man there upon the stage* is not frightened, I never saw a man frightened in my life!" And when told the "little man" was Garrick, and the best living actor, Mr. Partridge answers indignantly: "*He* the best player! Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. . . . The king, for my money; *he* speaks all his words so distinctly, half as loud again as the other."

Garrick's Hamlet wore a black court suit, (those were the times of George II. and George III.,) a *bag wig*, a cravat with streaming ends, silver shoe-buckles, and lace ruffles at his wrists; — doubtless a studied and elegant costume; but it contrasts sharply with our usage, and the bag wig can hardly have added to its charms.

Garrick was an actor to the core. He used to say that he would give a hundred pounds if he could utter the single exclamation "Oh!" with the miraculous effectiveness of Whitefield.* Yet he could almost have rivalled the elder Matthews in his wonderful powers of mimicry. When he played Bayes, in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," there was hardly a living actor whom he could not take off to the life. It was said of John Kemble that he laid off all signs of his profession with the player's dress; but Garrick mimicked in the green-room, at home, and on the street. This rare power, the vivacity which came from his French blood, and his exceeding cleverness, gave him powers of charming which few men have possessed. Pitt wrote him complimentary verses, Lyttelton praised him in his "Dialogues of the Dead." He belonged to the Literary Club, which numbered Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds among its members; and Goldsmith and he bantered each other in brilliant epigrams, in which the actor was no whit over-shadowed by the poet. In the first, Garrick described Jupiter and Mercury as conspiring to make "an odd fellow," in whom should be jumbled "much gold and much dross," and producing, as the result,

"This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet."

Goldsmith replied by an epitaph: —

* He was a close student of the great preacher, whose weeping, stamping, and mimics, and whose never equalled voice, which sometimes reached twenty-five thousand people in the open air, made him much the more powerful actor. Garrick used to declare that one of Whitefield's discourses gained new effectiveness with each repetition, and was never delivered in his best style till he had given it forty times. Another critic asserted that Whitefield could make a congregation laugh or cry at pleasure, simply by his pronunciation of the word "Mesopotamia."

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame."

Garrick retorted in four lines, one of which still lives in the quotation-books:—

"Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who is writing fine books?

Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks."

Before he was fifty, Garrick spent a year and a half on the Continent. In Paris, at a little party, he met Mademoiselle Clairon, then the queen of French tragedy. Both consented to divert the company, and Clairon began by reciting from *Phèdre* and *Zaire*, and some other of the parts her genius had vivified. Garrick followed, and, as many of the guests did not understand English, his display to them was nearly all in pantomime. They shared with him the reverent horror of *Hamlet* at the sight of his father's ghost; they shuddered with his *Macbeth* at the air-drawn dagger; and a moment afterward they roared with laughter at his grotesque imitation of a pastry-cook's boy who had upset his tray of cakes in the gutter. But when he showed them the grief-stricken Lear bearing in the dead Cordelia, every heart was stirred to its depths, and the impulsive Clairon, in a transport of admiration, caught him in her arms and kissed him.

Garrick modelled the action of his distraught Lear on the grief of an old man whose only child leaped from his arms out of an open window, and was dashed to pieces under his eyes. The wretched parent went mad, and was confined under a keeper in his own house, where the actor frequently visited him to study his madness. Grimm said truly, "Garrick's studio is the street."

Garrick had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds, a large fortune in his

time, when, during the early months of the American Revolution, he retired from the stage to lead the life of an opulent private gentleman. At his final performance of his favorite character of Lear, Miss Younge was Cordelia. As the curtain fell, he led her silently to the green-room. There he said, feelingly, "Well, Bess, this is the last time I shall ever be your father." "Then give me a father's blessing," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees before him. Extending his hands over her head, he said, with great emotion, "God bless you, my child"; then looking at the actors who had gathered around, he added brokenly, "God bless you all; God bless you forever."

In his luxurious villa at Hampton, he spent his last years in the society of his devoted wife. She had been Eva Maria Violette, renowned as one of the most graceful dancers in all Europe. She was the reputed daughter of the Earl of Burlington,—and this belief was strengthened by the Earl's magnificent present of a casket of jewels and six thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. She outlived her husband, and remained constant to his memory until her own death, forty-three years later.

Garrick died at sixty-three, and was followed to his grave by a long train of men and women, eminent in the drama, literature, politics, and society. He was buried with great pomp beneath the monument of Shakespeare. "I paid a melancholy visit to his coffin yesterday," writes Hannah More, "where I found room for meditation till the mind burst with thinking. His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant. Besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the resurrection morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy."

Seven years have passed since Garrick took leave of the stage. A new star rises upon Drury Lane. It is the 23d of September, 1783. The bills

are out for Hamlet, and the critics whisper, buzz, buzz, buzz! How will this new comer, John Philip Kemble, stand in the still bright blaze of Garrick's fame? His family name is already full of histrionic associations. His father, Roger Kemble, now a little past middle life, has long been a well-known actor and manager of provincial theatres. His sister Sarah,* two years his senior, is now in the full blaze of her rare beauty. Though only twenty-eight, she has been Mrs. Siddons for ten years, and she is already the acknowledged head of the British theatre, a rank which she is destined to hold through an entire generation.

John Philip, educated at a Roman Catholic seminary in Staffordshire, and the English college at Douay, in France, has been familiar with the stage from boyhood. Will he play and dress Hamlet as Garrick did? Probably not, for the bills announce the play "as originally written by Shakespeare." Doubtless he will restore the text which Betterton, Garrick, and the rest have been wont to omit. It is also said that he will introduce new and daring readings of familiar lines. These are the rumors in pit and boxes before the curtain rises.

Kemble enters, every inch a Hamlet, with the irreproachable figure, the dark lustrous eyes, and the fine classic features of his family. Face and figure are well set off by the rich court dress of black velvet, itself an innovation, for of late the part has been dressed by the most celebrated actors in the Vandyck costume of black satin and bugles. Kemble wears on his breast the star and pendent ribbon of an order, a mourning sword, deep ruffles, and powdered hair which, in scenes of deep distraction, flows dishevelled in front and over his shoulders. He looks our ideal of the royal Dane, and acts it as well. His voice is less rich and musical than "little Davy's," but his elocution is slow, superb, finished. The spectators are forced to applaud. Yet something

* She began her theatrical career when a mere infant, being employed to knock a pair of snufflers against a candlestick to imitate the sound of a wind-mill.

is missed. What is it? Many declare it is the sudden paling of the cheek and shiver in the blood, which all felt who looked on Garrick. When *he* played, the actor was forgotten; now, they forget Hamlet, to watch Kemble. He is so "scrupulously graceful," so studiously elegant in speech and action, that no flaw is found in him, except that which Leigh Hunt suggests: "He impairs what he makes you feel, by the want of feeling in himself."

His innovations were, many of them, just and original. Garrick and all other actors, in following the ghost, had gone out with sword stretched toward the apparition, but Kemble extended his left hand to his father's spirit, trailing his sword after him, the point on the ground. Even this was enough to make the theatre-goers, who remembered every motion of Garrick, stare in amazement.

Some of Kemble's readings revealed delicate shades of meaning, and were readily accepted. When he addressed his "Good even, sir," to Bernardo, and said to Horatio, "Did *you* not speak to it?" there were more signs of approval than dissent. When he afterward consulted Johnson about the reading of this line, the sage gave approval in his gruff way. "To be sure, 'you' should be strongly marked. I told Garrick so long since, but Davy never could see it." In going on, after "I do not set my life at a pin's fee," Garrick uttered, with the greatest rapidity, "And, for my soul, what can it do to *that*?" But Kemble, in his measured way, rendered it, "What *CAN* it do to that?"

His manner to Ophelia was a model of courtly grace, and won many a feminine heart during that first London season. A young woman, no doubt fresh from some country home, thus writes to her relatives of Kemble's Hamlet: "He was *so* graceful at Ophelia's feet, yet noting closely through the sticks of her fan the face of his uncle-father. With his mother he did not rant, but spoke with indignation and energy. And he was indescribable when

he said, 'He is gone even now out at the portal,' throwing himself forward fondly and passionately, as if to detain his form. . . . As for Ophelia, I wonder, poor soul, she waited for her father's death to go mad. She should have lost her wits when she lost such a lover."

In the grave scene Kemble was less successful. Indeed he confessed that he could never please himself there. But his interview with his mother, though some of Garrick's points were missed in it, was most dignified and tender.

"Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you,"

was given with great effect, especially the last line, which often drew sympathetic tears. The whole scene won greatly upon public favor.

On the morning after the performance there was much debate about the successor of Garrick, for such the popular verdict was forced to find him. Two Hamlets more exactly opposite could hardly be imagined. The one all fire and impetuosity, the other stately, measured, and scholarly. Or, as sprightly Mrs. Spranger Barry expressed it, — she who had herself been a crowned queen of the drama, — "The Garrick school is all fire and passion; the Kemble school so full of purr and pause, that one often imagines they have forgotten their parts and is tempted to prompt them." Doubtless this very difference between the two actors prevented many odious comparisons, and helped to assure Kemble's success.

And never since Burbage played Hamlet, when it was brought out as the latest novelty at the Globe, had the suc-

cess of any actor become more identified with the part. Boaden, I think it was, once objected to it as apt to be less popular, because more philosophic, than other Shakespearian characters; but Kemble maintained that in all libraries where Shakespeare's plays were found, or wherever else they were read, the play of Hamlet was sure to be the most bethumbed and dog's-eared, and that more lines from it were familiar in our ears as household words than from any other play.

At thirty-two Kemble became manager of Drury Lane, and for nearly thirty years afterwards stood at the head of his profession. Once, for two months, he and his family endured every species of insult, and he suffered greatly in property by the "Old-Price Riots," caused by his raising the charges of admission to Covent Garden. He was finally compelled to compromise with the rioters. But he never forgot the indignity. Years after, when he made his last appearance, full of wealth and honors, a friend complimented him on the warm affection of his auditors. He replied, with a significant shrug of his shoulders: "True, but they are the same scoundrels who once wanted to burn my house."

His management was distinguished by many splendid revivals of Shakespeare's plays, and he stands in the memory of the English stage one of the four or five greatest Hamlets. His personal beauty remained untarnished by old age. George Colman, though he had quarrelled with him for spoiling the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, writes of him as

"The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven,"

EARTHQUAKES.

ORGANIC life is the product of forces which arrive at the surface of the earth from two different directions; the one descending to us from the sun, the other coming up from the central regions of the earth. In the narrow zone, not over six miles thick, lying between the two great centres of energy, the one distant but a few hundred miles, the other nearly one hundred million, is developed that life which we are apt to deem the main object of the operation of the universe. The limitation of life in time is as great as its limitation in space; being dependent on two variable sources of force, the conditions which admit of its existence are inexpressibly precarious. A considerable increase in the amount of either force, or any considerable decrease in the amount of that received from the sun, would at once bring it to an end. At a recent period in the history of our solar system, the heat of the earth was so great that the zone now occupied by life was the scene of contending elements; and at a future time almost measurably distant, when the other great source of energy, the sun, shall become in like manner stilled, when the great struggle between matter and heat now going on there shall be over, this little oasis of life, in the midst of the expanse of matter which obeys only physical laws, will cease to be.

It is surprising to compare the relative character of the two sources of energy and the quantities of the force we receive from them. That which we receive from celestial sources comes to us softened and equalized by the distance it traverses. The inconceivable convulsions of the sun, the flames a million of miles high which burst from the fiery mass, the furious sounds which accompany this great struggle of matter with creative force, are quite lost in space, and there come to us only the equable

and beneficent light and heat. We should have remained ignorant of the convulsions which attend the evolution of these properties, if we had been compelled to perceive them in their effects on the surface of the earth.

All the force which enters into the development of life has a celestial origin; and not only organic life, but all those symmetrical movements of matter upon the surface of the earth, which give a sort of life to the earth itself, have their source in the celestial bodies. The circulation of the waters from the oceans through the air to the lands, and back through the rivers to the sea, the currents of the air, and their product, the oceanic streams, are the direct result of solar heat. The whole structure of life, extending through a past of almost limitless duration, is scarcely more than embodied sunshine. The store of force contained within sedimentary strata, in the form of coal, is the product of solar action in past geological periods—is, in fact, fossil sunshine. The envelope of stratified rocks which has smoothed down the external irregularities of the earth,—giving us in place of a surface as rough as that the moon turns toward us, the regular combination of mountain and plain, of table-land and valley,—is the result of solar heat operating through the agency of water. It is now more than probable that the greater changes in the history of life on our earth, by which life has been advanced step by step from the simplicity of its origin to its present complication, are due to the combined effects of the attraction of the sun and planets upon the path of our earth around the sun.

According to this hypothesis, the varying position of the planets in relation to our earth has produced the alternations of temperature, which at many successive times, have spread a glacial covering over the continents,

extinguishing one assemblage of life to make way for another and higher development. If this be true, it is to celestial forces we must attribute the lifting and lowering of the great ice curtain, which has divided the successive acts of the drama of life.

The wildest dreams of the astrologers concerning the influence of the heavenly bodies over the destiny of living things are far surpassed by the truth: if it be not true that our individual lives are the result of accidental influences of the stars, it is still unquestionable that we, as well as that life of which our lives are but a part, are the product of forces originating above the earth.

While the forces derived from celestial sources are uniform in their operation, those which come from beneath our feet are in the main irregular and spasmodic. Most of the phenomena which are referable to the action of telluric energy show the operation of discontinuous and violent forces. In the irregular action of earthquakes and volcanoes, or in the systems of mountains where the stratified materials laid down on old sea floors under the operation of uniform celestial forces are upheaved and contorted, we may see how different is the mode of action of the forces which originate within the earth, from that of the forces which come from above. Observations, which are too well verified to be questioned, show us that at the depth of a few miles the heat of the earth is sufficient to melt the most refractory materials, or convert them into gases, if it could be applied to them at the surface. If we made what is generally believed to be a legitimate inference from the phenomena, and concluded that an uniform increase of one degree of Fahrenheit attends every sixty feet of descent, then we should be compelled to suppose that the central region of the earth has a temperature of at least three hundred and thirty-three thousand degrees. Of this energy accumulated in the form of heat within the earth, we know happily but little from its immediate effects. Of

the total supply of heat which the surface of the earth receives, not one thirty-fifth part comes from the interior, and of this fraction the greater part is so irregularly diffused, owing to the fact that it comes to the surface at a few points of volcanic eruption, that it cannot have any considerable influence on the development of life, or the production of movement in inorganic matter at the surface.* The other chief element of vital activity, the chemical rays of sunshine, come entirely from the sun; so that there can be no doubt that no trace of life could ever have existed, had it depended on the forces originating on or within the earth. As yet we know too little of those forms of energies termed magnetism and electricity, to determine their effect in producing the organic and inorganic movements of matter, or the proportion in which they are produced by the two sources of force, the earth's interior and the sun. There are some facts, however, which may fairly lead us to conclude it to be eminently probable that we owe at least the main part of these forces to the celestial centre. A relation has been observed between the great disturbances of the sun's surface and the magnetic storms of our earth.

As far as all active influence in the production of vital activity on the surface of the earth is concerned, the focus beneath our feet may be regarded as practically inoperative; nor is it at all probable that, at any time in the past, it contributed anything towards the development of animal life; nor could it ever have had a share in the production of any of the constant movements of matter upon the earth's surface, such as we find affecting the atmosphere or ocean. Unlike those features, which possess a certain sym-

* Probably the most trustworthy estimate of the proportion of heat received from the sun and from the earth's centre is that given by Mayer. According to this calculation, the sun gives us each day an amount of heat which would melt eight thousand cubic miles of ice at 32° Fahrenheit, while during the same time there would come up from the interior enough heat to melt only two hundred miles; and the greater part of this would be thrown out at points of volcanic eruption.

metry, the movements produced by the energy which comes to us from the interior of the earth have all a convulsive character. It is as a disturbing agent, operating to produce interruptions in the even course of the action of the forces which come from without the earth, that the energy of the interior has its chief value. Considered from this point of view, it has a very great importance. The physical results of this collision between the forces derived from the two sources are apparent on every side. Their parts in the production of the great features of the earth are essentially antagonistic. While the telluric forces tend to give a great variety to the surface of the earth, producing the folds of the continents and the ridges of the mountain chains, the celestial forces, acting through the water which they cast upon the land in the form of rain and snow, or drive upon the shores by wind and tide, operate continually to reduce that surface to a uniform level. The effect of animal and vegetable life, the product as we have seen of solar forces, is to aid the great levelling process. The coral reefs and other products of the sea, the organic products of the land which are borne to the seas by the rivers, all tend to fill up the ocean basins which the telluric forces are always at work to deepen. When the waters first descended upon the surface of the earth, they doubtless formed a tolerably uniform expanse over the whole space now occupied by both land and water. In this condition of the earth, the solar forces would operate upon the air and ocean, uninterrupted by the action of the internal forces. The currents of both air and ocean would have over the universal sea the same uniformity of movement which we now find only in the Central Pacific Ocean. Two belts of trade-winds, one on either side of the equator, would form the only important atmospheric movements, and their product, a single equatorial oceanic current, would encircle the earth with its uniform stream. All the isothermal lines would be par-

allel with the equator, and each hemisphere would have the same conditions of climate under the same parallels. Animal life, the measure of climatic differences, would not present any great variety in a world of such uniformity of conditions; it would not advance beyond the simplicity which accorded with the conditions surrounding it. The knowledge, which the labors of the geologist have given us of the early life of our earth, assures us of the truth of this supposition. Into this uniformity the action of telluric forces soon began to introduce variety. As the heat flowed out from the interior of the earth, the crust had to accommodate itself to the diminished nucleus; to do this, the regions now occupied by the sea-floors bowed downwards, and the continental ridges lifted themselves upwards out of the sea. This at once broke the uniformity which prevailed during the uncontested reign of the solar forces. The equatorial ocean stream became broken into several smaller currents, forming a pair of vortical movements such as we now find in the Gulf Stream, wherever the uprising continent crossed its path. The regular course of the winds was broken up, each continent becoming the centre of meteorological disturbances, so that only in the remaining spaces of broad ocean could the typical regularity of movement of air and ocean be perceived. On the surface of the broad folds of the continents, the internal forces raised the mountain chains; these break the movements of the aerial ocean, as the continents broke the currents of the sea.

Thus in the waters and in the air uniformity was replaced by variety, through the action of telluric forces. But the result of the intermixture of the effects of these internal forces with those coming from above is even greater in organic nature than upon the physical features of the earth's surface. With varied climates came a varied life. In the range of conditions between the summits of the mountains and the bottoms of the seas life found a variety of

circumstances influencing its development, and assumed a diversity of structure impossible before the telluric influences had given a greater variety to the theatre of life than was afforded by the uniform ocean floors. The influence of height alone in determining variety in both sea and land, animals and plants, is very great, but many other efficient causes, all operating in the same direction, were brought into action by the division of the universal ocean. The single equatorial stream girdling the earth favored the uniform development of life throughout the different zones. The closed currents, which were formed when this stream was broken up by the uprising continents, caused a limitation of life which could not have existed before. By carrying tropical warmth towards the poles, and in return bringing the temperature and creatures of the frozen regions towards the equator, the uniform zone, character of temperature, and life were greatly changed. Instead came the division of life by basins, which gives the complicated relations of the floras and faunas now existing.*

Thus, on every side, we find the telluric forces operating to introduce variety into the previously more uniform conditions. Nor is this limited to the surface; beneath it, on the rocks which are laid down on the ocean floors by the solar forces, the same diversifying agent is at work. In these beds of uniform materials the telluric heat begins to work, and gradually transforms them into very different substances.

Through the uniform limestones and sandstones fissures are riven; these, by the further working of the central heat, become filled with the varied materials which charge our mineral veins. So when the forces of the interior have completed their work of metamorphism, and have lifted into the atmosphere the beds which the celestial forces laid

down on the ocean floors, the telluric forces have filled the originally uniform beds with varied substances, from which soils gain the variety enabling them to support a diversified life, and man will derive those materials which are to render possible his highest development. The way in which the uniform solar and irregular telluric forces co-operate in the production of their results is well illustrated by the history of the formation of our coal seams. First, the sunshine develops the plants, supplying the force necessary to separate the carbon from the atmosphere and its accumulation in the remains of a luxurious vegetation. Then, by the action of internal forces, the bed of vegetable matter is sunk beneath the sea. As it goes gradually down, the solar forces heap upon it sediment worn from the land, together with the remains of other organic forms. All the while the telluric forces are acting; and the heat which is drawn towards the original surface, by the newly deposited materials acting as a non-conductor, so increases the temperature of the buried plants that, combined with the moisture and pressure, it converts the bed of plants into coal. Now the variable internal forces cause the stratum of coal to begin to rise, and at length bring it again to the surface, where the solar forces, by rain or wave, sweep away the rocks which covered it, and thus, by undoing their work, render this store of solar force accessible to man.

If the telluric forces should ever cease to lift up the continents and deepen the seas, the solar forces acting in moving water would in time wear down the lands and restore the universal shallow ocean. The internal changes, on which the movements of the continental folds and sea floors depend, are likely to cease long before the solar force shall have become exhausted.

It is, then, by no means impossible that the complicated evolution of life may be succeeded by a gradual return to simplicity, brought about by a restoration of the uniform physical conditions which ushered life upon the

* Those who may feel an interest in the phenomena of ocean currents, and their effects on the distribution of life at successive geological periods, will find this question treated more at length in the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History* for 1865. Vol. X. p. 295.

earth's surface. Universal ocean and simple forms of life may be the last stage of our earth's organic history, as they were the first.

If this should be so, the whole life of our earth would only repeat what we find to be the history of every part of that life,—a progress from simplicity to variety in its growth, and a return to simplicity in its decline and death.

While there are, perchance, but few who feel much interest in tracing the share which the convulsive telluric forces have had in the development of the physical features or the extinct life of our earth, most persons will find some pleasure in observing how these convulsive forces have influenced the history of man.

The most important condition of the existence of civilized man is the stability of the land. He must have some basis for confidence that his structures will endure. Show him by experience that at any moment he is likely to be visited by a convulsion against which all resistance will be impossible, which shall destroy his most laborious works and bury his race in their ruins, and there is at once taken from him the basis of confidence on which his labor rested, and the incentive to toil is gone. It is on this account that the slightest operations of the internal forces, which have manifested themselves in those old ruptures of the earth's crust we see on every side of us, have a very great value in the history of man. During all stages of the earth's history before the coming of man, the ordinary earthquakes and volcanic eruptions exhausted their effects in their physical results; with his advent, fear became a power, and these convulsions had therefore a higher value.

It is not easy to say which of the two prominent manifestations of internal force have had the greatest effect on man, the volcano or the earthquake. Both possess the elements of the supernatural in the highest degree; both are so far isolated phenomena that the rude observer is thrown at once on his myth-making power, in order to gratify

the natural demand for an explanation.

Volcanic phenomena, however, have some permanent features which render them less mysterious than the earthquake; and although, where they destroy, the ruin they make is more complete, their ravages are confined to a narrow range about their points of outbreak.

They present also something like a natural succession in their phenomena; their eruptions are always preceded by some external signs, which give time for flight, to save those who come within the range of their action. Of the coming earthquake there are probably no natural signs; except in so far as they attend volcanic outbreak, there is no trustworthy warning of its approach. In the midst of the most profound calm of nature, while every outward sign seems to betoken the uniform action of all forces, there may instantaneously appear the most frightful convulsion. The earth rocks to and fro; from its recesses there come the most appalling sounds; in an instant cities are shaken down, mountain summits are hurled into the sea, the rivers change their paths, and the ocean, as if to complete and cover the ruin the land has made, rises in an enormous wave and sweeps the shore.

When we consider that there are considerable portions of the earth's surface where every generation experiences some of the terrible effects of these accidents, we can well believe they must affect the character of the peoples subjected to them. It is easy to trace the effect of a great and desolating war upon the development of a people; yet the immediate consequences of a war are rarely felt by any considerable portion of a people, and even with the actual combatants there is the roused spirit of the soldier to prevent the effects of paralyzing fear. But the earthquake may bring the worst consequences of war to every household; being irresistible, there can be no awakened courage to sustain the mind; being inscrutable, there are added the



terrors of ignorance and superstition. The importance of earthquake phenomena on the development of man may be conceived by estimating the loss of human life caused by them. During the last two decades, the number of lives destroyed by earthquakes has certainly exceeded two hundred thousand. During this time, probably not over the usual rate of mortality from this cause has existed. Assuming this to be a fair measure of the loss of life produced by earthquakes, we should have a mortality of over one million for the last century, and since the beginning of the Christian era over eighteen millions would have perished from the direct action of this agent. But we must add to this appalling sum the probably greater number who have perished in the famines and pestilences which have almost always destroyed more than the convulsions they followed, before we can form a correct idea of the destroying power of earthquakes.

There are no sufficient data by which to compare the ravages of earthquakes with those of other destroying agents, such as epidemic diseases or war. Many earthquakes have certainly brought a greater loss of life on certain communities than any pestilence, as, for instance, the Calabrian earthquakes of 1783 and 1837, and the great Lisbon earthquake.

In addition to the loss of life, there is to be reckoned the destruction of property; this evil has probably as great effect upon the development of a community as the loss of human life. When a community is not only deprived of its laborers, as by pestilence, but is at the same time bereft of the accumulated toil of preceding generations stored in buildings, the shock is frequently too great for reparation.

The ordinary accidents which befall a community do not form any adequate measure of the effects of these convulsions. When fire or flood destroys a town, there remain the wealth and energy of the surrounding country, which by assuming the shape of charity or by giving the generally more efficient

aid of enterprise afforded by the productive energy of the uninjured region acting through commercial channels, soon restore the loss. We can only compare the effect of the worst forms of earthquake violence with the ordinary accidents which befall communities, by supposing every house in a great area to be at once struck by lightning. If we can conceive of an electrical discharge of the most extreme destructive power hurled at once into every building in Massachusetts, killing a fifth of the people, rendering the labor accumulated by half a dozen generations in the buildings and their furniture quite useless, bringing in the train of the convulsion famine and pestilence, so as to render immediate restorative effort impossible, we may then estimate the effect of severe earthquakes on the character of a people. How long would even New England energy remain unshaken under a succession of such calamities? Would this people have retained the courage to battle with the evils of its own community, crush out its ignorance, struggle with its vices, and have enough force to spare to produce an impression throughout the social and political movements of forty millions of Americans, if in the two centuries of its growth each generation had been a sufferer by some such devastation? * Can we believe that even the native courage and sense of duty could prevail over the certainty that before the present century closed this desolation would be repeated, or that the work of material and moral advance would still go on without interruption? To any one who has considered how far the conviction that bricks and mortar will hold together underlies all human progress, the continued advance of this community under such conditions must appear very questionable. There can be no doubt that the Yankees would meet the question of dealing with earthquakes as it has never been met before.

* The earthquake shocks of 1638, 1663, 1727, and 1755, though violent, did not produce very destructive effects on the wooden houses and stout masonry of the then thinly peopled colony of Massachusetts Bay.

The Patent Office would be besieged with inventions calculated to give better assurance of safety to life and property. Houses would be constructed on new principles, with elastic joints and floors independent of gravity; the legislature would give us committees of investigation, and the whole range of questions connected with these convulsions would be studied as they have never yet been. The people of Massachusetts would never have their chimney-pots brought down on their heads every quarter of a century, without knowing something about the reasons therefor.

It may be that the world would have been a gainer if the portent of the Newbury earthquake of 1727 had ushered in a series of convulsions such as have desolated Calabria or Peru.* We certainly should have known more of the nature of the causes and the means of obviating the worst effects of the convulsions. Maybe we should have learned the true character of the indications, if such there be, of the coming earthquake. We may even imagine that this people would have devised some method of helping Nature out of her difficulty by creating some convenient outlets whereby this pent-up force could escape without destructive effects.

However successful all these efforts to deal with the terrible enemy, and whatever the glory to have been gained thereby, there can be no doubt that the whole nation would have lost by every earthquake which might have devastated New England. We may be with reason thankful that Nature contented herself with giving to this land a meagre soil and a rigorous climate, but left its granite hills so steadfast that the living may sleep quietly in their beds, and the dead rest in peace in their graves.

By such a comparison between the condition of a community exempt from, with another subjected to, the action of

these convulsions, we may gain a conception of their influence on the development of man, and be prepared to find distinctive marks of their effects in the character of every people long exposed to their ravages.*

Two results may evidently be expected. First, the effect of these convulsions will be to develop those insuperable bars to progress — superstition, and the conviction that the powers of nature contending against man are too great for his efforts. Then there must arise, from the constant destruction of architectural and other records, and the obliteration of traditions which crumble almost as easily as brick and mortar under these convulsions, a sundering of all that connects one generation with another. This destroys all that continuity of effort which is indispensable in the building up of a civilization. If we could construct a map which would represent the relative superstition of the inhabitants of different parts of the earth, or the energy with which they contended against natural obstacles, and could compare the indications thus obtained with those of another map, where the shading exhibited the relative frequency and violence of earthquake disturbances at different points, a striking correspondence would be perceived. Under the shading which indicated the maximum of earthquake activity, would be found the peoples on which superstition has stamped its evil effects most deeply. Beneath the shading which indicates the greatest intensity of seismic activity lie the greater part of Southern Italy and Sicily, Syria, a good part of Persia, the greater portion of Hindostan, the whole crescent of the Malayan Archipelago, from Singapore through the Spice Islands, and up to Manila. Most of Japan and much of the shores of the Chinese Empire are shadowed in the same manner. On our own pair of continents, we find

* A detailed account of this earthquake, by far the most severe that has ever visited New England, may be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 33, 63, 124.

* Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, has incidentally referred to the influence of earthquakes on national character; but, so far as is known to the author, no careful effort has yet been made to determine the influence upon human development of this very important assemblage of phenomena.

Mexico, a good part of the Antilles, Central America, the whole northern and western shore of South America, lying within the region of maximum earthquake activity. The whole periphery of the Pacific Ocean, except Australia and the northern half of the American Continent, is thus subjected to the agent the most effective in hindering human advancement,—an unfortunate circumstance, which may have done much to prevent advancement among its original peoples, and may in the future prove a great bar to the progress of the transported races, which are rapidly fringing its shores with European colonies. In the Atlantic Ocean we find the last unfortunate land on our list Iceland, where earthquake activity is very great.

In each of these regions we may trace those indications which we expected would mark the work of this disturbing agent. In Iceland, for instance, we find a people who, although at first they seemed to develop an intellectual activity proportionate to the intensity of the movements of the physical world about them, are now reduced far below the position of the people of their race on the main-land. Their history, with its intense feuds, with every feature indeed indicating the predominance of those social evils which spring from superstition and the disturbed relations which these convulsions bring about, more resembles that of Southern Italy than that of any people of northern origin.

It is also instructive to compare the peoples occupying, at the present time and in the past, the three peninsulas of Southern Europe,—Spain, Italy, and Greece. These three regions are occupied, and have always been (excepting during the Moorish invasion of Spain), by peoples of the same race. Their climates do not vary widely, their productions are essentially the same, and their histories, as far as affected by external peoples, are as near alike as those of three states have ever been. Southern Italy and Sicily have been terribly devastated by earthquakes.

The Spanish peninsula, excepting the strip known as Portugal, has been free from devastating convulsions. The greater part of Greece has also been exempt from the effects of severe convulsions. Shocks of moderate force have occurred frequently, but only a few devastating shocks have affected this peninsula. That part of Italy north of and including Rome has never been subject to the most destructive earthquake action, though often slightly shaken, and it is there that the civilizations of Italy, both ancient and modern, have been developed. These people have always exhibited, in common with the inhabitants of other centres of convulsive action, an utter inability for combined effort, a want of confidence in the future, and a degree of superstition we seek for in vain in the same race in better conditions.

That part of the Spanish peninsula included in Portugal, which lies beneath the deepest shades of our map, presents us with a people who show also in their history and character the unfortunate effects of this agent. The regions subject to the most intense earthquake activity on our own continents—Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, Peru, and other parts of the Pacific coast of South America—all exhibit in an unmistakable manner the peculiar effects which we may attribute to its existence. Superstition and a want of continuous effort characterize the inhabitants of all. It is not possible to set forth all the facts tending to support the conclusion that earthquakes have produced the peculiar features which we have claimed to be their effects in the people above named. One fact, however, is evident, that none of those peoples placed under the influence of the most extreme seismic activity have ever attained to greatness. The history of that portion of the Mediterranean region which has been subjected to the most destructive earthquakes may be removed from our annals without very materially affecting the record of the development of humanity around that sea; and the peoples occupying the same

unfortunate position in the new world have not contributed much to the development of man, despite their great natural resources and generally favorable climate. It is extremely difficult to do anything toward unravelling the complicated system of causes which have made any people what they are, and impossible here to undertake the little that can be done. Without this analysis, however, it will not be difficult for the reader to perceive, in the character and history of many of the peoples dwelling within the regions where the most violent earthquakes occur, a strong confirmation of the hypothesis that these convulsions have had much to do with making that character and that history what they are.

The comparison of the characters of those peoples which have been subjected to earthquake ravages with those which have escaped these accidents naturally leads us to examine the character of the races of men in relation to the intensity of the subterranean disturbances of the regions they inhabit. If we lay before us an ethnographic map, and compare its indications with those given by our earthquake chart, we perceive some important relations. The Latin peoples of the Aryan race have developed over centres of earthquake action, while the northern members of that race, have inhabited regions quite exempt from devastating convulsions. The exceptions in the case of the Latin peoples are, that most of Spain proper, Northern Italy, Central and Northern France, Brazil, and Buenos Ayres have been exempt from the worst effects of these disturbances. Only the last two, however, have enjoyed the perfect immunity which has been happily allotted to most of Northern Europe and the greater part of our own continent. The only case of the subjection of a people of Northern European origin for many centuries to the action of earthquakes of great violence is found in Iceland. Jamaica presents us with a case where a small number of English have been similarly placed for about two centuries ;

but the continual change of population by immigration would invalidate any conclusions drawn from it. If we take the exceptions to the rule that the Latin peoples have generally been subjected to great earthquake convulsions, comparing the peoples of Central and Northern France, Spain proper, the Valley of the Po, in Northern Italy, the inhabitants of Eastern South America with those of Southern Italy, Sicily, Southern France, Portugal, Savoy, Mexico, Venezuela, and the western shore of South America, do we not see at once that there are differences in character between these two groups which cannot easily be attributed to climate? On the other hand, take the single exception in the case of Iceland, where a considerable mass of a Northern European people have been long exposed to severe earthquake action, do we not find a sufficient departure from the original stock to warrant us in supposing that the peculiar influences of these convulsions have had a great effect on the character of the inhabitants.

In the history of architecture we find many features of interest in connection with earthquakes. An art which bases its work on the adherence of masonry cannot but have its history affected by such an agent. The style of architecture proper to the firm soil and Gothic peoples of Northern Europe differs as widely from that existing on the tremulous lands of the Latin peoples of the south, as the character and history of the nations among which they had their birth. Gothic architecture, with its aspiring lines, its slender steeples, its tall columns supporting a load of pointed arches and tracery, where every element of beauty would be an element of weakness in the earthquake's shock, could never have developed in Calabria or Sicily, or any other region exposed to such convulsions. The massive walls, the narrow barrel arches, the dome in place of the spire, which we find in Southern Italy, are forms better suited to resist the frequent shocks to which they are exposed. Even these elements of arch and dome

are less steadfast under such strains than those of the older orders of architecture, the Doric or Corinthian, whose crowded vertical supports hold up but little weight. Probably the most important architectural result of the action of earthquakes is the unequal degree in which their destruction operates on different sorts of buildings; while the temples and similarly solid public edifices may withstand severe shocks, the frailer buildings around them, constituting the private houses, are likely to be quite destroyed. Thus since the erection of the temples of *Pæstum*, over two thousand years ago, the dwellings of the people about them have been shaken into rubbish probably half a dozen times, while the firm-built temples have been little affected by the shocks. The natural result of this action is the more rapid alteration of domestic than religious architecture. The underground forces seem to have an especial antipathy to renaissance architecture; often the shock spares the heathen temple, to wreck the church beside it. If we could adopt that theory which attributed earthquake shocks to the struggles of the imprisoned gods of old in subterranean dungeons, we might suppose that there was some malice in the selection; but it is rather more likely that the better mortar and sounder principles of the ancient architecture are the real cause of the difference in durability.

When the process of decay begins to make serious ravages in any building in southern climes, the earthquake performs somewhat the same accessory work of destruction that the frost does in northern regions,—that of searching out all the opening joints and half-formed fissures, and, by developing them,

hastening destruction. As soon as a column is loosened, or the adherence of masonry at any point materially weakened, some shock, incapable of overthrowing the whole structure, wrenches it from its position. Much of the work of demolition in Southern Italy and other earthquake centres, which is generally attributed to Robert Guiscard, or some other invading ravager, is really the work of earthquakes. Even in Rome, which, as before remarked, has escaped the worst effects of earthquakes, there is ample evidence in several of the great ruins that this agent has been an efficient destroyer. Mr. Mallet has recognized earthquake fissures in the ruined walls of the Baths of Caracalla. The same evidences are to be found in the Coliseum and other Roman structures, and are common in the mediæval buildings of the Imperial City.

It is unquestionably very difficult to trace in a satisfactory manner the effect of such a natural agent upon the development of a people. The foregoing inadequate presentation of the matter may serve, however, to call attention to the effects of subterranean forces upon the development of man within the regions affected by their convulsive action. In their direct action upon the development of the physical phenomena of the earth's surface, these convulsive internal forces unquestionably contribute to an advance in the character of life, by varying the conditions to which it is exposed. Operating upon man, they doubtless tend to accomplish the same great end of diversification, by the same means of varied conditions; but they bring at the same time an amount of human suffering which transcends imagination.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XII.

AT length he perceived that he was going to Emerald, three miles away.

He had gone more than a mile on the road, perhaps, when he became convinced that somebody was following him. It was a winding road, and looking back, he could see no further than a quarter of a mile. But had he stood and waited long, no one would have appeared, for no one was coming, no one was walking upon the track at that hour except himself. He not only had the impression that some one was following fast, but his imagination acted with remarkable definiteness, — he thought it was Edna who followed; and would he have chosen that she should overtake him? For a long time he looked behind him at every curve; once he stood and seemed waiting, as if he had called to her, or had heard her call to him.

So conscious was he of the fire raging in his blood, that he believed her steady and far-seeing eyes must have discerned it when she came to the shop. But what if she had discerned it? Whence came this fancy that she was following him? Why should she follow him?

Poor fellow, with all his bold self-reliance and egotism, it was no new thing for him to be looking about for external proofs which should preserve him from falling. The one fear of his life was that he should stumble into that abyss of ruin into which he had already seen his father fall. To no mortal had he acknowledged this fear. Even Doctor Detwiler had not discerned it, though he had warned him to work because he had seen the danger in which he stood. Edgar, understanding the advice, had followed it; but now and then the volcano gave evidence of internal surging.

He thought, as he hurried on, that he

would go directly to the doctor's office; but in order that he might do so, he must pass the station-house and the inn. Indeed, the doctor's office adjoined the tavern, though not at the end in which the bar was kept. If he could get into the office, he was safe.

The bar-room was nearly filled with boisterous men as he passed by. He passed almost on a run. The doctor was not in his office. John sat down. What did he want? Why had he forced himself down there, as it were, into the cannon's mouth? He wanted to talk with a human being with whom he could talk in safety. In the midst of the confusion which overwhelmed him, John answered the stern question thus. But when he had made the answer, he turned upon himself with a "No." He knew that he had come there for no such purpose. He had come because the place was Emerald, and the bar-room always stood open inviting drinkers in, and there was never so much fun and joking going on as on Sunday evenings. His flight past was a sham.

"You came," he said to himself, "because you smelt wine and wanted a drink. You have lied to yourself all the way down, now own it. If you go into that room yonder, own it to yourself, you are going because you want to go. The next thing is to drink with the fellows, and you won't stop when you have begun. You did n't stop the last time till you could n't speak or see, and they carried you to a room and let you lie there like a dog till your drunken fit had passed off. Suppose Miss Edna had looked at you then! Then, as if you could help the matter that way, you worked till you brought on that long fever, and the miners said you would work yourself to death. Elsdon understood it, though; so did the doctor; what would Miss Edna think if she saw you here now?"

So he sat and talked with himself. In the office it was very still. The clock seemed to punctuate and underscore the remarks he was addressing to his conscience, but he could hear voices outside, and could recognize them. By and by they rose in dispute. He went to the windows and listened. The men were quarrelling about something which he knew all about. He could have settled the dispute by a word. He started up, but half-way between the window and the door he said to himself, "That's another blind; don't you put it on." Instead of going out he shut the office windows, though it was a sultry night. Then he went into the doctor's inner room, lighted a lamp, and sat down to read; but one might as well expect to read by starlight while a tempest raged.

It was late when the doctor came from the pure sweet evening air into his close and lighted room. When he saw John Edgar, his surprise turned into displeasure: "What are you doing here with all these windows shut? the office is like an oven."

"I had n't any business here, I know that well enough," said John, greatly disconcerted. He had been so occupied with considerations purely personal that the doctor's inhospitable mood surprised him. "I thought if I went out," he added, "the fellows would see me, and—and I did n't want to go in there to-night."

"What did you come near that man-trap for, then? Open those windows. Have you been sick? Does anybody want anything?" As he spoke the doctor went and looked at the slate and read the names and wants recorded there; he had been absent all day. "H'm—h'm," he said, in his short, abrupt way.

"I don't want anything, sir," said Edgar; "I guess I shall be able to get by the tavern now without going in, since you're here to see me do it."

He said this with assumed gayety. There was so perceptible a sadness in his voice, however, that the doctor turned from the slate, went back to the

table, and, taking him by the chin, brought his face towards the light. "Do you want to go back for anything to-night?" said he, after a serious glance.

"I begin work at half past four Monday mornings."

"So you shall. But you had better stay with me to-night. You can sleep on that lounge. I understand you. You want that fever put out. Here!"—he poured out a wineglassful of mixture—"drink that and go to sleep."

"I am ashamed," said Edgar, but he took the potion.

"What are you ashamed of?"

"To think how I am made up."

"If you are to be ashamed of anything, it is of what you do with what is made up. That is your business. You were made a present to yourself, and you must accept the gift."

"Doctor, you know nothing about it."

"Don't I? You have no more excuse for dying an inebriate than I have. The only thing you have to do, Edgar, is to fight clear of yourself. That's all."

"I can, can I?"

"Of course. Take all the help you can get, though, as you go along. For one thing, don't put yourself where you will be likely to be tempted. But if you find yourself in such a place, off with the right hand, out with the right eye, sooner than yield. For in your case yielding is ruin. That body of yours is a sacred thing, John. Let anything profane it at your peril. When you find yourself in danger, get away from yourself; go to the best person you happen to know. Don't stay alone, and don't go amongst drinkers."

"There's Edna," thought John, and so he fell asleep.

By four o'clock the next morning he was hurrying up the track. The doctor had called him.

"Time to be moving," said he; and the youth sprang to his feet.

"Own to me," said the doctor, "how you happened to be in that plight last night."

"I don't know, unless it was that I took the scent of liquor."

"Then you see that you must keep

clear of folks that use that kind of perfume. I don't care who they are,—you can't stand it. Deny yourself, John, and take up your cross."

John did not answer by speech; but he caught up the doctor's hand, shook it hurriedly, and walked off.

His heart grew lighter as he went towards Swatara. That was surely not his true self with whom he had parted company last night on the doctor's sofa! He had risen up and had come forth a new man, so strong he felt. As he approached the foot-bridge which crossed the creek in front of Mr. Holcombe's garden, he heard a voice singing, and he knew it was Edna's. At first he thought she was on the other side of the stream; but as he walked on, he found that she was among the bushes so burdened with berries, and he went out of his way a few steps to look at her, and possibly to speak to her. She had, of course, no suspicion that he was so near, for she kept on singing; but, yes—she *had* seen him, and was singing with a smile! When he said "Good morning," she was not in the least startled, and looked up as if it were the most likely thing in the world that he should be walking along that way, at that hour of the morning.

"How goes the picture drawing?" he asked.

"Well, John, I wish you could see it."

"Then I shall see it, Miss Edna, of course."

"It—they all knew who it was meant for."

"Indeed! When shall I sit for my portrait, Miss Edna?"

"I am going into the blackberry business just now largely. They say there is money to be made by it. I heard the doctor saying yesterday that there would be a great demand this year. I mean to gather all that grow about here."

"To sell?" asked John, with a satisfaction for which he could not have accounted to himself. It arose from the sense of equality which her determination to go into the market seemed to suggest and to imply.

"Yes, to sell. I cannot live on oth-

er people's bounty. I must do something, you know."

"Why, how comes that? Bounty! Miss Edna. I don't suppose such a thought would enter Mr. Holcombe's head."

"It has entered mine, though, and that is enough. It entered it before I ever went there, and it aever has gone out. I must feel myself independent wherever I am. But you need not say anything about it. Of course they would not like it: but I feel so, all the same. Do you understand it? I read in the book I lent you something like,

"O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!"

Well, it need n't be 'princes' favors' to make one 'wretched,' and I am not going to 'hang on' to any such thing."

"I wish you success in your berrying; but I would try not to feel that way. Everybody is dependent, I guess, if you look into things."

"Yes, I know it; but not that way. I was dependent on you for help in my drawing: that did n't hurt me."

"And I am dependent on you for a great deal, and that does n't hurt *me*," said John; and because he did not choose to hear the answer she might make to that, he walked off with a "Good morning."

"I want to ask you if you have read my book yet?" she said, as if she had not heard his "Good morning" or perceived his intention to go on.

"I have not, but I will; and when may I see your picture of Rosa?"

"I will think about that: very soon, perhaps. John!"

He came back when she called him, and she showed him the berries she had gathered, and then said:—

"Do you really think it is so hateful in me to wish to pay my way there? They are not rich."

"No, not hateful to wish that. But you know what we all think of Mrs. Holcombe about here."

"Well, what do you think?"

"Why, we think—there was never another like her."

"Perhaps there never was, but — we don't seem to understand each other. I don't know why I should tell you of it. She is very kind to me, but if it did n't seem so silly, I should say we were afraid of each other. Do I seem terrible to you? For you think she is an angel."

"O Miss Edna! you must n't ask me how you seem to me. It is n't six o'clock yet, and it's Monday morning!"

"I know it," said Edna, laughing; "I ought not to keep you here when your work is waiting. But I do get so tired of myself all the time. But go on, — you might as well first as last."

"Miss Edna," said John, suddenly, "I have a mind not to go on until I say something that — that — If you get so tired of yourself, would n't you get more tired of me? May I help you always? Will you let me slave for you and not feel that you owe me anything? I could give my life for you. I will live for you, if you will let me."

"John," said Edna, her eyes opening wide on him in genuine wonder, "what do you mean?"

"You have made me love you, and I have been fool enough to tell you of it," he answered, confused and stammering.

"You are not a fool: and if you do love me, I thank you for it," said Edna, promptly enough.

But John was so surprised himself at what he had said, that he could not believe she had understood him.

"I mean for all my life," said he.

"That was what made me so thankful," said she.

"But, Edna, Miss Edna, will you marry me? could you? would you? Me, Miss Edna, — me! John Edgar!"

"Not this morning, John. It is Monday morning, you know, and going on six o'clock. I must go back to the house."

She picked up her basket in a hurry, and was going to run away, when he caught her hand.

"Is this all true?" he said. "May I go up there to the workshop and feel

like a man who has Paradise to work for? You shall have such a home as you deserve, and I — I — O — God bless you!"

Edna was frightened at the feeling she had stirred. She stood still, thinking. Presently she said: —

"You may go and work for your Paradise. Any home you would give me would be better than I deserved."

But though her voice betrayed emotion, it was not akin to that which had stirred John Edgar. He was the lover, — she only a fugitive seeking a covert, and too ignorant to understand rightly the fact. If Mary Trost had happened along that way instead of John, she would, undoubtedly, have received the girl's confidence, and nothing would have followed: but — he had received it; something must follow.

CHAPTER XIII.

GUILDERSLEEVE died, and, as was of course to be expected, his funeral called out the brethren in a body. The presence of the church members was an indication of the spirit with which the erring man had been received back into their midst. The curiosity was general to hear what the preacher would say about him, now that he was gone.

The preacher said little, but the Scriptures and the hymns he read, and the prayers he offered, showed no inconsiderable tact.

Mrs. Holcombe was not beyond the sound of her husband's voice, but her mind was in a strangely wandering mood. She had been looking forward to this funeral day since she had known that Guildersleeve must die. She had come to the house attended by Edna, for Delia had remembered that the day was the anniversary of the death of Annie Gell: last year they had visited her grave on the same day, and this year they would do likewise.

The day was one to invite the human world out of doors. Little of its glory or its beauty had been lost on Edna as they ascended towards Guil-

dersleeve's. She had noticed all the familiar points as they came up into the highlands: she knew where the wall of green brier flourished, and where the wild briars and the cedars abounded; and where she saw the white daisies and blue harebells, the depths of her heart were stirred. There was an old stone-wall built across the sloping field just back of Annie's house; the red bloom of its wild roses against the blue sky—for often she had lain in the grass under the wall, and looked up at the roses and the blue—she never could forget. She remembered it now as they came up to Guildersleeve's. She remembered, too, that at such seasons of beauty, old Annie used to declare that Edna might as well be a thousand miles off, for all the comfort she had of her society. "You queer creetur," she would say, and shake her head, when she found the girl in some solitary nook, pursuing her investigations or reflections, or whatever it might be that seemed to remove her at such a distance from everything connected with her home life.

"I'm not lazy, I am working at things," Edna would answer; and the old one would say, "I'd like to see something to show for it. You are the least like my folks of anything under the sun." But when Edna recalled these words, she could do it without self-reproach, for she knew that no reproach was in them.

But Mrs. Holcombe, in the house of Guildersleeve, was not thinking of Annie Gell, whose grave they were going to visit, nor of any other mortal under that roof, or beyond it, on earth, or remote from earth, except Mary Trost, who sat beside her.

The services over, people flocked into the yard to look at the remains of their old neighbor; for the coffin was carried forth with lid unclosed, that all might look upon the dead. Mrs. Holcombe seized the moment to speak to Mary. Perhaps she ought not to hope that she could win her confidence, but it might be that some word she should speak would serve as an arrow in the hand

of the Lord: it might be her happy privilege to show that young girl that she stood on dangerous ground.

"It is a long time," she said, "since you have been to our house. Won't you try to find time to come? Edna is often speaking of you. We would be very glad to see you."

Her friendly face as she stood looking at Mary, and that voice whose kindness few who had a burden of any sort to bear failed to discern, made an impression. Mary had never thought that Mrs. Holcombe was a handsome woman, but just now she was impressed by her beauty, as well as by her goodness. She seemed inspired with a sudden desire to know better this wife of August's minister, to talk with her, perhaps even to give her her confidence; but it was not quite likely that she would do that just now.

It was the benignity, the sympathy, the compassion—it seemed like compassion—expressed in Mrs. Holcombe's eye, that drew Mary towards her.

"I am going to stay and bring the house to rights, while they are gone to the grave," said she.

"Let me stay and help you," said Delia, quickly.

"Do! If people see you here they will not be apt to hang about so long."

Mrs. Holcombe's staying did, in fact, seem to have the desired effect. The house was speedily cleared of those who would otherwise have turned the funeral into a visit of investigation. Most of those who would have remained to explore went out and overtook the funeral train, and the rest left the house.

The two women, experts in household management, soon restored the rooms to order. The table on which the coffin had rested was put back, the white tablecloth folded and laid away. The edibles spread in the kitchen for the refreshment of such as came from a distance were removed, dishes were washed and put in their places, window-shutters were thrown open, and sun-

light came streaming in, even to the little dark bedroom in which Guildersleeve had breathed his last; and soon the odors of sweet grass and of clover filled the place.

Edna had strolled away from the house while this was going on, and stood on the roadside watching the funeral train as it made its slow way towards the burial-place. When all was done, Delia and Mary went into the yard.

"Somebody will be doing the same for us some day," said Mary. "I hope the neighbors will think as kindly of us then as they do of Mr. Guildersleeve. If he had been a better man he could n't have had a finer funeral. Your people are very forgiving, Mrs. Hulcum. Everybody must see that."

"It would be a hard heart that stood against a brother who asked to be forgiven," said Delia.

"Nobody did stand against him that I've heard of," said Mary. "I suppose anybody would have been glad to come here, and do what they have let me do for them. But I would n't have taken half the comfort doing it if things had not come round as they did — if grandfather had been called in to do what Mr. Hulcum has done, I mean. The thing I like about your people is their charity; and then they are all above-board, as you might say. They all know just how they stand with each other."

"How could we have the face to ask God to do for a brother what we were not willing to do for him ourselves, as far as we were able?" asked Delia.

"But it is the spirit of your people," repeated Mary, as if bent on pointing out to the preacher's wife the feature which she found beautiful and praiseworthy, in view of that which she was herself about to attempt in behalf of liberal Christianity. "You have the confidence of all the people in your church, and out of it, Mrs. Hulcum; you have mine, I know, though you have stood by your church just as I have stood by father."

"It seems to me of little consequence what name we go by, sitting out of

doors on an afternoon like this, while the people have all gone to bury an old man. Young or old, that is what we must all come to," said Delia.

"Yes," answered Mary, thoughtfully, "but it is n't a little thing either. My grandfather does n't hold that it is, neither does your husband. When we come to the point, we don't think it is, either."

"But suppose you had only yourself to think of," said Delia, "it would n't seem a great matter, would it, to give up your church for what you should think was more important? I don't mean that anything *could* be more important than religion and your duty, but your outside church, I am speaking of. One thing might seem sufficient to you to make up for what you lost in church communion; and another to me, if I left mine. Abraham went out from his own country seeking another, and even Moses was persuaded, by what he hoped to find in Judæa, to leave what he had in Egypt."

"Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?" answered Mary, with a thoughtful smile, more moved than she cared to make manifest by Mrs. Holcombe's talk.

"Yes and no," said Delia, with more spirit. Did not Mary desire to be persuaded? "That is what we all think until we find out the reason why it is so. I knew it must be. There are feelings that can influence us more powerfully than the obligations we own that we are under to people in general, as in a church."

"If a person has only himself to answer," said Mary, "it would be easy. But that is n't the way with most of us. When it comes to separating from those who cannot go with you, if you go they must see that you choose to, and that there's something you like better than you like them. It is better to give up the thing you would go for, and stay in the place where you were born."

"It depends upon what calls you, whether you can," said Delia, looking

off towards the far horizon, yet speaking with a rapidity which betrayed her nearness.

"Do you know what has called *me*, Mrs. Hulcum?" asked Mary, suddenly, turning her frank eyes on the preacher's wife. She had suspected that Delia did know, but whether she knew or not, it was impossible for her to carry on an Indian mode of warfare. Ambush did not suit her.

After all she was a little surprised and excited by the answer, — "Yes."

"Is that what you mean by saying *it depends*?"

"Yes."

"It is to give up my religion and take his, that is the thing."

"No," answered Mrs. Holcombe, now steadily gazing at the girl. "You cannot say it is that quite. You think it will be as well to see what he will do. I would not dare try that."

She paused. Mary said nothing; she was convicted. She had thought just this.

"I would not dare," said Delia, "to try what I could do with him."

Mary's red cheeks crimsoned; but neither did she reply to this further venture of the preacher's wife. All at once, Delia herself found it impossible to proceed; her own face reflected the heightened color of Mary's. Mary's silence might mean embarrassment, but it might also mean scorn of her counsellor. It was quite possible that she was preparing to turn upon her with a suspicion of her own past, equivalent to knowledge. Was she not Trost's child? Was he not everywhere inveighing against Mennonites as a people who lived in violation of their own laws, traitors to their own government, deceivers, and at what point had he stopped short? She was paralyzed by the fear which overtook her in the midst of her endeavor to warn and protect this child. But presently she felt a hand touching hers, and a voice, half suffocated by emotions, said, "O Mrs. Hulcum, go on, speak to me!"

Then Delia's spirit rose; and she took up the weapons of the Lord, though

it should be to the slaying of herself.

"I do not think," she said, "that Deacon Ent will leave us. But, Mary, you may become his wife, — forgive me, I dare not leave it unsaid, — you might become his wife, and not seem to be with us. You might secretly marry him."

"I would scorn such a marriage!"

Mrs. Holcombe bowed her head; she sat thus considering these words, and all this serious business. At last she looked up, and said still more seriously: "I believe you would. Better, far better, live and die alone, than be deceived by anything that would have an end so different from happiness. You would not consent to it on your own account. I have not meant to say anything against Deacon Ent. There are men as upright as he who would persuade you to do this. I am glad that you are angry. Do you suppose I say this because I think it would be to Mr. Holcombe's credit that you joined our society? I warn you as one woman has a right to warn another. You will not give up August, — he will not give you up."

"Do you think it would be impossible for you?" said Mary, half angry yet. "You seem so sure of it in my case."

"When I look into my own heart, I tremble for you."

"What would you advise, then?"

"Tell your grandfather exactly how things stand between you."

"You do not know him, Mrs. Hulcum!" exclaimed Mary, aghast at this counsel.

"What I say is, do not keep your secret from him. Tell him that he is father and mother to you, and you will be a stronger woman from that moment. And he will be a kinder father."

"You do not know him, Mrs. Hulcum."

"No matter if you think so. Be honest. Tell him all. Unless — you find that your church is more to you than your love."

Mary's eyes overflowed with tears. What had become of her pride and her

determination, and that pretty purpose of hers to test her power, and the power of Methodism?

"I understand these things well enough to know how it will be," Delia continued. "You must give up August, or else see that it is a light thing to leave all and follow him. Why do I say this? Because I am Mr. Holcombe's wife, and know that Deacon Ent is really, as my husband is always saying, the preacher's right-hand man? I say it because I have two girls in my house who may soon be standing where you are. I would not have dared to speak so to you, Mary, had I not feared to keep still."

Edna now came, and said that the people were returning from the graveyard, and Delia, rising, said, "My girl here will be glad if you come down to our house oftener; she has made you a good many visits. Will you not come soon?" It was easy to promise, and indeed the thing which Mary now desired to do was to keep near to Mrs. Holcombe.

Delia went down the lane to the well, purposely leaving the girls together a few moments, and Edna half-doubtfully said, following Mary's eyes, which followed Delia's movements, "Is n't she a good woman?"

"Good!" returned Mary, "she is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In the graveyard, standing by the low mound which covered the body of poor Annie Gell, Edna said to Mrs. Holcombe, "Do you really think of me as if I was your daughter?"

"Always!" This was the assurance which Delia had longed so many times to give, and had never found freedom for it. Now the question had been fairly put, she answered from an overflowing heart. "You are just as dear to me as Rosa. If ever you should doubt it, remember what I say here in this place; it is true. Perhaps you are oftener and more tenderly in my thoughts than even my darling Rose is."

"How could that be, Mrs. Holcombe?"

"Ah, you will never understand, Edna, never till you call me mother, as Rosa does! But I will tell you. For the very reason that would make it seem unlikely: because you are older than she is, and a great deal older, much more than five years; because your mind is working in so many ways. And—I am so anxious that you should be happy with us, and do that, and be that, which will make you happy. And so, if I should sometimes seem to require a good deal more of you than I do of Rosa, you will understand how it is. Because I am hoping so much for you; because, dear child, I feel more responsible for you. It seems even more important to me to do the best I can for you, than to have your love and confidence."

There was something in the voice which spoke these unexpected words that strangely moved Edna. She did not intend to give her confidence so far as her berrying project was concerned, or in the matter of John Edgar; but nevertheless she brushed a tear from her cheek, and felt conscious of a feeling to master before she could answer, as she did, in a half-despairing way, "I am not worth half the trouble I cost, Mrs. Holcombe."

"But God has given you to us, and his gifts are sacred."

"I could have loved her better, and served her better, and I wish I had," said Edna, looking on the grave at her feet.

"I am glad that you may think how much you did to make her happy," said Delia. "I was glad when you insisted on paying for the grave-stone, and that you wanted one that would have cost a great deal of money, though we thought it would please aunty better if you bought a simpler one."

"We had only each other," said Edna.

"Yes, but now she has heaven, and you have earth and memories, and the hope of heaven," answered Delia. "And how many hearts there are which you

can make happy. O child, if I could only make you see what it is possible for you to be! Do you not feel in yourself ability to lead a life which would make you a blessing to everybody? I seem to see in you resemblances to the most precious objects that I have ever dreamed of."

"O Mrs. Holcombe, do not say such things as that to me," said Edna. "You make me feel ashamed."

"But I shall still look for your increasing likeness to all I have loved best, and all that I do love best. You are not quite what you would like to have me think,—a stranger and a pilgrim. You are our dear child; our house is your home."

"Mrs. Holcombe," said a voice. By the graveyard gate stood Maxwell Boyd. Driving slowly down the road, he had recognized the preacher's wife, whose acquaintance he had made one day in his wanderings about the neighborhood of the mines. "May I carry you down in my carriage? I am going your way."

"You will be very tired, if you walk," said Edna, glad to have the conversation, which was becoming so painful to her, interrupted.

Delia hesitated, but finally took her seat in the carriage, and Max enjoyed his opportunity of exhibiting skill in the management of ponies along mountain roads.

He enjoyed his drive so much that, when Mrs. Holcombe invited him into the house,—to the door of which he carried them, in spite of her assurances that it would be much better to let them cross the stream on foot by the bridge,—he accepted the invitation.

It was his first visit, and he said when he entered the house:—

"I have n't felt at home before in a dozen years."

Delia smiled. She was accustomed to assurances that her house was indeed a home.

"Stay and take tea with us," she said; and so he stayed.

But he had an unexpected lesson from Mrs. Holcombe before he went

away. He had gone out into the little flower-garden in front of the house, to give Rosa a lecture on botany, and it seemed to interest him quite as much as it did her; for how he laughed at the work she made pronouncing the names he gave to the simple flower-cups and leaves!

Delia was drawn out of herself by the laughter in the yard; she felt the cheerful influence of the young gentleman, and he had won her confidence at once. He was Mr. Boyd's brother, and his friendly feeling seemed a sort of guarantee of safety to her whom a sense of danger was forever tormenting, so strong and capable he looked. He reminded her of another, who years ago had come to Emerald, as buoyant in spirit and as full of hope and expectation!

All at once Rosa stood before her, flushed and doubting, and brighter than her bright eyes was the ornament she wore. "Mother, look here!" she said, pointing to the diamond pin which Max had removed from his cravat and fastened in her collar.

Delia said nothing, but took her daughter by the hand and led her forth. Max expected her, but pretended to be so much absorbed in his examination of a shrub that he did not notice her approach. But when Delia paused beside him it was impossible that he should not look up and perceive. Unfastening the pin from Rosa's collar she laid it on her child's palm, and bade her give it back to Mr. Boyd; and at the same moment Delia's hand rested on his shoulder. The gentleness of her reproof went deep into the young man's heart. "You know these things are not allowed among us," she said. "You are very kind; but you must remember it will not do to show your kindness in such ways."

Max seemed for an instant vexed; but he received back the ornament.

"Then I will take it as a present from you," he said, recovering his good-humor. "Must n't I give you anything? To tell the truth, I was pretending that I had just got home after

a long absence, and that you were all my family! What if you cannot use it?"

"Give me your confidence, my son," said Mrs. Holcombe. "You may give me that; and if I see that I cannot trust your discretion, let me say so to you."

"What do you mean?" asked Max, quite sure that if anybody else had said that to him, he would have resented it as an insult.

"I mean that you are young, and that these girls are children; and that, though I should like to see you coming here, I should wish you to remember that there is a great difference between you and them, which you must see, and ought not to forget. You see I speak to you very freely, Mr. Boyd, because I think you are to be trusted. I am glad that you feel that you are at home at last."

Max went out of the house more a man than when he entered it, resolving nobly, and thinking of Mrs. Holcombe as he would have thought and felt had he found a mother.

But the eyes which had seen Rosa decorated with diamonds would not be likely to lose again the vision.

Edna said: "I am going to make two pictures of you; one for myself and one for your mother; in one you shall be just as Mennonite as you can be, and that's for Mrs. Holcombe, but mine shall be Sawyerish."

"If you make me Sawyerish," answered Rosa, quickly, "I'll tear it in pieces."

"Wait till you get it," returned Edna, with a laugh. "I shall put you in pink with a sash, and, let me see, with a flower or two in your hair. How pretty that will be! Come now, let me please myself for a moment."

Rosa hesitated, but finally the girls went up stairs together, and Edna decorated her sister with a pomp of ribbon which Miss Sawyer, who had come to the mountains for her health not so long ago that either had forgotten it, and had lodged for three months in Preacher Holcombe's house, had left behind her.

"You look like another being," said

Edna, brushing Rosa's hair till it waved above her forehead and rippled over her shoulders. "Now sit there and don't stir till I tell you."

"You look like another being yourself, Edna," said Rosa, sitting very quiet and very conscious, while Edna flew about making preparations to begin her sketch. And indeed she was right. Edna was in her brightest mood.

"If you make me like Miss Sawyer, I—I shall pout," continued Rosa.

"Pout then. Miss Sawyer was a beauty."

"You cried for grief when she went away, you know."

"I was glad to have her gone; because it was like a funeral here, before she went, with your mother coming down with that fever."

"O Edna, think if she—but it could n't be."

"No; you are right. It just could n't. But suppose you don't look as if you were going to cry,—that's it! I don't want you to look as old as Methuselah in my picture. Well now, tell me, how did those diamonds feel? Mr. Boyd must be very rich to be giving them away like that. Miss Sawyer kept hers under lock and key, and hardly dared look at them herself. I would have liked to throw that box into Pit Hole, just to see if she would have thrown herself in after it."

"It was an odd thing to do," she continued, after a minute, during which Rosa was probably endeavoring to ascertain how the diamonds did feel. "I have never seen a girl like the one I am making out of you, Rosa. But it will be as if you were his born sister. I must get some colors for it, somehow. You are never to see the picture though, you know."

"I suppose not; for that's like you."

"Tut; it is n't like me: I never do what I wish to, or say what I wish to, and you can't find me out."

Edna spoke with the mystery of an oracle, and Rosa looked at her with profound wonder mixed with admiration.

"Am I Sawyerish?" she asked, after a while.

"Just about as much as your mother is," answered Edna, intent on her work.

"Why don't you say mother, and not 'your mother' all the time?" asked Rosa, looking shyly at Edna, half afraid to utter the question she had wanted to ask so long.

Edna dropped her pencil, and looked at the child with what she intended should appear overwhelmed amazement.

"Why should I?" she said. "I have no mother."

"Because I—O yes, you have! Why, how could anybody be more a mother to you than mother is!"

"My mother could," said Edna, taking her pencil again, and resuming her work. "Since I've lost her,—well and good. You would n't think that you could have more than one."

"But then it is *her*," said Rosa, as if she would remind Edna that there never could be but one woman in the world to compare with the woman who gave so freely of her love to Edna.

"I know it is her; and I know all you can say besides, but you need not say any more about that. You are all too kind to me. I would gladly do anything for you, die for you even; yes, I think that would be the best. Then there would be no more trouble about me or anything."

Edna was perhaps a particle in earnest, but her chief recompense for so expressing herself was, not the relief she felt, but the surprise and distress of Rosa that she should feel and speak so. She found presently that she must drop her drawing, and give herself heartily to the work of drying the child's tears, and consoling her with assurances that she had only spoken in jest. But this sort of play had been played now to weariness, and Edna felt a little misgiving and shame when she saw how Rosa had taken her words to heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You are our dear child," and "our house is your home," were words in

themselves so sweet, and they had been so tenderly spoken, that Edna could not forget them. Nevertheless they had not the effect to make her feel at ease with Mrs. Holcombe, nor at home under the preacher's roof. Out of doors she was happy and especially content so long as she could be at work gathering berries, and whatever else she could gather from the hillsides and the woods, that had a market value. One day the doctor found her near the roadside, contemplating a great heap of sarsaparilla root which she had pulled.

At first he seemed disposed to make light of her labor, until he perceived that it was a serious business with her; then he ceased to treat her as if she were a child, and told her that she was right about it; people had to pay a price for just such things as she intended to sell; she was in the way to make money, if money was what she wanted.

On the strength of this encouragement she advanced, and asked him if there had been another offer lately from Mr. Faulkner for her land; for, on the doctor's advice, she had decided to let the little farm lie idle until the neighbor who really wanted to add it to his own should be willing to pay the price it was worth. He told her that five hundred was still Faulkner's figure, and asked her if they should stand for the seven hundred, which he had no doubt they should get in time.

She reflected, and said, yes, if there was a prospect that he would purchase within fifty years.

But there was something evidently on her mind of which it would be well to relieve her, if he could. What was it? The doctor had many patients besides those whom he prescribed for openly. He had been talking just now with Superintendent Elsdon about John Edgar, and felt so encouraged by the report he had heard that he was ready to undertake any other good work that offered. Besides, Delia Holcombe had said to him, not long since, talking about Edna, as if in despair, "That

girl meets me at every turn. What shall I say to her? What shall I do with her? What is the matter?"

He had answered Delia: "She has more strength in her than she knows how to use. That is the matter. I would not be surprised," he had said further, "if you found her intolerable at times. Girls are not often so, I suppose, but boys are. All that headstrong, imperious selfishness which goes rampant in young fellows until they are ashamed of it, in the more enlightened time of manhood, helps to keep the world going. Edna is n't a common drudge, but a born worker. You must control her. Easier said than done, but you can be trusted for that. You won't make the mistake of breaking her down in endeavoring to control her."

"I am so tired of all this, Michael!" Delia had said that in a way which left no doubt on the doctor's mind that it was a despairing weariness she felt; and he knew that she had made a confession to him which never would have escaped her in Friend Holcombe's hearing.

"It is very clear to me," he answered, "*very* clear, that the mother of such a child as Rosa will not make any serious mistake in managing any other girl. The thing is to secure Edna's confidence."

"She has never given it to me for a single moment!" Delia had exclaimed.

"She must give it to you though. Command it. It is your right. Why, Delia Holcombe, do you mean to say that you are balked, for the first time in your life, by a chit like that? She is frank and open enough—too frank, if anything. She won't be reticent everywhere; just make her love you. That's always been an easy thing for you to do."

But the doctor had not yet forgotten that his words had failed to make an impression. It was with the recollection of Delia's tearful eyes and sighing that he now set himself to discover what could be done by him in behalf of the girl and the woman.

He stayed there talking half an hour, and when he mounted Lightfoot and rode away, he had arranged these points in his mind for reflection, — that Edna felt herself adrift and homeless, but that she had resolved on earning a right at least to the food and shelter which Friend Holcombe's house afforded her; that she had read every book that Edward Rolfe had left with Bishop Rose, and most of the volumes again and again; that her mind was filled with the Shakespearean personages and thoughts; that she was ambitious to draw faces well, and had taken to heart the encouragement of Mr. Barlow, conveyed to her by John Edgar; that John Edgar had exercised a distinct and peculiar influence over her, the nature of which he could not quite determine.

But above all he was questioning the parentage of this girl, and a suspicion had arisen which seemed to him so unjust, so outrageous, that he was glad to account for it by recalling the recent conversation between himself and Mr. Elsdén, in which old times had been recalled, and Edward Rolfe so distinctly, that it would hardly have surprised the doctor to pass him on the road as he used to do every day.

But outrageous and unjust as the suspicion was, it was not to be dismissed. It recurred again and again, as the doctor rode his round, and at nightfall he actually found himself hesitating whether he should go over and ask Delia to tell him something more definite than he had heard yet concerning that girl's history. But his hesitation resulted in his return to Emerald the visit unmade.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ELSDÉN — with Rolfe's marriage certificate in his pocket, and half a dozen annual reports of the Insane Asylum known as Rolfe Hall on his shelves, put forth by Dr. Jackson, manager of the same — was considering the case of John Edgar quite seriously that morning, when the doctor called, and

incidentally inquired how John was getting on.

He had already taken steps with reference to John, — important and well-considered steps. He had instructed the machinist how to be a gentleman, indirectly; chiefly by pointing out features and traits in Maxwell Boyd which made him an agreeable companion. These features and traits were all such as could be copied, imitated. In private John had considered these, and had carefully endeavored to shape his conduct by them. Mr. Elsdén had also excited his ambition in other ways than by playfully inquiring how long he supposed he should be content to stay delving in the machine-shop. He had praised him on account of the possession of abilities of which John himself was as yet scarcely conscious, and the result had been precisely that on which the superintendent calculated, — the powers he had assumed actually became apparent. Mr. Elsdén, in short, had the machinist in training, and in a brief time his urbanity, consideration, and politeness ceased to excite John's surprise.

Indeed, in the pride of his heart, when Edna showed him the "Sawyerish Rosa" which she had made for herself, his first thought and wish was to let Mr. Elsdén see it. So he quietly took possession of the drawing, promising Edna that he would procure paints for her, and on the first opportunity he showed the picture.

"She is an artist!" said the superintendent, and John told Edna that. But Mr. Elsdén said more; he said: "That young lady ought to be supplied with everything that would help her in that work. Do not fail to show her drawings to Mr. Barlow when he comes again; but meantime let me do something for her. What does she want? Has she any materials?"

John told him what she had, with a light in his eyes by which Mr. Elsdén easily read all which he did not tell. And the result was that Mr. Elsdén ordered from town a box well filled with artists' materials, which he asked

John to give to Miss Edna with his compliments.

See Miss Edna, then, coming with her lover, to thank Mr. Elsdén for his gift! And perceive the Holcombe satisfaction, though mingled with so much surprise!

And hear Mr. Elsdén saying afterwards to John Edgar: "You are a fortunate young man to have been able to serve a young lady like Miss Edna. Tell me something about her. She must have a history."

That was a subject concerning which it had hardly entered John Edgar's head to inquire, — it was the thought of Edna's self that had occupied him; and so Mr. Elsdén said in an off-hand way: "In my opinion, the girl has rights which have never been claimed for her."

Coming from such a source, the suggestion was startling enough, and John said, "I don't — know what you mean, sir."

"I don't know that I know myself, but it's between us, Edgar; so if I have made a wrong guess, no harm is done. She is a very pretty girl, and if I were a younger man — You gave her those first drawing-lessons, eh?"

"Yes. But, Mr. Elsdén, what is it you suspect, sir?"

"I suspect, John, that her father was an old friend of mine, who was killed suddenly. It was not supposed that he left a wife. He had never declared his marriage. But I have reason to think he was married, and any way this girl looks enough like him to be his daughter. Of course such a thing is n't to be talked of, unless it can be proved. If you care anything for the girl —"

"Why she is mine!" exclaimed John, in a tumult; and there he was in his pride, and in his helplessness too, in the hand of Mr. Elsdén, who made no more of crushing men with hand and foot, if they chanced to be in the right position for dexterous management, than he would have made of crushing worms.

"I congratulate you then," he said, with spirit; "she is not only a pretty girl, but an heiress, and we can show it in time."

That provision "in time" was well suggested. Mr. Elsdén, as we have seen already, had no intention of grasping at success in haste now, after so long an experience of failures.

He was fortunately interrupted in this conversation by the entrance of Maxwell Boyd, and several days passed before Edgar found an opportunity to ask again for explanation of the mystery which was of so much consequence to him. Meantime the fact that Mr. Elsdén knew the relation existing between Edna and himself was exalting. It seemed now as if Mr. Elsdén must perceive that others had seen that he was not a worthless member of the community, that he had a future before him. But this fact, while it had its satisfactions, was not the only one which occupied him; it was quite possible that he should stand yet on an equality with Maxwell Boyd, and that was constantly becoming more and more his aspiration; almost as if he

felt that in time it would be possible to find a rival.

Suppose Mr. Elsdén's suspicions were proved warrantable. Suppose Edna was the daughter of a gentleman (it was easy to believe), suppose a fortune did wait her demand, would that relation between them be changed? That relation had been established in a moment of the greatest surprise to him. He often found himself questioning the reality of it; it became quite as important to John that he should assure himself of the reality of Edna's love, of its enduring nature, as that he should discover the secret Mr. Elsdén had in store for him.

But how could the truth be discovered? Edna was in such a state of gratitude, on account of the box which Mr. Elsdén would never have thought of giving her, she knew, but for John Edgar, that she was ready to fall down and worship him whenever he appeared. Don't blame the poor fellow that he accepted all this gratitude for something else, mistaking it for that in comparison with which gratitude is cold and unlovely.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

DROPPED the warm rain from the brooding sky
Softly all the summer afternoon;
Up the road I loitered carelessly,
Glad to be alive in blissful June.

Though so gray the sky, and though the mist
Swept the hills and half their beauty hid,
Though the scattering drops the broad leaves kissed,
And no ray betwixt the vapor slid,—

Yet the daisies tossed their white and gold
In the quiet fields on either side,
And the green gloom deepened in the old
Walnut-trees that flung their branches wide.

And the placid river wound away
Westward to the hills through meadows fair,
Flower-fringed and starred, while blithe and gay
Called the blackbirds through the balmy air.

Right and left I scanned the landscape round;
Every shape, and scent, and wild bird's call,
Every color, curve, and gentle sound,
Deep into my heart I gathered all.

Up I looked, and down upon the sod
Sprinkled thick with violets blue and bright;
Surely, "Through his garden walketh God,"
Low I whispered, full of my delight.

Like a vision, on the path before
Came a little rosy, sun-browned maid,
Straying toward me from her cottage door;
Paused, uplooking shyly, half afraid.

Never word she spake, but, gazing so,
Slow a smile rose to her clear brown eyes,
Overflowed her face with such a glow
That I thrilled with sudden, sweet surprise.

Here was sunshine 'neath the cloudy skies!
Low I knelt to bring her face to mine,
Sweeter, brighter grew her shining eyes,
Yet she gave me neither word nor sign.

But within her look a blessing beamed;
Meek I grew before it, — was it just?
Was I worthy this pure light that streamed
Such approval, and such love and trust?

Half the flowers I carried in my hands
Lightly in her pretty arms I laid;
Silent, but as one who understands,
Clasped them close the rosy little maid.

Fair behind the honeysuckle spray
Shone her innocent, delightful face!
Then I rose and slowly went my way,
Left her standing, lighting all the place.

While her golden look stole after me,
Lovelier bloomed the violets where I trod,
More divine earth's beauty seemed to be,
"Through his garden visibly walked God."

BIRD'S-NESTS.

HOW alert and vigilant the birds are, even when absorbed in building their nests! In an open space in the woods I see a pair of cedar-birds collecting moss from the top of a dead tree. Following the direction in which they fly, I soon discover the nest placed in the fork of a small soft-maple, which stands amid a thick growth of wild-cherry trees and young beeches. Carefully concealing myself beneath it, without any fear that the workmen will hit me with a chip or let fall a tool, I await the return of the busy pair. Presently I hear the well-known note, and the female sweeps down and settles unsuspectingly into the half-finished structure. Hardly have her wings rested before her eye has penetrated my screen, and with a hurried movement of alarm she darts away. In a moment the male, with a tuft of wool in his beak, (for there is a sheep-pasture near,) joins her, and the two reconnoitre the premises from the surrounding bushes. With their beaks still loaded, they move around with a frightened look, and refuse to approach the nest till I have moved off and lain down behind a log. Then one of them ventures to alight upon the nest, but, still suspecting all is not right, quickly darts away again. Then they both together come, and after much peeping and spying about, and apparently much anxious consultation, cautiously proceed to work. In less than half an hour it would seem that wool enough has been brought to supply the whole family, real and prospective, with socks, if needles and fingers could be found fine enough to knit it up. In less than a week the female has begun to deposit her eggs,—four of them, in as many days,—white tinged with purple, with black spots on the larger end. After two weeks of incubation, the young are out.

Excepting the American goldfinch, this bird builds later in the spring than

any other—its nest, in our northern climate, seldom being undertaken till July. As with the goldfinch, the reason is, probably, that suitable food for the young cannot be had at an earlier period.

Like most of our common species, as the robin, sparrow, bluebird, pewee, wren, &c., this bird sometimes seeks wild, remote localities in which to rear its young; at others, takes up its abode near that of man. I knew a pair of cedar-birds, one season, to build in an apple-tree the branches of which rubbed against the house. For a day or two before the first straw was laid, I noticed the pair carefully exploring every branch of the tree, the female taking the lead, the male following her with an anxious note and look. It was evident that the wife was to have her choice this time; and, like one who thoroughly knew her mind, she was proceeding to take it. Finally the site was chosen upon a high branch, extending over one low wing of the house. Mutual congratulations and caresses followed, when both birds flew away in quest of building material. That most freely used is a sort of cotton-bearing plant, which grows in old, worn-out fields. The nest is large for the size of the bird, and very soft. It is in every respect a first-class domicile.

On another occasion, while walking or rather loafing in the woods (for I have discovered that one cannot run and read the book of nature), my attention was arrested by a dull hammering, evidently but a few rods off. I said to myself, "Some one is building a house." From what I had previously seen, I suspected the builder to be a red-headed woodpecker in the top of a dead oak stub near by. Moving cautiously in that direction, I perceived a round hole, about the size of that made by an inch-and-a-half auger, near the top of the decayed trunk, and the white chips of the workman strewing the

ground beneath. When but a few paces from the tree, my foot pressed upon a dry twig, which gave forth a very slight snap. Instantly the hammering ceased, and a scarlet head appeared at the door. Though I remained perfectly motionless, forbearing even to wink till my eyes smarted, the bird refused to go on with his work, but flew quietly off to a neighboring tree. What surprised me was, that amid his busy occupation down in the heart of the old tree, he should have been so alert and watchful as to catch the slightest sound from without.

The woodpeckers all build in about the same manner, excavating the trunk or branch of a decayed tree and depositing the eggs on the fine fragments of wood at the bottom of the cavity. Though the nest is not especially an artistic work, — requiring strength rather than skill, — yet the eggs and the young of few other birds are so completely housed from the elements, or protected from their natural enemies — the jays, crows, hawks, and owls. A tree with a natural cavity is never selected, but one which has been dead just long enough to have become soft and brittle throughout. The bird goes in horizontally for a few inches, making a hole perfectly round and smooth and adapted to his size, then turns downward, gradually enlarging the hole, as he proceeds, to the depth of ten, fifteen, twenty inches, according to the softness of the tree and the requirements of the female in laying her eggs. A few days since I climbed up to the nest of the downy woodpecker, in the decayed top of a sugar-maple. For better protection against driving rains, the hole, which was rather more than an inch in diameter, was made immediately beneath a branch which stretched out almost horizontally from the main stem. It appeared merely a deeper shadow upon the dark and mottled surface of the bark with which the branches were covered, and could not be detected by the eye until one was within a few feet of it. The young chirped vociferously as I approached the nest, thinking it was the

old one with food; but the clamor suddenly ceased as I put my hand on that part of the trunk in which they were concealed, the unusual jarring and rustling alarming them into silence. The cavity, which was about fifteen inches deep, was gourd-shaped, and was wrought out with great skill and regularity. The walls were quite smooth and clean and new.

I shall never forget the circumstance of observing a pair of yellow-bellied woodpeckers, — the most rare and secluded, and, next to the red-headed, the most beautiful species found in our woods, — breeding in an old, truncated beech in the Beaverkill Mountains, an offshoot of the Catskills. We had been travelling, three brothers of us, all day in search of a trout lake, which lay far in among the mountains, had twice lost our course in the trackless forest, and, weary and hungry, had sat down to rest upon a decayed log. The chattering of the young, and the passing to and fro of the parent birds, soon arrested my attention. The entrance to the nest was on the east side of the tree, about twenty-five feet from the ground. At intervals of scarcely a minute, the old birds, one after another, would alight upon the edge of the hole with a grub or worm in their beaks; then each in turn would make a bow or two, cast an eye quickly around, and by a single movement place itself in the neck of the passage. Here it would pause a moment, as if to determine in which expectant mouth to place the morsel, and then disappear within. In about half a minute, during which time the chattering of the young gradually subsided, the bird would again emerge, but this time bearing in its beak the ordure of one of the helpless family. Flying away very slowly with head lowered and extended, as if anxious to hold the offensive object as far from its plumage as possible, the bird dropped the unsavory morsel in the course of a few yards, and, alighting on a tree, wiped its bill on the bark and moss. This seems to be the order all day, — carrying in and carrying out. I watched the birds for an hour,

while my companions were taking their turn in exploring the lay of the land around us, and noted no variation of the programme. It would be curious to know if the young are fed and waited upon in regular order, and how, amid the darkness and the crowded state of the apartment, the matter is so neatly managed. But the ornithologists are all silent upon the subject.

This practice of the birds is not so uncommon as it might at first seem. It is indeed almost an invariable rule among all the land birds. With woodpeckers and kindred species, and with birds that burrow in the ground, as bank swallows, kingfishers, &c., it is a necessity. The accumulation of the excrement in the nest would most likely prove fatal to the young.

But even among birds which neither bore nor mine, but which build a shallow nest on the branch of a tree or upon the ground, as the robin, the finches, the buntings, &c., the ordure of the young is removed to a distance by the parent bird. When the robin is seen going away from its brood with a slow heavy flight, entirely different from its manner a moment before on approaching the nest with a cherry or worm, it is certain to be engaged in this office. One may observe the social sparrow, when feeding its young, pause a moment after the worm has been given, and hop around on the brink of the nest, observing the movements within.

The instinct of cleanliness no doubt prompts the action in all cases, though the disposition to secrecy or concealment may not be unmixed with it.

The swallows form an exception to the rule, the excrement being voided by the young over the brink of the nest. They form an exception, also, to the rule of secrecy, aiming not so much to conceal the nest as to render it inaccessible.

Other exceptions are the pigeons, hawks, and water-fowls.

But to return. Having a good chance to note the color and markings of the woodpeckers as they passed in and out at the opening of the nest, I saw

that Audubon had made a mistake in figuring or describing the female of this species with the red spot upon the head. I have seen a number of pairs of them, and in no instance have I seen the mother bird marked with red.

The male was in full plumage, and I reluctantly shot him for a specimen. Passing by the place again next day, I paused a moment to note how matters stood. I confess it was not without some compunctions that I heard the cries of the young birds, and saw the widowed mother, her cares now doubled, hastening to and fro in the solitary woods. She would occasionally pause expectantly on the trunk of a tree, and utter a loud call.

It usually happens, when the male of any species is killed during the breeding season, that the female soon procures another mate. There are, most likely, always a few unmated birds, of both sexes, within a given range, and through these the broken links may be restored. Audubon or Wilson, I forget which, tells of a pair of fish-hawks, or ospreys, that built their nest in an ancient oak. The male was so zealous in the defence of the young that it actually attacked with beak and claw a person who attempted to climb into its nest, putting his face and eyes in great jeopardy. Arming himself with a heavy club, the climber felled the gallant bird to the ground and killed him. In the course of a few days the female had procured another mate. But naturally enough the step-father showed none of the spirit and pluck in defence of the brood that had been displayed by the original parent. When danger was nigh, he was seen afar off, sailing around in placid unconcern.

It is generally known that when either the wild turkey or domestic turkey begins to lay, and afterwards to sit and rear the brood, she secludes herself from the male, who then, very sensibly, herds with others of his sex, and betakes himself to haunts of his own till male and female, old and young, meet again on common ground, late in the fall. But rob the sitting bird of her eggs,

or destroy her tender young, and she immediately sets out in quest of a male, who is no laggard when he hears her call. The same is true of ducks and other aquatic fowls. The propagating instinct is strong, and surmounts all ordinary difficulties. No doubt the widowhood I had caused in the case of the woodpeckers was of short duration, and chance brought, or the widow drummed up, some forlorn male, who was not dismayed by the prospect of having a large family of half-grown birds on his hands at the outset.

I have seen a fine cock robin paying assiduous addresses to a female bird, as late as the middle of July; and I have no doubt that his intentions were honorable. I watched the pair for half an hour. The hen, I took it, was in the market for the second time that season, but the cock, from his bright, unfaded plumage, looked like a new arrival. The hen resented every advance of the male. In vain he strutted around her and displayed his fine feathers; every now and then she would make at him in the most spiteful manner. He followed her to the ground, poured into her ear a fine half-suppressed warble, offered her a worm, flew back to the tree again with a great spread of plumage, hopped around her on the branches, chirruped, chattered, flew gallantly at an intruder, and was back in an instant at her side. No use, — she cut him short at every turn.

The *dénouement* I cannot relate, as the artful bird, followed by her ardent suitor, soon flew away beyond my sight. It may not be rash to conclude, however, that she held out no longer than was prudent.

On the whole, there seems to be a system of Women's Rights prevailing among the birds, which, contemplated from the standpoint of the male, is quite admirable. In almost all cases of joint interest, the female bird is the most active. She determines the site of the nest, and is usually the most absorbed in its construction. Generally, she is more vigilant in caring for the

young, and manifests the most concern when danger threatens. Hour after hour I have seen the mother of a brood of blue grossbeaks pass from the nearest meadow to the tree that held her nest, with a cricket or grasshopper in her bill, while her better-dressed half was singing serenely on a distant tree, or pursuing his pleasure amid the branches.

Yet the male is most conspicuous both by his color and manners and by his song, and is to that extent a shield to the female. It is thought that the female is humbler clad for her better concealment during incubation. But this is not satisfactory, as in most cases she is relieved from time to time by the male. In the case of the domestic dove, for instance, promptly at midday the cock is found upon the nest. I should sooner say that the dull or neutral tints of the female were a provision of nature for her greater safety at all times, as her life is far more precious to the species than that of the male. The indispensable office of the male reduces itself to little more than a moment of time, while that of his mate extends over days and weeks, if not months.

In migrating northward, the males precede the females by eight or ten days; returning in the fall, the females and young precede the males by about the same time.

After the woodpeckers have abandoned their nests, or rather chambers, which they do after the first season, their cousins, the nuthatches, chickadees, and brown creepers, fall heir to them. These birds, especially the creepers and nuthatches, have many of the habits of the picidae, but lack their powers of bill, and so are unable to excavate a nest for themselves. Their habitation, therefore, is always second-hand. But each species carries in some soft material of various kinds, or, in other words, furnishes the tenement to its liking. The chickadee arranges in the bottom of the cavity a little mat of a light felt-like substance, which looks as if it came from the hatter's, but which is probably the work of numerous

worms or caterpillars. On this soft lining the female deposits six white eggs.

I recently discovered one of these nests in a most interesting situation. The tree containing it, a variety of the wild-cherry, stood upon the brink of the bald summit of a high mountain. Gray, time-worn rocks lay piled loosely about, or overtopped the just visible by-ways of the red fox. The trees had a half-scared look, and that indescribable wildness which lurks about the tops of all remote mountains possessed the place. Standing there, I looked down upon the back of the red-tailed hawk as he flew out over the earth beneath me. Following him, my eye also took in farms and settlements and villages and other mountain ranges that grew blue in the distance.

The parent birds attracted my attention by appearing with food in their beaks, and by seeming much put out. Yet so wary were they of revealing the locality of their brood, or even of the precise tree that held them, that I lurked around over an hour without gaining a point on them. Finally a bright and curious boy who accompanied me secreted himself under a low, projecting rock close to the tree in which we supposed the nest to be, while I moved off around the mountain-side. It was not long before the youth had their secret. The tree, which was low and wide, branching, and overrun with lichens, appeared at a cursory glance to contain not one dry or decayed limb. Yet there was one a few feet long, in which, when my eyes were piloted thither, I detected a small round orifice.

As my weight began to shake the branches, the consternation of both old and young was great. The stump of a limb that held the nest was about three inches thick, and at the bottom of the tunnel was excavated quite to the bark. With my thumb I broke in the thin wall, and the young, which were full-fledged, looked out upon the world for the first time. Presently one of them, with a significant chirp, as much as to say, "It is time

we were out of this," began to climb up toward the proper entrance. Placing himself in the hole, he looked around without manifesting any surprise at the grand scene that lay spread out before him. He was taking his bearings, and determining how far he could trust the power of his untried wings to take him out of harm's way. After a moment's pause, with a loud chirrup, he launched out and made tolerable headway. The others rapidly followed. Each one, as it started upward, from a sudden impulse, contemptuously saluted the abandoned nest with its excrement.

Though generally regular in their habits and instincts, yet the birds sometimes seem as whimsical and capricious as superior beings. One is not safe, for instance, in making any absolute assertion as to their place or mode of building. Ground builders often get up into a bush, and tree builders sometimes get upon the ground or into a tussock of grass. The song sparrow, which is a ground builder, has been known to build in the knot-hole of a fence rail, and a chimney swallow once got tired of soot and smoke, and fastened its nest on a rafter in a hay barn. A friend tells me of a pair of barn swallows which, taking a fanciful turn, saddled their nest in the loop of a rope that was pendent from a peg in the peak, and liked it so well that they repeated the experiment next year. I have known the social sparrow, or "hair-bird," to build under a shed, in a tuft of hay that hung down, through the loose flooring, from the mow above. It usually contents itself with half a dozen stalks of dry grass and a few long hairs from a cow's tail, loosely arranged on the branch of an apple-tree. The rough-winged swallow builds in the wall and in old stone heaps, and I have seen the robin build in similar localities. Others have found its nest in old, abandoned wells. The house wren will build in anything that has an accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bombshell. A pair of them once persisted in building their nest in the top of a certain pump-tree, getting in through the opening above the

handle. The pump being in daily use, the nest was destroyed more than a score of times. This jealous little wretch has the wise forethought, when the box in which he builds contains two compartments, to fill up one of them, so as to avoid the risk of troublesome neighbors.

The less skilful builders sometimes depart from their usual habit, and take up with the abandoned nest of some other species. The blue jay now and then lays in an old crow's-nest or cuckoo's-nest. The crow-blackbird, seized with a fit of indolence, drops its eggs in the cavity of a decayed branch. I heard of a cuckoo that dispossessed a robin of its nest; of another, that set a blue jay adrift. Large, loose structures, like the nests of the osprey and certain of the herons, have been found with half a dozen nests of the blackbird set in the outer edges, like so many parasites, or, as Audubon says, like the retainers about the rude court of a feudal baron.

The same birds breeding in a southern climate construct far less elaborate nests than when breeding in a northern climate. Certain species of waterfowl that abandon their eggs to the sand and the sun in the warmer zones, build a nest and sit in the usual way in Labrador. In Georgia, the Baltimore oriole places its nest upon the north side of the tree; in the Middle and Eastern States, it fixes it upon the south or east side, and makes it much thicker and warmer. I have seen one from the South that had some kind of coarse reed or sedge woven into it, giving it an openwork appearance, like a basket.

Very few species use the same material uniformly. I have seen the nest of the robin quite destitute of mud. In one instance, it was composed mainly of long black horse-hairs, arranged in a circular manner, with a lining of fine yellow grass; the whole presenting quite a novel appearance. In another case, the nest was chiefly constructed of a species of rock moss.

The nest for the second brood dur-

ing the same season is often a mere make-shift. The haste of the female to deposit her eggs as the season advances seems very great, and the structure is apt to be prematurely finished. I was recently reminded of this fact by happening, about the last of July, to meet with several nests of the wood or bush sparrow in a remote blackberry field. The nests with eggs were far less elaborate and compact than the earlier nests, from which the young had flown.

Day after day, as I go to a certain piece of woods, I observe a male indigo-bird sitting on precisely the same part of a high branch, and singing in his most vivacious style. As I approach, he ceases to sing, and, flirting his tail right and left with marked emphasis, chirps sharply. In a low bush near by, I come upon the object of his solicitude — a thick, compact nest composed largely of dry leaves and fine grass, in which a plain brown bird is sitting upon four pale blue eggs.

The wonder is, that a bird will leave the apparent security of the tree-tops, to place its nest in the way of the many dangers that walk and crawl upon the ground. There, far up out of reach, sings the bird; here, not three feet from the ground, are its eggs or helpless young. The truth is, birds are the greatest enemies of birds, and it is with reference to this fact that many of the smaller species build.

Perhaps the greatest proportion of birds breed along highways. I have known the ruffed grouse to come out of a dense wood, and make its nest at the root of a tree within ten paces of the road, where, no doubt, hawks and crows, as well as skunks and foxes, would be less liable to find it out. Traversing remote mountain-roads through dense woods, I have repeatedly seen the veery, or Wilson's, thrush, sitting upon her nest, so near me that I could almost take her from it by stretching out my hand. Birds of prey show none of this confidence in man, and, when locating their nests, avoid rather than seek his haunts.

In a certain locality in the interior of New York, I know, every season, where I am sure to find a nest or two of the slate-colored snowbird. It is under the brink of a low, mossy bank, so near the highway that it could be reached from a passing vehicle with a whip. Every horse or wagon or foot passenger disturbs the sitting bird. But she waits the near approach of the sound of feet or wheels, and then darts quickly across the road, barely clearing the ground, and disappears amid the bushes on the opposite side.

In the trees that line one of the main streets and fashionable drives leading out of Washington City, and less than half a mile from the boundary, I have counted the nests of five different species at one time, and that without any very close scrutiny of the foliage, while in many acres of woodland, half a mile off, I searched in vain for a single nest. Among the five, the nest that interested me most was that of the blue grossbeak. Here this bird, which, according to Audubon's observations in Louisiana, is shy and recluse, affecting remote marshes and the borders of large ponds of stagnant water, had placed its nest in the lowest twig of the lowest branch of a large sycamore, immediately over a great thoroughfare, and so near the ground that a person standing in a cart or sitting on a horse could have reached it with his hand. The nest was composed mainly of fragments of newspaper and stalks of grass, and though so low, was remarkably well concealed by one of the peculiar clusters of twigs and leaves which characterize this tree. The nest contained young when I discovered it, and though the parent birds were much annoyed by my loitering about beneath the tree, they paid little attention to the stream of vehicles that was constantly passing. It was a wonder to me when the birds could have built it, for they are much shyer when building than at other times. No doubt they worked mostly in the morning, having the early hours all to themselves.

Another pair of blue grossbeaks built

in a graveyard within the city limits. The nest was placed in a low bush, and the male continued to sing at intervals till the young were ready to fly. The song of this bird is a rapid, intricate warble, like that of the indigo-bird, though stronger and louder. Indeed, these two birds so much resemble each other in color, form, manner, voice, and general habits that, were it not for the difference in size, — the grossbeak being nearly as large again as the Indigo-bird, — it would be a hard matter to tell them apart. The females of both species are clad in the same reddish-brown suits. So are the young the first season.

Of course in the deep, primitive woods also are nests; but how rarely we find them! The simple art of the bird consists in choosing common, neutral-tinted material, as moss, dry leaves, twigs, and various odds and ends, and placing the structure on a convenient branch, where it blends in color with its surroundings; but how consummate is this art, and how skillfully is the nest concealed! We occasionally light upon it, but who, unaided by the movements of the bird, could find it out? During the present season I went to the woods nearly every day for a fortnight, without making any discoveries of this kind; till one day, paying them a farewell visit, I chanced to come upon several nests. A black and white creeping warbler suddenly became much alarmed as I approached a crumbling old stump in a dense part of the forest. He alighted upon it, chirped sharply, ran up and down its sides, and finally left it with much reluctance. The nest, which contained three young birds nearly fledged, was placed upon the ground at the foot of the stump, and in such a position that the color of the young harmonized perfectly with the bits of bark, sticks, &c., lying about. My eye rested upon them for the second time before I made them out. They huddled the nest very closely, but, as I put down my hand, they all scampered off with loud cries for help, which caused the parent birds to place themselves almost within my reach. The nest was

merely a little dry grass arranged in a thick bed of dry leaves.

This was amid a thick undergrowth. Moving on into a passage of large stately hemlocks, with only here and there a small beech or maple rising up into the perennial twilight, I paused to make out a note which was entirely new to me. It is still in my ear. Though unmistakably a bird note, it yet suggested the bleating of a tiny lambkin. Presently the birds appeared,—a pair of the solitary vireo. They came flitting from point to point, alighting only for a moment at a time, the male silent, but the female uttering this strange, tender note. It was a rendering into some new sylvan dialect of the human sentiment of maidenly love. It was really pathetic in its sweetness and childlike confidence and joy. I soon discovered that the pair were building a nest upon a low branch a few yards from me. The male flew cautiously to the spot, and adjusted something, and the twain moved on, the female calling to her mate at intervals, *love-e, love-e*, with a cadence and tenderness in the tone that rang in the ear long afterward. The nest was suspended to the fork of a small branch, as is usual with the vireos, plentifully lined with lichens, and bound and rebound with masses of coarse spider-webs. There was no attempt at concealment except in the neutral tints, which made it look like a natural growth of the dim, gray woods.

Continuing my random walk, I next paused in a low part of the woods, where the larger trees began to give place to a thick second growth that covered an old bark-peeling. I was standing by a large maple, when a small bird darted quickly away from it, as if it might have come out of a hole near its base. As the bird paused a few yards from me, and began to chirp uneasily, my curiosity was at once excited. When I saw it was the female mourning ground warbler, and remembered that the nest of this bird had not yet been seen by any naturalist,—that not even Dr. Brewer had ever seen the eggs,—I felt that here was

something worth looking for. So I carefully began the search, exploring inch by inch the ground, the base and roots of the tree, and the various shrubby growths about it, till, finding nothing, and fearing I might really put my foot in it, I bethought me to withdraw to a distance and after some delay return again, and, thus forewarned, note the exact point from which the bird flew. This I did, and, returning, had little difficulty in discovering the nest. It was placed but a few feet from the maple-tree, in a bunch of ferns, and about six inches from the ground. It was quite a massive nest, composed entirely of the stalks and leaves of dry grass, with an inner lining of fine, dark brown roots. The eggs, three in number, were of light flesh-color, uniformly specked with fine brown specks. The cavity of the nest was so deep that the back of the sitting bird sank below the edge.

In the top of a tall tree, a short distance farther on, I saw the nest of the red-tailed hawk,—a large mass of twigs and dry sticks. The young had flown, but still lingered in the vicinity, and, as I approached, the mother bird flew about over me, squealing in a very angry, savage manner. Tufts of the hair and other indigestible material of the common meadow mouse lay around on the ground beneath the nest.

As I was about leaving the woods my hat almost brushed the nest of the red-eyed vireo, which hung basket-like on the end of a low, drooping branch of the beech. I should never have seen it had the bird kept her place. It contained three eggs of the bird's own, and one of the cow bunting. The strange egg was only just perceptibly larger than the others, yet three days after, when I looked into the nest again and found all but one egg hatched, the young interloper was at least four times as large as either of the others, and with such a superabundance of bowels as to almost smother his bedfellows beneath them. That the intruder should fare the same as the rightful occupants, and thrive with them, was more than

ordinary potluck; but that it alone should thrive, devouring, as it were, all the rest, is one of those freaks of Nature in which she would seem to discourage the homely virtues of prudence and honesty. Weeds and parasites have the odds greatly against them, yet they wage a very successful war nevertheless.

The woods hold not such another gem as the nest of the humming-bird. The finding of one is an event to date from. It is the next best thing to finding an eagle's nest. I have met with but two, both by chance. One was placed on the horizontal branch of a chestnut-tree, with a solitary green leaf, forming a complete canopy, about an inch and a half above it. The repeated spiteful dartings of the bird past my ears, as I stood under the tree, caused me to suspect that I was intruding upon some one's privacy; and following it with my eye, I soon saw the nest, which was in process of construction. Adopting my usual tactics of secreting myself near by, I had the satisfaction of seeing the tiny artist at work. It was the female unassisted by her mate. At intervals of two or three minutes, she would appear with a small tuft of some cottony substance in her beak, dart a few times through and around the tree, and alighting quickly in the nest, arrange the material she had brought, using her breast as the model.

The other nest I discovered in a dense forest on the side of a mountain. The sitting bird was disturbed as I passed beneath her. The whirring of her wings arrested my attention, when, after a short pause, I had the good luck to see, through an opening in the leaves, the bird return to her nest, which appeared like a mere wart or excrescence on a small branch. The humming-bird, unlike all others, does not alight upon the nest, but flies into it. She enters it as quick as a flash, but as light as any feather. Two eggs are the complement. They are perfectly white, and so frail that only a woman's fingers may touch them. Incubation lasts about ten days. In a week the young have flown.

The only nest like the humming-bird's, and comparable to it in neatness and symmetry, is that of the blue-gray gnatcatcher. This is often saddled upon the limb in the same manner, though it is generally more or less pendent; it is deep and soft, composed mostly of some vegetable down covered all over with delicate tree-lichens, and, except that it is much larger, appears almost identical with the nest of the humming-bird.

But the nest of nests, the ideal nest, after we have left the deep woods, is unquestionably that of the Baltimore oriole. It is the only perfectly pensile nest we have. The nest of the orchard oriole is indeed mainly so, but this bird generally builds lower and shallower, more after the manner of the vireos.

The Baltimore oriole loves to attach its nest to the swaying branches of the tallest elms, making no attempt at concealment, but satisfied if the position be high and the branch pendent. This nest would seem to cost more time and skill than any other bird structure. A peculiar flax-like substance seems to be always sought after and always found. The nest when completed assumes the form of a large, suspended, gourd-shaped drop. The walls are thin but firm, and proof against the most driving rain. The mouth is hemmed or overhanded with horse-hair, and the sides are usually sewed through and through with the same.

Not particular as to the matter of secrecy, the bird is not particular as to material, so that it be of the nature of strings or threads. A lady friend once told me that, while working by an open window, one of these birds approached during her momentary absence, and, seizing a skein of some kind of thread or yarn, made off with it to its half-finished nest. But the perverse yarn caught fast in the branches, and, in the bird's efforts to extricate it, got hopelessly tangled. She tugged away at it all day, but was finally obliged to content herself with a few detached portions. The fluttering strings were

an eyesore to her ever after, and, passing and repassing, she would pause to give them a spiteful jerk, as much as to say, "There is that confounded yarn that gave me so much trouble."

From Pennsylvania, Vincent Barnard (to whom I am indebted for other curious facts) sent me this interesting story of an oriole. He says a friend of his, curious in such things, on observing the bird beginning to build, hung out near the prospective nest skeins of many-colored zephyr yarn, which the eager artist readily appropriated. He managed it so that the bird used nearly equal quantities of various high, bright colors. The nest was made unusually deep and capacious, and it may be questioned if such a thing of beauty was ever before woven by the cunning of a bird.

Nuttall, by far the most genial of American ornithologists, relates the following:—

"A female (oriole), which I observed attentively, carried off to her nest a piece of lamp-wick ten or twelve feet long. This long string and many other shorter ones were left hanging out for about a week before both the ends were wattled into the sides of the nest. Some other little birds, making use of similar materials, at times twitched these flowing ends, and generally brought out the busy Baltimore from her occupation in great anger.

"I may perhaps claim indulgence for adding a little more of the biography of this particular bird, as a representative also of the instincts of her race. She completed the nest in about a week's time, without any aid from her mate; who indeed appeared but seldom in her company, and was now become nearly silent. For fibrous materials she broke, hackled, and gathered the flax of the *asclepias* and *hibiscus* stalks, tearing off long strings and flying with them to the scene of her labors. She appeared very eager and hasty in her pursuits, and collected her materials without fear or restraint, while three men were working in the neighboring walks and many persons visiting the

garden. Her courage and perseverance were indeed truly admirable. If watched too narrowly, she saluted with her usual scolding, *tshrr, tshrr, tshrr*, seeing no reason, probably, why she should be interrupted in her indispensable occupation.

"Though the males were now comparatively silent on the arrival of their busy mates, I could not help observing this female and a second, continually vociferating, apparently in strife. At last she was observed to attack this *second* female very fiercely, who slyly intruded herself at times into the same tree where she was building. These contests were angry and often repeated. To account for this animosity, I now recollected that *two* fine males had been killed in our vicinity; and I therefore concluded the intruder to be left without a mate; yet she had gained the affections of the consort of the busy female, and thus the cause of their jealous quarrel became apparent. Having obtained the confidence of her faithless paramour, the *second* female began preparing to weave a nest in an adjoining elm, by tying together certain pendent twigs as a foundation. The male now associated chiefly with the intruder, whom he even assisted in her labor, yet did not wholly forget his first partner, who called on him one evening in a low, affectionate tone, which was answered in the same strain. While they were thus engaged in friendly whispers, suddenly appeared the rival, and a violent *rencontre* ensued, so that one of the females appeared to be greatly agitated, and fluttered with spreading wings as if considerably hurt. The male, though prudently neutral in the contest, showed his culpable partiality by flying off with his paramour, and for the rest of the evening left the tree to his pugnacious consort. Cares of another kind, more imperious and tender, at length reconciled, or at least terminated these disputes with the jealous females; and by the aid of the neighboring bachelors, who are never wanting among these and other birds, peace was at length completely restored, by

the restitution of the quiet and happy condition of monogamy."

Let me not forget to mention the nest under the mountain ledge, the nest of the common pewee, — a modest mossy structure, with four pearl-white eggs, — looking out upon some wild scene and overhung by beetling crags. After all has been said about the elaborate, high-hung structures, few nests perhaps awaken more pleasant emotions in the mind of the beholder than this of the pewee, — the gray, silent rocks, with caverns and dens where the fox and the wolf lurk, and just out of their reach, in a little niche, as if it grew there, the mossy tenement!

Nearly every high, projecting rock in my range has one of these nests. Following a trout stream up a wild mountain gorge, not long since, I counted five in the distance of a mile, all within easy reach, but safe from the minks and the skunks and well housed from the storms. In my native town I know a pine and oak clad hill, round-topped, with a bold, precipitous front extending half-way around it. Near the top, and along this front or side, there crops out a ledge of rocks unusually high and cavernous. One immense layer projects many feet, allowing a person, or many persons, standing upright, to move freely beneath it. There is a delicious spring there, and plenty of wild, cool air. The floor is of loose stone, now trod by sheep and foxes, once by the Indian and the wolf. How I have delighted, from boyhood, to spend a summer day there, or take refuge there from a sudden shower! Always the freshness and coolness, and always the delicate mossy nest of the Phœbe-bird! The bird keeps her place till you are within a few feet of her, when she flits to a near branch, and, with many oscillations of her tail, observes you anxiously. Since the country has become settled this pewee has fallen into the strange practice of occasionally placing its nest under a bridge, hay-shed, or other artificial structure, where it is subject to all kinds of interruptions and annoyances. When placed thus, the nest is larger

and coarser. I know a hay-loft beneath which a pair has regularly placed its nest for several successive seasons. Arranged along on a single pole, which sags down a few inches from the flooring it was intended to help support, are three of these structures, marking the number of years the birds have nested there. The foundation is of mud with a superstructure of moss, elaborately lined with hair and feathers. Nothing can be more perfect and exquisite than the interior of one of these nests, yet a new one is built every season. Three broods, however, are frequently reared in it.

The pewees, as a class, are the best architects we have. The king-bird builds a nest altogether admirable, using various soft cotton and woollen substances, and sparing neither time nor material to make it substantial and warm. The green-crested pewee builds its nest in many instances wholly of the blossoms of the white-oak. The wood pewee builds a neat, compact, socket-shaped nest of moss and lichens on a horizontal branch. There is never a loose end or shred about it. The sitting bird is largely visible above the rim. She moves her head freely about and seems entirely at her ease, — a circumstance which I have never observed in any other species. The nest of the great-crested flycatcher is seldom free from snake skins, three or four being sometimes woven into it.

About the thinnest, shallowest nest, for its situation, that can be found is that of the turtle dove. A few sticks and straws are carelessly thrown together, hardly sufficient to prevent the eggs from falling through or rolling off. The nest of the passenger pigeon is equally hasty and insufficient, and the squabs often fall to the ground and perish. The other extreme among our common birds is furnished by the ferruginous thrush, which collects together a mass of material that would fill a half-bushel measure; or by the fish-hawk, which adds to and repairs its nest year after year, till the whole would make a cart-load.

The rarest of all nests is that of the

eagle, because the eagle is the rarest of all birds. Indeed so seldom is the eagle seen that its presence always seems accidental. It appears as if merely pausing on the way, while bound for some distant, unknown region. One September, while a youth, I saw the ring-tailed eagle, an immense, dusky bird, the sight of which filled me with awe. It lingered about the hills for two days. Some young cattle, a two year old colt, and half a dozen sheep were at pasture on a high ridge that led up to the mountain, and in plain view of the house. On the second day this dusky monarch was seen flying about above them. Presently he began to hover over them, after the manner of a hawk watching for mice. He then, with extended legs let himself slowly down upon them, actually grappling the backs of the young cattle, and frightening the creatures so that they rushed about the field in great consternation; and finally, as he grew bolder and more frequent in his descents, the whole herd broke over the fence and came tearing down to the house "like mad." It did not seem to be an assault with intent to kill, but was perhaps a stratagem resorted to in order to separate the herd and expose the lambs, which hugged the cattle very closely. When he occasionally alighted upon the oaks that stood near, the branch could be seen to sway and bend beneath him. Finally, as a rifleman started out in pursuit of him, he launched into the air, set his wings, and sailed away southward. A few years afterward, in January, another eagle passed through the same locality, alighting in a field near some dead animal, but tarried briefly.

So much by way of identification. The bird is common to the northern parts of both hemispheres, and places its eyrie on high precipitous rocks. A pair built on an inaccessible shelf of rock along the Hudson for eight successive years. A squad of Revolutionary soldiers, also, found a nest along this river, and had an adventure with the bird that came near costing one of their

number his life. His comrades let him down by a rope to secure the eggs or young, when he was attacked by the female eagle with such fury that he was obliged to defend himself with his knife. In doing so, by a misstroke, he nearly severed the rope that held him, and was drawn up by a single strand from his perilous position. Audubon, from whom this anecdote is taken, figures and describes this bird as the golden eagle, though I have little doubt that Wilson was right, and that the golden eagle is a distinct species.

The sea eagle, also, builds on high rocks, according to Audubon, though Wilson describes the nest of one which he saw near Great Egg Harbor, in the top of a large yellow pine. It was a vast pile of sticks, sods, sedge, grass, reeds, &c., &c., five or six feet high by four broad, and with little or no concavity. It had been used for many years, and he was told that the eagles made it a sort of home or lodging-place in all seasons. This agrees with the description which Audubon gives of the nest of the bald eagle. There is evidently a little confusion on both sides.

The eagle, in all cases, uses one nest, with more or less repair, for several years. Many of our common birds do the same. The birds may be divided, with respect to this and kindred points, into five general classes. First, those that repair or appropriate the last year's nest, as the wren, swallow, bluebird, great-crested flycatcher, owls, eagles, fish-hawk, and a few others. Secondly, those that build anew each season, though frequently rearing more than one brood in the same nest. Of these the phoebe-bird is a well-known example. Thirdly, those that build a new nest for each brood, which include by far the greatest number of species. Fourthly, a limited number that make no nest of their own, but appropriate the abandoned nests of other birds. Finally, those who use no nest at all, but deposit their eggs in the sand, which is the case with a large number of aquatic fowls. Thus the

common gull breeds in vast numbers on the sand bars or sand islands off the south coast of Long Island. A little dent is made in the sand, the eggs are dropped and the old birds go their way. In due time the eggs are hatched by the warmth of the sun, and the little crea-

tures shift for themselves. In July countless numbers of them, of different ages and sizes, swarm upon these sandy wastes. As the waves roll out, they rush down the beach, picking up a kind of sea gluten, and then hasten back to avoid the next breaker.

BUDDHISM; OR, THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE EAST.

ON first becoming acquainted with the mighty and ancient religion of Buddha, one may be tempted to deny the correctness of this title, "*The Protestantism of the East*." One might say, "Why not rather the *Romanism of the East*?" For so numerous are the resemblances between the customs of this system and those of the Romish Church, that the first Catholic missionaries who encountered the priests of Buddha were confounded, and thought that Satan had been mocking their sacred rites. Father Bury, a Portuguese missionary,* when he beheld the Chinese bonzes tonsured, using rosaries, praying in an unknown tongue, and kneeling before images, exclaimed in astonishment: "There is not a piece of dress, not a sacerdotal function, not a ceremony of the court of Rome, which the Devil has not copied in this country." Mr. Davis (*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, II. 491) speaks of "the celibacy of the Buddhist clergy, and the monastic life of the societies of both sexes; to which might be added their strings of beads, their manner of chanting prayers, their incense, and their candles." Mr. Medhurst (*China*, London, 1857) mentions the image of a virgin, called the "queen of heaven," having an infant in her arms, and holding a cross. Confession of sins is regularly practised. Father Huc, in his *Recollections of a Journey in Tartary, Thibet, and China*, (Hazlitt's trans-

lation,) says: "The cross, the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope, which the Grand Lamas wear on their journeys, or when they are performing some ceremony out of the temple,—the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, and which you can open or close at pleasure,—the benedictions given by the Lamas by extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful,—the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, religious retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water,—all these are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves." And in Thibet there is also a Dalai Lama, who is a sort of Buddhist pope. Such numerous and striking analogies are difficult to explain. After the simple theory "*que le diable y était pour beaucoup*" was abandoned, the next opinion held by the Jesuit missionaries was that the Buddhists had copied these customs from Nestorian missionaries, who are known to have penetrated early even as far as China. But a serious objection to this theory is that Buddhism is at least five hundred years older than Christianity, and that many of the most striking resemblances belong to its earliest period. Thus Wilson (*Hindu Drama*) has translated plays written before the Christian era, in which Buddhist monks appear as mendicants. The worship of relics is quite as ancient. Fergusson* describes topes, or shrines

* Kesson, "*The Cross and the Dragon*," (*London*, 1854,) quoted by Hardwicke.

* *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 67.

for relics, of very great antiquity, existing in India, Ceylon, Birmah, and Java. Many of them belong to the age of Asoka, the great Buddhist emperor, who ruled all India, B. C. 250, and in whose reign Buddhism became the religion of the state, and held its third Œcumenical Council.

The ancient Buddhist architecture is very singular, and often very beautiful. It consists of topes, rock-cut temples, and monasteries. Some of the topes are monolithic columns, more than forty feet high, with ornamented capitals. Some are immense domes of brick and stone, containing sacred relics. The tooth of Buddha was once preserved in a magnificent shrine in India but was conveyed to Ceylon, A. D. 311, where it still remains an object of universal reverence. It is a piece of ivory or bone, two inches long, and is kept in six cases, the largest of which, of solid silver, is five feet high. The other cases are inlaid with rubies and precious stones.* Besides this, Ceylon possesses the "left collar-bone relic," contained in a bell-shaped tope, fifty feet high, and the thorax bone, which was placed in a tope built by a Hindoo raja, B. C. 250, around which two others were subsequently erected, the last being eighty cubits high. The Sanchi tope, the finest in India,† is a solid dome of stone, one hundred and six feet in diameter and forty-two feet high, with a basement and terrace, having a colonnade, now fallen, of sixty pillars, with richly carved stone railing and gateway.

The rock-cut temples of the Buddhists are very ancient, and are numerous in India. Mr. Fergusson, who has made a special personal study of these monuments, believes that more than nine hundred still remain, most of them within the Bombay presidency. Of these, many date back two centuries before our era. In form they singularly resemble the earliest Roman Catholic churches. Excavated out of

* Hardy, *Eastern Monachism*, p. 224. Fergusson,

p. 9.
† Fergusson, p. 10. Cunningham, *Bhilsa Topes of India*.

the solid rock, they have a nave and side aisles, terminating in an apse or semi-dome, round which the aisle is carried. One at Karli, built in this manner, is one hundred and twenty-six feet long and forty-five feet wide, with fifteen richly carved columns on each side, separating the nave from the aisles. The façade of this temple is also richly ornamented, and has a great open window for lighting the interior, beneath an elegant gallery or rood-loft.

The Buddhist rock-cut monasteries in India are also numerous, though long since deserted. Between seven and eight hundred are known to exist, most of them having been excavated between B. C. 200 and A. D. 500. Buddhist monks, then as now, took the same three vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience, which are taken by the members of all the Catholic orders. In addition to this, *all* the Buddhist priests are mendicants. They shave their heads, wear a friar's robe tied round the waist with a rope, and beg from house to house, carrying their wooden bowl in which to receive boiled rice. The old monasteries of India contain chapels and cells for the monks. The largest, however, had accommodation for only thirty or forty; while at the present time a single monastery in Thibet, visited by MM. Huc and Gabet (the Lamasery of Kounboum), is occupied by four thousand lamas. Still, the arrangement of these monasteries shows clearly that the monkish system of the Buddhists is far too ancient to have been copied from the Christians.

Is, then, the reverse true? Did the Catholic Christians derive their monastic institutions, their bells, their rosary, their tonsure, their incense, their mitre and cope, their worship of relics, their custom of confession, &c., from the Buddhists? Such is the opinion of Mr. Prinsep (Thibet, Tartary, and Mongolia, 1852) and of Lassen (*Indische Alterthumskunde*). But, in reply to this view, Mr. Hardwicke objects that we do not find in history any trace of such an influence. Possibly, therefore, the resemblances may be the result of

common human tendencies working out, independently, the same results. If, however, it is necessary to assume that either religion copied from the other, the Buddhists may claim originality, on the ground of antiquity.

But, however this may be, the question returns, Why call Buddhism the Protestantism of the East, when all its external features so much resemble those of the Roman Catholic Church?

We answer: Because deeper and more essential relations connect Brahmanism with the Romish Church, and the Buddhist system with Protestantism. The human mind went through, in Asia, the same course of experience afterward repeated in Europe. It protested, in the interest of humanity, against the oppression of a priestly caste. Brahmanism, like the Church of Rome, established a system of sacramental salvation in the hands of a sacred order. Buddhism, like Protestantism, revolted, and established a doctrine of individual salvation based on personal character. Brahmanism, like the Church of Rome, teaches an exclusive spiritualism, glorifying penances and martyrdom, and considers the body the enemy of the soul. But Buddhism and Protestantism accept nature and its laws, and make a religion of humanity as well as of devotion. To such broad statements numerous exceptions may doubtless be always found, but these are the large lines of distinction.

The Roman Catholic Church and Brahmanism place the essence of religion in sacrifices. Each is eminently a sacrificial system. The daily sacrifice of the mass is the central feature of the Romish Church. So Brahmanism is a system of sacrifices. But Protestantism and Buddhism save the soul by teaching. In the Church of Rome the sermon is subordinate to the mass; in Protestantism and in Buddhism sermons are the main instruments by which souls are saved. Brahmanism is a system of inflexible castes; the priestly caste is made distinct and supreme; and in Romanism the priesthood al-

most constitutes the church. In Buddhism and Protestantism the laity regain their rights. Therefore, notwithstanding the external resemblance of Buddhist rites and ceremonies to those of the Roman Catholic Church, the internal resemblance is to Protestantism. Buddhism in Asia, like Protestantism in Europe, is a revolt of nature against spirit, of humanity against caste, of individual freedom against the despotism of an order, of salvation by faith against salvation by sacraments. And as all revolts are apt to go too far, so it has been with Buddhism. In asserting the rights of nature against the tyranny of spirit, Buddhism has lost God. There is in Buddhism neither creation nor Creator. Its tracts say: "The rising of the world is a natural case." "Its rising and perishing are by nature itself." "It is natural that the world should rise and perish."* While, in Brahmanism, absolute spirit is the only reality, and this world is an illusion, the Buddhists know only this world, and the eternal world is so entirely unknown as to be equivalent to nullity. But yet, as no revolt, however radical, gives up *all* its antecedents, so Buddhism has the same *aim* as Brahmanism, namely, to escape from the vicissitudes of time into the absolute rest of eternity. They agree as to the object of existence: they differ as to the method of reaching it. The Brahman and the Roman Catholic think that eternal rest is to be obtained by intellectual submission, by passive reception of what is taught us and done for us by others: the Buddhist and Protestant believe it must be accomplished by an intelligent and free obedience to Divine laws. Mr. Hodgson, who has long studied the features of this religion in Nepal, says: "The one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect." The name of Buddha means the Intelligent One, or the one who is wide awake. And herein also is another resemblance to Protestantism, which emphasizes so strongly the

* Upham, *Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon*.

value of free thought and the seeking after truth. In Judaism we find two spiritual powers—the prophet and the priest. The priest is the organ of the pardoning and saving love of God; the prophet, of his inspiring truth. In the European Reformation, the prophet revolting against the priest founded Protestantism; in the Asiatic Reformation he founded Buddhism. Finally, Brahmanism and the Roman Catholic Church are more religious; Buddhism and Protestant Christianity, more moral. Such, sketched in broad outline, is the justification for the title of this essay; but we shall be more convinced of its accuracy after looking more closely into the resemblances above indicated between the religious ceremonies of the East and West.

These resemblances are chiefly between the Buddhists and the monastic orders of the Church of Rome. Now it is a fact, but one which has never been sufficiently noticed, that the whole monastic system of Rome is based on a principle foreign to the essential ideas of that church. The fundamental doctrine of Rome is that of salvation by sacraments. This alone justifies its maxim, that “out of communion with the Church there is no salvation.” The sacrament of Baptism regenerates the soul; the sacrament of Penance purifies it from mortal sin; the sacrament of the Eucharist renews its life; and that of Holy Orders qualifies the priest for administering these and the other sacraments. But if the soul is saved by sacraments, duly administered and received, why go into a religious order to save the soul? Why seek by special acts of piety, self-denial, and separation from the world, that which comes sufficiently through the usual sacraments of the church? The more we examine this subject, the more we shall see that the whole monastic system of the Church of Rome is an *included Protestantism*, or a Protestantism within the church.

Many of the reformers before the Reformation were monks. Savonarola, St. Bernard, Luther himself, were monks. From the monasteries came

many of the leaders of the Reformation. The Protestant element in the Romish Church was shut up in monasteries during many centuries, and remained there as a foreign substance, an alien element included in the vast body. When a bullet, or other foreign substance, is lodged in the flesh, the vital powers go to work and build up a little wall around it, and shut it in. So when Catholics came who were not satisfied with a merely sacramental salvation, and longed for a higher life, the sagacity of the Church put them together in convents, and kept them by themselves, where they could do no harm. One of the curious homologies of history is this repetition in Europe of the course of events in Asia. Buddhism was, for many centuries, tolerated in India in the same way. It took the form of a monasticism included in Brahmanism, and remained a part of the Hindoo religion. And so, when the crisis came and the conflict began, this Hindoo Protestantism maintained itself for a long time in India, as Lutheranism continued for a century in Italy, Spain, and Austria. But it was at last driven out of its birthplace, as Protestantism was driven from Italy and Spain; and now only the ruins of its topes, its temples, and its monasteries remain to show how extensive was its former influence in the midst of Brahmanism.

Yet, though expelled from India, and unable to maintain its control over any Aryan race, it has exhibited a powerful propagandist element, and so has converted to its creed the majority of the Mongol nations. It embraces nearly or quite (for statistics here are only guesswork)* three hundred millions of human beings. It is the popular

* Here are a few of the guesses:—

Cunningham, Bhilsa Topes.

Christians	270 millions.
Buddhist	222 “

Hassel, Penny Cyclopædia.

Christians	120 millions.
Jews	4 “
Mohammedans	252 “
Brahmans	111 “
Buddhists	315 “

religion of China; the state religion of Thibet, and of the Birman Empire; it is the religion of Japan, Siam, Anam, Assam, Nepaul, Ceylon, in short, of nearly the whole of Eastern Asia.

Concerning this vast religion, we have had, until recently, very few means of information. But, during the last quarter of a century, so many sources have been opened, that at present we can easily study it in its original features and its subsequent development. The sacred books of this religion have been preserved independently, in Ceylon, Nepaul, China, and Thibet. Mr. G. Turnour, Mr. Georgely, and Mr. R. Spence Hardy are our chief authorities in regard to the Pitikas, or the Scriptures in the Pali language, preserved in Ceylon. Mr. Hodgson has collected and studied the Sanskrit Scriptures, found in Nepaul. In 1825 he transmitted to the Asiatic Society in Bengal sixty works in Sanskrit, and two hundred and fifty in the language of Thibet. M. Csoma, an Hungarian physician, discovered in the Buddhist monasteries of Thibet an immense collection of sacred books, which had been translated from the Sanskrit works previously studied by Mr. Hodgson. In 1829 M. Schmidt found the same works in the Mongolian. M. Stanislas Julien, an eminent student of the Chinese, has also translated works on Buddhism from that language, which ascend to the year 76 of our era.* More recently inscriptions cut upon

rocks, columns, and other monuments in Northern India, have been transcribed and translated. Mr. James Prinsep deciphered these inscriptions, and found them to be in the ancient language of the province of Magadha where Buddhism first appeared. They contain the decrees of a king, or raja, named Pyadasi, whom Mr. Turnour has shown to be the same as the famous Asoka, before alluded to. This king appears to have come to the throne in the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 325. Similar inscriptions have been discovered throughout India, proving to the satisfaction of such scholars as Burnouf, Prinsep, Turnour, Lassen, Weber, Max Müller, and Saint-Hilaire, that Buddhism had become almost the state religion of India, in the fourth century before Christ.

With these ample resources, let us proceed to examine the origin and nature of this religion.*

North of Central India and of the kingdom of Oude, near the borders of Nepaul, there reigned, at the end of the seventh century before Christ, a wise and good king, in his capital city, Kapilavastu.† He was one of the last of

* The works from which this article has been mostly drawn are these:—Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme indien. Par E. Burnouf. (Paris, 1844.) Le Bouddha et sa religion. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. (Paris, 1860.) Eastern Monachism. By R. Spence Hardy. (London, 1850.) A Manual of Buddhism in its Modern Development. By R. Spence Hardy. (London, 1853.) Die Religion des Buddha. Von Karl F. Koeppen. (Berlin, 1857.) Indische Alterthumskunde. Von Christian Lassen. (Bonn, 1852.) Der Buddhismus, Seine Dogmen, Geschichte, und Literatur. Von W. Wassiljew. (St. Petersburg, 1860.) Ueber Buddha's Todesjahr. Von N. L. Westergaard. (Breslau, 1862.) Gott in der Geschichte. Von C. C. J. Bunsen. (Leipzig, 1858.) The Bhilsa Topes, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India. By A. Cunningham. (London, 1854.) Buddhism in Thibet. By Emil Schlagintweit. (Leipzig and London, 1863.) Travels in Eastern countries by Hue and Gabet, and others. References to Buddhism in the writings of Max Müller, Maurice, Baur, Hardwicke, Fergusson, Pritchard, Wilson, Colebrooke, &c.

† At the end of the fourth century of our era, a Chinese Buddhist made a pilgrimage to the birth-place of Buddha, and found the city in ruins. Another Chinese pilgrim visited it A. D. 632, and was able to trace the remains of the ruined palace, and saw a room which had been occupied by Buddha. These travels have been translated from the Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien.

Johnston, Physical Atlas.

Christians	301 millions.
Jews	5 "
Brahmans	133 "
Mohammedans	110 "
Buddhists	245 "

Perkins, Johnson's American Atlas.

Christians	369 millions.
Mohammedans	160 "
Jews	6 "
Buddhists	320 "

New American Cyclopædia.

Buddhists	250 millions.
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And Prof. Neumann estimates the number of Buddhists at 369 millions.

* Le Bouddha et sa religion. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire.—Eastern Monachism. By Spence Hardy.—Burnouf, Introduction &c.—Koeppen, Die Religion des Buddha.

the great Solar race, celebrated in the ancient epics of India. His wife, named *Maya* because of her great beauty, became the mother of a prince, who was named Siddārtha, and afterward known as the Buddha.* She died seven days after his birth, and the child was brought up by his maternal aunt. The young prince distinguished himself by his personal and intellectual qualities, but still more by his early piety. It appears from the laws of Manu that it was not unusual, in the earliest periods of Brahmanism, for those seeking a superior piety to turn hermits, and to live alone in the forest, engaged in acts of prayer, meditation, abstinence, and the study of the Vedas. This practice, however, seems to have been confined to the Brahmins. It was, therefore, a grief to the king, when his son, in the flower of his youth and highly accomplished in every kingly faculty of body and mind, seemed turning his mind toward the life of an anchorite. In fact, the young Siddārtha seems to have gone through that deep experience out of which the great prophets of mankind have always been born. The evils of the world pressed on his heart and brain; the very air seemed full of mortality; all things were passing away. Was anything permanent? anything stable? Nothing but truth; only the absolute, eternal law of things. "Let me see that," said he, "and I can give lasting peace to mankind. So shall I become their deliverer." So, in opposition to the strong entreaties of his father, wife, and friends, he left the palace one night, and exchanged the position of a prince for that of a mendicant. "I will never return to the

palace," said he, "till I have attained to the sight of the divine law, and so become Buddha."†

He first visited the Brahmins, and listened to their doctrines, but found no satisfaction therein. The wisest among them could not teach him true peace, — that profound inward rest, which he already called Nirvāna. He was twenty-nine years old. Although disapproving of the Brahmanic austerities as an end, he practised them during six years, in order to subdue the senses. He then became satisfied that the path to perfection did not lie that way. He therefore resumed his former diet and a more comfortable mode of life, and so lost many disciples who had been attracted by his amazing austerity. Alone in his hermitage, he came at last to that solid conviction, that KNOWLEDGE never to be shaken, of the laws of things, which had seemed to him the only foundation of a truly free life. The spot where, after a week of constant meditation, he at last arrived at this beatific vision, became one of the most sacred places in India. He was seated under a tree, his face to the east, not having moved for a day and night, when he attained the triple science, which was to rescue mankind from its woes. Twelve hundred years after the death of the Buddha, a Chinese pilgrim was shown what then passed for this sacred tree. It was surrounded by high brick walls, with an opening to the east, and near it stood many topes and monasteries. In the opinion of M. Saint-Hilaire, these ruins, and the locality of the tree, may yet be rediscovered. The spot deserves to be sought for, since there began a movement which has, on the whole, been a source of happiness and improvement to immense multitudes of human beings, during twenty-four centuries.

Having attained this inward certainty of vision, he decided to teach the world his truth. He knew well what it would bring him, — what opposition, insult, neglect, scorn. But he thought of three

* *Buddha* is not a proper name, but an official title. Just as we ought not to say Jesus Christ, but always Jesus the Christ, so we should say Siddārtha the Buddha, or Sakya-muni the Buddha, or Gautama the Buddha. The first of these names, Siddārtha, (contracted from *Sarvārthasiddha*), was the baptismal name given by his father, and means "The fulfilment of every wish." Sakya-muni means "The hermit of the race of Sakya," — Sakya being the ancestral name of his father's race. The name *Gautama* is stated by Koeppen to be "der priesterliche Beinamen des Geschlechts der Sakya," — whatever that may mean.

† The Sanskrit root, whence the English "bode" and "forebode," means "to know."

classes of men : those who were already on the way to the truth, and did not need him ; those who were fixed in error, and whom he could not help ; and the poor doubters, uncertain of their way. It was to help these last, the doubters, that the Buddha went forth to preach. On his way to the holy city of India, Benares, a serious difficulty arrested him at the Ganges, namely, his having no money to pay the boatman for his passage. At Benares, he made his first converts, "turning the wheel of the law" for the first time. His discourses are contained in the sacred books of the Buddhists. He converted great numbers, his father among the rest, but met with fierce opposition from the Hindoo Scribes and Pharisees, the leading Brahmins. So he lived and taught, and died at the age of eighty years.

Naturally, as soon as the prophet was dead, he became very precious in all eyes. His body was burned with much pomp, and great contention arose for the unconsumed fragments of bone. At last they were divided into eight parts, and a tope was erected, by each of the eight fortunate possessors, for such relics as had fallen to him. The ancient books of the North and South agree as to the places where the topes were built, and no Roman Catholic relics are so well authenticated. The Buddha, who believed with Jesus that "the flesh profiteth nothing," and that "the word is spirit and life," would probably have been the first to condemn this idolatry. But fetich worship lingers in the purest religions.

The time of the death of Sakya-muni, like most Oriental dates, is uncertain. The Northern Buddhists, in Thibet, Nepaul, etc., vary greatly among themselves. The Chinese Buddhists are not more certain. Lassen, therefore, with most of the scholars, accepts as authentic the period upon which all the authorities of the South, especially of Ceylon, agree, which is B. C. 543. Late-ly Westergaard has written a monograph on the subject, in which, by a labored argument, he places the date

about two hundred years later. Whether he will convince his brother *savans* remains to be seen.

Immediately after the death of Sakya-muni a general council of his most eminent disciples was called, to fix the doctrine and discipline of the church. The legend runs that three of the disciples were selected to recite from memory what the sage had taught. The first was appointed to repeat his teaching upon discipline ; "For discipline," said they, "is the soul of the law." Whereupon Upali, mounting the pulpit, repeated all of the precepts concerning morals and the ritual. Then Ananda was chosen to give his master's discourses concerning faith or doctrine. Finally, Kasyapa announced the philosophy and metaphysics of the system. The council sat during seven months, and the three-fold division of the sacred Scriptures of Buddhism was the result of their work ; for Sakya-muni wrote nothing himself. He taught by conversation only.

The second general council was called to correct certain abuses which had begun to creep in. It was held about a hundred years after the teacher's death. A great fraternity of monks proposed to relax the conventual discipline, by allowing greater liberty in taking food, in drinking intoxicating liquor, and taking gold and silver if offered in alms. The schismatic monks were degraded, to the number of ten thousand, but formed a new sect. The third council, held during the reign of the great Buddhist Emperor Asoka, was called on account of heretics, who to the number of sixty thousand, were degraded and expelled. After this, missionaries were despatched to preach the word in different lands. The names and success of these missionaries are recorded in the *Mahawanso*, or Sacred History, translated by Mr. George Turnour from the Singhalese. But what is remarkable is, that the relics of some of them have been recently found in the Sanchi topes, and in other sacred buildings, contained in caskets, with their names inscribed on them. These

inscribed names correspond with those given to the same missionaries in the historical books of Ceylon. For example, according to the *Mahavamsa*, two missionaries, one named Kassapo (or Kasyapa), and the other called Majjhima (or Madhyama), went to preach in the region of the Himalayan Mountains. They journeyed, preached, suffered, and toiled, side by side, so the ancient history informs us—a history composed in Ceylon in the fifth century of our era, with the aid of works still more ancient;* and now, when the second Sanchi tope was opened in 1851, by Major Cunningham, the relics of these very missionaries were discovered.† The tope was perfect in 1819, when visited by Captain Fell,—"not a stone fallen." And though afterward injured, in 1822, by some amateur relic-hunters, its contents remained intact. It is a solid hemisphere, built of rough stones without mortar, thirty-nine feet in diameter; it has a basement six feet high, projecting all around five feet, and so making a terrace. It is surrounded by a stone railing, with carved figures. In the centre of this tope was found a small chamber, made of six stones, containing the relic-box of white sandstone, about ten inches square. Inside this were four caskets of steatite (a sacred stone among the Buddhists), each containing small portions of burnt human bone. On the outside lid of one of these boxes was this inscription: "Relics of the emancipated Kasyapa Gotra, missionary to the whole Hemawanta." And on the inside of the lid was carved: "Relics of the emancipated Madhyama." These relics, with those of eight other leading men of the Buddhist Church, had rested in this monument since the age of Asoka, and cannot have been placed there later than B. C. 220.

The missionary spirit displayed by Buddhism distinguishes it from all other religions which preceded Christianity. The religion of Confucius never attempted to make converts outside of China. Brahmanism never went

beyond India. The system of Zoroaster was a Persian religion; that of Egypt was confined to the Valley of the Nile; that of Greece to the Hellenic race. But Buddhism was inflamed with the desire of bringing all mankind to a knowledge of its truths. Its ardent and successful missionaries converted multitudes in Nepaul, Thibet, Birmah, Ceylon, China, Siam, Japan; and in all these states its monasteries are to-day the chief sources of knowledge and centres of instruction to the people. It is idle to class such a religion as this with the superstitions which debase mankind. Its power lay in the strength of conviction which inspired its teachers; and that, again, must have come from the sight of truth, not the belief in error.

What then are the doctrines of Buddhism? What are the essential teachings of the Buddha and his disciples? Is it a system, as we are so often told, which denies God and immortality? Has *atheism* such a power over human hearts in the East? Is the Asiatic mind thus in love with eternal death? Let us try to discover.

The hermit of Sakya, as we have seen, took his departure from two profound convictions—the evil of perpetual change, and the possibility of something permanent. He might have used the language of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and cried, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" The profound gloom of that wonderful book is based on the same course of thought as that of the Buddha, namely, that everything goes round and round in a circle; that nothing moves forward; that there is no new thing under the sun; that the sun rises and sets, and rises again; that the wind blows north and south, and east and west, and then returns according to its circuits. Where can rest be found? where peace? where any certainty? Siddârtha was young; but he saw age approaching. He was in health; but he knew that sickness and death were lying in wait for him. He could not escape from the sight of this perpetual round of growth and decay, life and

* Saint-Hilaire.

† Bhilsa Topes.

death, joy and woe. He cried out, from the depths of his soul, for something stable, permanent, real.

Again, he was assured that this emancipation from change and decay was to be found in knowledge. But by knowledge he did not intend the perception and recollection of outward facts, — not learning. Nor did he mean speculative knowledge, or the power of reasoning. He meant intuitive knowledge, the sight of eternal truth, the perception of the unchanging laws of the universe. This was a knowledge which was not to be attained by any merely intellectual process, but by moral training, by purity of heart and life. Therefore he renounced the world, and went into the forest, and became an anchorite.

But just at this point he separated himself from the Brahmans. They also were, and are, believers in the value of mortification, abnegation, penance. They had their hermits in his day. But they believed in the value of penance as accumulating merit. They practised self-denial for its own sake. The Buddha practised it as a means to a higher end, — emancipation, purification, intuition. And this end he believed that he had at last attained. At last he *saw* the truth. He became "wide awake." Illusions disappeared; the reality was before him. He was the Buddha — the MAN WHO KNEW.

Still he was a man, not a God. And here again is another point of departure from Brahmanism. In that system, the final result of devotion was to become absorbed in God. The doctrine of the Brahmans is divine absorption; that of the Buddhists, human development. In the Brahmanical system, God is everything, and man nothing. In the Buddhist, man is everything and God nothing. Here is its atheism, that it makes so much of man as to forget God. It is perhaps "without God in the world." But it does not deny him. It accepts the doctrine of the three worlds, — the eternal world of absolute being; the celestial world of the gods, Brahma, Indra, Vischnu, Siva; and the finite world, consisting of indi-

vidual souls and the laws of nature. Only it says, of the world of absolute being, Nirvana, we know nothing. That is our aim and end; but it is the direct opposite to all we know. It is, therefore, to us, as nothing. The celestial world, that of the gods, is even of less moment to us. What we know are the everlasting laws of nature, by obedience to which we rise, disobeying which we fall, by perfect obedience to which we shall at last obtain Nirvana, and rest forever.

To the mind of the Buddha, therefore, the world consisted of two orders of existence — souls and laws. He saw an infinite multitude of souls, — in insects, animals, men, — and saw that they were surrounded by inflexible laws — the laws of nature. To know these and to obey them, — this was emancipation.

The fundamental doctrine of Buddhism, taught by its founder and received by all Buddhists without exception, in the North and in the South, in Birmah and Thibet, in Ceylon and China, is the doctrine of the four sublime truths, namely: —

1. All existence is evil, because all existence is subject to change and decay.
2. The source of this evil is the desire for things which change and pass away.
3. This desire, and the evil which follows it, are not inevitable; for if we choose we can arrive at Nirvana, when both shall wholly cease.
4. There is a fixed and certain method to adopt, by pursuing which we attain this end, without possibility of failure.

These four truths are the basis of the system. They are: 1st, the evil; 2d, its cause; 3d, its end; 4th, the way of reaching the end.

Then follow the eight steps of this way, namely: —

1. Right belief, or the correct faith.
2. Right judgment, or wise application of that faith to life.
3. Right utterance, or perfect truth in all that we say and do.

4. Right motives, or proposing always a proper end and aim.

5. Right occupation, or an outward life not involving sin.

6. Right obedience, or faithful observance of duty.

7. Right memory, or a proper recollection of past conduct.

8. Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth.

After this system of doctrine follow certain moral commands and prohibitions, namely, five which apply to all men, and five others which apply only to the novices or the monks. The five first commandments are: 1st, do not kill; 2d, do not steal; 3d, do not commit adultery; 4th, do not lie; 5th, do not become intoxicated. The other five are: 1st, take no solid food after noon; 2d, do not visit dances, singing, or theatrical representations; 3d, use no ornaments or perfumery in dress; 4th, use no luxurious beds; 5th, accept neither gold nor silver.

All these doctrines and precepts have been the subject of innumerable commentaries and expositions. Everything has been commented, explained, and elucidated. Systems of casuistry as voluminous as those of the Fathers of the Company of Jesus, systems of theology as full of minute analysis as the great *Summa Totius Theologiae* of St. Thomas, are to be found in the libraries of the monasteries of Thibet and Ceylon. The monks have their Golden Legends, their Lives of Saints, full of miracles and marvels. On this simple basis of a few rules and convictions has arisen a vast fabric of metaphysics. Much of this literature is instructive and entertaining. Some of it is profound. Baur, who had made a special study of the intricate speculations of the Gnostics, compares them with "the vast abstractions of Buddhism."

Nevertheless, two facts appear, as we contemplate this system, — first, its rationalism; second, its humanity.

It is a system of rationalism. It appeals throughout to human reason. It proposes to save man, not from a future but a present hell, and to save him by

teaching. Its great means of influence is the sermon. The Buddha preached innumerable sermons; his missionaries went abroad preaching. Buddhism has made all its conquests honorably, by a process of rational appeal to the human mind. It was never propagated by force, even when it had the power of imperial rajas to support it. Certainly, it is a very encouraging fact in the history of man, that the two religions which have made more converts than any other, Buddhism and Christianity, have not depended for their success on the sword of the conqueror or the frauds of priestcraft, but have gained their victories in the fair conflict of reason with reason. Certainly Buddhism has not been without its superstitions and its errors; but it has not deceived, and it has not persecuted. In this respect it can teach Christians a lesson. Buddhism has no prejudices against those who confess another faith. The Buddhists have founded no Inquisition; they have combined the zeal which converted kingdoms with a toleration almost inexplicable to our Western experience. Only one religious war has darkened their peaceful history during twenty-three centuries, — that which took place in Thibet, but of which we know little. A Siamese told Crawford that he believed all the religions of the world to be branches of the true religion. A Buddhist in Ceylon sent his son to a Christian school, and told the astonished missionary, "I respect Christianity as much as Buddhism, for I regard it as a help to Buddhism." MM. Huc and Gabet converted no Buddhist in Tartary and Thibet, but they partially converted one, bringing him so far as to say that he considered himself at the same time a good Christian and a good Buddhist.

Buddhism is also a religion of humanity. Because it lays such stress on reason, it respects all men, since all possess this same gift. In its origin it broke down all castes. All men, of whatever rank, can enter its priesthood. It has an unbounded charity for all souls, and holds it a duty to make sacrifices for all. One legend tells us that

the Buddha gave his body for food to a starved tigress, who could not nurse her young through weakness. An incident singularly like that in the fourth chapter of John is recorded of the hermit, who asked a woman of low caste for water, and, when she expressed surprise said, "Give me drink, and I will give you truth." The unconditional command, "Thou shalt not kill," which applies to all living creatures, has had great influence in softening the manners of the Mongols. This command is connected with the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which is one of the essential doctrines of this system as well as of Brahmanism. But Buddhism has abolished human sacrifices, and indeed all bloody offerings, and its innocent altars are only crowned with flowers and leaves. It also inculcates a positive humanity, consisting of good actions. All its priests are supported by daily alms. It is a duty of the Buddhist to be hospitable to strangers, to establish hospitals for the sick and poor, and even for sick animals, to plant shade trees, and erect houses for travellers. Mr. Malcom, the Baptist missionary, says that he was resting one day in a *zayat* in a small village in Birmah, and was scarcely seated when a woman brought a nice mat for him to lie on. Another brought cool water, and a man went and picked for him half a dozen good oranges. None sought or expected, he says, the least reward, but disappeared, and left him to his repose. He adds: "None can ascend the river without being struck with the hardihood, skill, energy, and good-humor of the Bir-mese boatmen. In point of temper and morality they are infinitely superior to the boatmen on our Western waters. In my various trips, I have seen no quarrel nor heard a hard word."

Mr. Malcom goes on thus: "Many of these people have never seen a white man before, but I am constantly struck with their politeness. They desist from anything on the slightest intimation; never crowd around to be troublesome; and if on my showing them my watch or pencil-case, or anything which par-

ticularly attracts them, there are more than can get a sight, the outer ones stand aloof and wait till their turn comes. . . .

"I saw no intemperance in Birmah, though an intoxicating liquor is made easily of the juice of a palm. . . .

"A man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeding and lodging as well as the people."

"I have seen thousands together, for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardor, and no act of violence or case of intoxication. . . .

"During my whole residence in the country, I never saw an indecent act or immodest gesture in man or woman. . . . I have seen hundreds of men and women bathing, and no immodest or careless act. . . .

"Children are treated with great kindness, not only by the mother but the father, who, when unemployed, takes the young child in his arms, and seems pleased to attend to it, while the mother cleans the rice or sits unemployed at his side. I have as often seen fathers caressing female infants as male. A widow with male and female children is more likely to be sought in marriage than if she has none. . . .

"Children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. The aged are treated with great care and tenderness, and occupy the best places in all assemblies."

According to Saint-Hilaire's opinion, the Buddhist morality is one of endurance, patience, submission, and abstinence, rather than of action, energy, enterprise. Love for all beings is its nucleus, every animal being our possible relative. To love our enemies, to offer our lives for animals, to abstain from even defensive warfare, to govern ourselves, to avoid vices, to pay obedience to superiors, to reverence age, to provide food and shelter for men and animals, to dig wells and plant trees, to despise no religion, show no intolerance, not to persecute, are the virtues of these people. Polygamy is tolerated, but not approved. Monogamy is gen-

eral in Ceylon, Siam, Birmah ; somewhat less so in Thibet and Mongolia. Woman is better treated by Buddhism than by any other Oriental religion.

But what is the religious life of Buddhism ? Can there be a religion without a God ? And if Buddhism has no God, how can it have worship, prayer, devotion ? There is no doubt that it has all these. We have seen that its *cultus* is much like that of the Roman Catholic Church. It differs from this church in having no secular priests, but only regulars ; all its clergy are monks, taking the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Their vows, however, are not irrevocable ; they can relinquish the yellow robe, and return into the world, if they find they have mistaken their vocation.

The God of Buddhism is the Buddha himself, the deified man, who has become an infinite being by entering Nirvana. To him prayer is addressed, and it is so natural for man to pray that no theory can prevent him from doing it. In Thibet prayer-meetings are held even in the streets. Huc says : "There is a very touching custom at Lhassa. In the evening, just before sundown, all the people leave their work, and meet in groups in the public streets and squares. All kneel, and begin to chant their prayers in a low and musical tone. The concert of song which rises from all these numerous reunions produces an immense and solemn harmony, which deeply impresses the mind. We could not help sadly comparing this Pagan city, where all the people prayed together, with our European cities, where men would blush to be seen making the sign of the cross."

In Thibet *confession* was early enjoined. Public worship is there a solemn confession before the assembled priests. It confers entire absolution from sins. It consists in an open confession of sin, and a promise to sin no more. Consecrated water is also used in the service of the Pagodas.

There are thirty-five Buddhas who have preceded Sakya-muni, and are

considered the chief powers for taking away sin. These are called the "Thirty-five Buddhas of Confession." Sakya-muni, however, has been included in the number. Some lamas are also joined with them in the sacred pictures, as Tsonkhapa, a lama born in A. D. 1555, and others. The mendicant priests of Buddha are bound to confess twice a month, at the new and full moon.

The Buddhists have also nunneries for women. It is related that Sakya-muni consented to establish them at the earnest request of his aunt and nurse, and of his favorite disciple, Ananda. These nuns take the same vows as the monks. Their rules require them to show reverence even to the youngest monk, and to use no angry or harsh words to a priest. The nun must be willing to be taught ; she must go once a fortnight for this purpose to some virtuous teacher ; she must not devote more than two weeks at a time to spiritual retirement ; she must not go out merely for amusement ; after two years' preparation she can be initiated, and she is bound to attend the closing ceremonies of the rainy season.

One of the principal metaphysical doctrines of this system is that which is called Karma. This means the law of consequences, by which every act committed in one life entails results in another. This law operates until one reaches Nirvana. Mr. Hardy goes so far as to suppose that Karma causes the merits or demerits of each soul to result at death in the production of another consciousness, and in fact to result in a new person. But this must be an error. Karma is the law of consequences, by which every act receives its exact recompense in the next world, where the soul is born again. But unless the same soul passes on, such a recompense is impossible.

'Karma,' said Buddha, 'is the most essential property of all beings ; it is inherited from previous births, it is the cause of all good and evil, and the reason why some are mean and some exalted when they come into the world.'

It is like the shadow which always accompanies the body.' Buddha himself obtained all his elevation by means of the Karma obtained in previous states. No one can obtain Karma, or merit, but those who hear the discourses of Buddha."

There has been much discussion among scholars concerning the true meaning of Nirvana, the end of all Buddhist expectation. Is it annihilation? Is it absorption in God? The weight of authority, no doubt, is in favor of the first view. Burnouf's conclusion is: "For Buddhist theists, it is the absorption of the individual life in God; for atheists, absorption of this individual life in the nothing. But for both, it is deliverance from all evil, it is supreme enfranchisement." In the opinion that it is annihilation agree Max Müller, Turnour, Schmidt, and Hardy. And M. Saint-Hilaire, while calling it "a hideous faith," nevertheless assigns it to a third part of the human race.

But, on the other hand, scholars of the highest rank deny this view. In particular, Bunsen (*Gott in der Geschichte*) calls attention to the fact that, in the oldest monuments of this religion, the earliest Sutras, Nirvana is spoken of as a condition attained in the present life. How then can it mean annihilation? It is a state in which all desires cease, all passions die. Bunsen believes that the Buddha never denied or questioned God or immortality.

The following account of NIRVANA is taken from the Pali Sacred Books:—

"Again the king of Sâgal said to Nâgaséna: 'Is the joy of Nirvana unmixed, or is it associated with sorrow?' The priest replied that it is unmixed satisfaction, entirely free from sorrow.

"Again the king of Sâgal said to Nâgaséna: 'Is Nirvana in the east, west, south, or north; above or below? Is there such a place as Nirvana? If so, where is it?' Nâgaséna: 'Neither in the east, south, west, nor north; neither in the sky above, nor in the earth below, nor in any of the infinite sakwalas,

is there such a place as Nirvana.' Milinda: 'Then if Nirvana have no locality, there can be no such thing; and when it is said that any one attains Nirvana, the declaration is false.' Nâgaséna: 'There is no such place as Nirvana, and yet it exists; the priest who seeks it in the right manner will attain it.' 'When Nirvana is attained, is there such a place?' Nâgaséna: 'When a priest attains Nirvana there is such a place.' Milinda: 'Where is that place?' Nâgaséna: 'Wherever the precepts can be observed; it may be anywhere; just as he who has two eyes can see the sky from any or all places; or as all places may have an eastern side.'

The question has been fully discussed by Mr. Alger in his very able work, "Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," and his conclusion is wholly opposed to the view which makes Nirvana equivalent to annihilation.

In closing this paper, let us ask what relation this great system sustains to Christianity.

The fundamental doctrine and central idea of Buddhism is personal salvation, or *the salvation of the soul by personal acts of faith and obedience*. This we maintain, notwithstanding the opinion that some schools of Buddhists teach that the soul itself is not a constant element or a special substance, but the mere result of past merit or demerit. For if there be no soul, there can be no transmigration. Now it is certain that the doctrine of transmigration is the very basis of Buddhism,—the corner-stone of the system. Thus M. Saint-Hilaire says: "The chief and most immovable fact of Buddhist metaphysics is the doctrine of transmigration." Without a soul to migrate, there can be no migration. Moreover, the whole ethics of the system would fall with its metaphysics, on this theory; for why urge men to right conduct, in order to attain happiness, or Nirvana, hereafter, if they are not to exist hereafter. No, the soul's immortality is a radical doctrine

in Buddhism, and this doctrine is one of its points of contact with Christianity.

Another point of contact is its doctrine of reward and punishment,—a doctrine incompatible with the supposition that the soul does not pass on from world to world. But this is the essence of all its ethics,—the immutable, inevitable, unalterable consequences of good and evil. In this also it agrees with Christianity, which teaches that “whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap”; that he who turns his pound into five will be set over five cities, he who turns it into ten, over ten cities.

A third point of contact with Christianity, however singular it may at first appear to say so, is the doctrine of Nirvana. The Buddhist asserts Nirvana as the end of all his hope, yet, if you ask him what it is, may reply, “Nothing.” But this cannot mean that the highest good of man is annihilation. No pessimism could be more extreme than such a doctrine. Such a belief is not in accordance with human nature. Tennyson is wiser when he writes:—

“Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

“’Tis LIFE whereof our nerves are scant;
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.”

The Buddhist, when he says that Nirvana is *nothing*, means simply that it is *no thing*; that it is nothing to our present conceptions; that it is the opposite of all we know, the contradiction of what we call life now, a state so sublime, so wholly different from anything we know or can know now, that it is the same thing as nothing to us. All present life is change; *that* is permanence; all present life is going up and down; *that* is stability; all present life is the life of sense; *that* is spirit.

The Buddhist denies God in the same way. He is the unknowable. He is the impossible to be conceived of.

“Who shall know Him,
And dare to say,
‘I believe in Him’?
Who shall deny Him,
And venture to affirm,
‘I believe in Him not’?”

To the Buddhist, in short, the element of time and the finite is all, as to the Brahman the element of eternity is all. It is the most absolute contradiction of Brahmanism which we can conceive.

It seems impossible for the Eastern mind to hold at the same time the two conceptions of God and nature, the infinite and the finite, eternity and time. The Brahmins accept the reality of God, the infinite and the eternal, and deny the reality of the finite, of nature, history, time, and the world. The Buddhist accepts the last, and ignores the first.

The peculiarity of Plato, according to Mr. Emerson and other Platonists, was that he was able to grasp and hold intellectually both conceptions,—of God and man, the infinite and finite, the eternal and the temporal. The merit of Christianity was, in like manner, that it was able to take up and keep, not primarily as dogma, but as life, both these antagonistic ideas. Christianity recognizes God as the infinite and eternal, but recognizes also the world of time and space as real. Man exists as well as God: we love God, we must love man too. Brahmanism loves God, but not man; it has piety, but not humanity. Buddhism loves man, but not God; it has humanity, but not piety; or if it has piety, it is by a beautiful want of logic, its heart being wiser than its head. That which seems an impossibility in these Eastern systems, is a fact of daily life to the Christian child, to the ignorant and simple Christian man or woman, who, amid daily duty and trial, find joy in both heavenly and earthly love.

The good and the evil of Buddhism are thus summed up by M. Saint-Hilaire.

He remarks that the first peculiarity of Buddhism is the wholly practical direction taken by its founder. He proposes to himself the salvation of mankind. He abstains from the subtle philosophy of the Brahmins, and takes the most direct and simple way to his end. But he does not offer low and sensual rewards; he does not, like so

many lawgivers, promise to his followers riches, pleasures, conquests, power. He invites them to salvation by means of virtue, knowledge, and self-denial. Not in the Vedas, nor the books which proceed from it, do we find such noble appeals, though they too look at the infinite as their end. But the indisputable glory of Buddha is the boundless charity to man with which his soul was filled. He lived to instruct and guide man aright. He says in so many words, "My law is a law of grace for all," (Burnouf, *Introduction*, &c., p. 198.) We may add to M. Saint-Hilaire's statement, that in these words the Buddha plainly aims at what we have called a catholic religion. In his view of man's sorrowful life, all distinctions of rank and class fall away ; all are poor and needy together ; and here too he comes in contact with that Christianity which says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." Buddha also wished to cure the sicknesses, not only of the Hindoo life, but of the life of mankind.

M. Saint-Hilaire adds, that, in seeking thus to help man, the means of the Buddha are pure, like his ends. He tries to convince and to persuade : he does not wish to compel. He allows confession, and helps the weak and simple by explanations and parables. He also tries to guard man against evil, by establishing habits of chastity, temperance, and self-control. He goes forward into the Christian graces of patience, humility, and forgiveness of injuries. He has a horror of falsehood, a reverence for truth ; he forbids slander and gossip ; he teaches respect for parents, family, life, home.

Yet Saint-Hilaire declares that, with all these merits, Buddhism has not been able to found a tolerable social state or a single good government. It failed in India, the land of its birth. Nothing like the progress and the development of Christian civilization appears in Buddhism. Something in the heart of the system makes it sterile, notwithstanding its excellent intentions. What is it ?

The fact is, that notwithstanding its benevolent purposes, its radical thought is a selfish one. It rests on pure individualism, — each man's object is to save his own soul. All the faults of Buddhism, according to M. Saint-Hilaire, spring from this root of egotism in the heart of the system.

No doubt the same idea is found in Christianity. Personal salvation is here included. But Christianity *starts* from a very different point ; it is the "kingdom of Heaven." "Thy kingdom come : thy will be done on earth." It is not going on away from time to find an unknown eternity. It is God with us, eternity here, eternal life abiding in us now. If some narrow Protestant sects make Christianity to consist essentially in the salvation of our own soul hereafter, they fall into the condemnation of Buddhism. But that is not the Christianity of Christ. Christ accepts the great prophetic idea of a Messiah who brings down God's reign into this life. It is the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. It is the earth full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea. It is all mankind laboring together for this general good.

This solitary preoccupation with one's own salvation causes the religious teachers of Buddhism to live apart, outside of society, and take no interest in it. There is in the Catholic and Protestant world, beside monks, a secular priesthood, which labors to save other men's bodies and souls. No such priesthood exists in Buddhism.

Moreover, not the idea of salvation from evil, — which keeps before us evil as the object of contemplation, — but the idea of good, is the true motive for the human conscience. This leads us up at once to God ; this alone can create love. We can only love by seeing something lovely. God must seem, not terrible, but lovely, in order to be loved. Man must seem, not mean and poor, but noble and beautiful, before we can love him. This idea of the good does not appear in Buddhism, says M. Saint-Hilaire. Not a spark of this divine

flame—that which to see and show has given immortal glory to Plato and to Socrates—has descended on Sakya-muni. The notion of rewards, substituted for that of the infinite beauty, has perverted everything in his system.

Duty itself becomes corrupted, as soon as the idea of the good disappears. It becomes then a blind submission to mere law. It is an outward constraint, not an inward inspiration. Scepticism follows. "The world is empty, the heart is dead surely," is its language. Nihilism arrives sooner or later. God is nothing; man is nothing; life is nothing; death is nothing; eternity is nothing. Hence the profound sadness of Buddhism. To its eye all existence is evil, and the only hope is to escape from time into eternity,—or into nothing,—as you may choose to interpret Nirvana. While Buddhism makes God, or the good, and heaven to be equivalent to nothing, it intensifies and exaggerates evil. Though heaven is a blank, hell is a very solid reality. It is present and future too. Everything in the thousand hells of Buddhism is painted as vividly as in the hell of Dante. God has disappeared from the universe, and in his place is only the inexorable law, which grinds on forever. It punishes and rewards, but has no love in it. It is only dead, cold, hard, cruel, unrelenting law. Yet Buddhists are not atheists, any more than a child who has never heard of God is an atheist. A child is neither deist nor atheist: he has *no* theology.

We see, then, that here, as elsewhere, the superiority of Christianity is to be found in its quantity,—in its fulness of life. It touches Buddhism at all its good points, in all its truths. It accepts the Buddhistic doctrine of rewards and

punishments, of law, progress, self-denial, self-control, humanity, charity, equality of man with man, and pity for human sorrow; but to all this it adds—how much more! It fills up the dreary void of Buddhism with a living God; with a life of God in man's soul, a heaven here as well as hereafter. It gives a divine as real as the human, an infinite as solid as the finite. And this it does, not by a system of thought, but by a fountain and stream of life. If all Christian words, the New Testament included, were destroyed, we should lose a vast deal no doubt; but we should not lose Christianity; for that is not a book, but a life. Out of that stream of life would be again developed the conception of Christianity, as a thought and a belief. We should be like the people living on the banks of the Nile, ignorant for five thousand years of its sources; not knowing whence its beneficent inundations were derived; not knowing by what miracle its great stream could flow on and on amid the intense heats, where no rain falls, and fed during a course of twelve hundred miles by no single affluent, yet not absorbed in the sand, nor evaporated by the ever-burning sun. But though ignorant of its source, they know it has a source, and can enjoy all its benefits and blessings. So Christianity is a full river of life, containing truths apparently the most antagonistic, filling the soul and heart of man and the social state of nations with its impulses and its ideas. We should lose much in losing our positive knowledge of its history; but if all the books were gone, the tablets of the human heart would remain, and on those would be written the everlasting Gospel of Jesus, in living letters which no years could efface and no changes conceal.

A CARPET-BAGGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

II.

THE OIL REGION.

I LEFT Towanda on the morning after the election, and by running through to Dunkirk, on the Erie Railroad, and there taking a new "cross-cut" road to the oil regions, reached Corry the same night.

If in this day's ride I noticed any picturesque feature of the country which has not been often enough described, it was the root-fences. I am not aware that justice has ever been done to these by pen or pencil. What astonishing stereoscopic views they would make! The farmers have a machine by which the stumps of demolished forests are drawn, like Titanic teeth, enormous prongs and all. These, hauled away, and turned up in grinning rows on the borders of fields and farms, make an enclosure of stupendous proportions. I can fancy the wild stag standing dismayed before their gnarled, contorted, and sprawling antlers, sunken in the earth, and yet loftily overtopping his own. I am not speaking here of the common root-fence, to be seen in almost any new country, built of the smaller and more easily handled forest roots, but of the grander sort, — such as one sees only now and then, even on the line of the Erie Road, — to the construction of which the hugest roots have contributed. The ends of the prongs have been cut or broken off, in order to reduce their branching irregularities to some manageable shape; but otherwise these Laocoon-suggesting forms retain all the nodes and flexures and tremendous tortuosities which the great Artist gave them. I recommend them to the attention of the photographer.

Nov. 5, Corry. — A fungus of a town that has suddenly sprung up here in a clearing of the woods. Nine years ago there was not even a clearing. But two railroads — the Philadelphia and Erie and the Atlantic and Great Western

— found it convenient to cross here; petroleum was "developed" on Oil Creek, rendering necessary a third railroad, down thither, from this junction; hence, Corry in the wilderness. A new "cross-cut" road (already alluded to) has recently been completed, connecting the oil regions more directly with Dunkirk and Buffalo; so that now Corry lies in the woods, like a spider with six legs branching out in as many directions.

The town to-day claims a population of some thousands, — one man says five, another seven, and a third ten. As the last offers to support his figures by large bets of money, I distrust him, and incline towards the more modest estimates. Perhaps he counts the stumps with the inhabitants. Those make a large population by themselves. There are stumps in front yards, stumps on street corners, stump-lots all around. There is a pretty row of dwelling-houses on one side of a street, and on the other side a field of half-burnt columnar trunks and trees upturned by the roots. The plank sidewalks go charging bravely up the woody hill, as if they meant to carry it by storm, but become demoralized on the outskirts of the town, and show a tendency to fall back. I notice one that seems undecided in its mind whether to keep on, retreat, or climb a tree. Yet the business part of Corry looks very much like business; and here is one of the largest oil-refineries (some say the largest) in the world.

A fresh and kindly morning, after a night's rain. Nature seems pleased with the election returns: the mists drifting away over the hills, the sunlight striking on the pines, the crowing of cocks far and near (they must be good Republican cocks), invest even this rough, new place with an atmosphere of romance and beauty.

10, A. M. — Leave Corry for Oil Creek. Train crowded with passengers of both sexes, mostly bound for the oil region, as I infer from the general sociability that prevails among them. In traveling, one finds that people invariably grow more and more talkative about him as some new scene of excitement is approached; and last night on coming to Corry, and again this morning on quitting it, I have been constantly reminded that I am drawing near a region of extraordinary human interest and activity, by the way in which the usual barriers of reserve betwixt man and man are broken down.

Our route lies mostly through tangled woods, — civilization cropping out only here and there in a stump-lot or corn and pumpkin field. Soon we come in sight of Oil Creek, flowing down through the frost-covered hills of the northwest. We strike its left bank, and keep it, — the railroad line cutting across the base of precipitous cliffs, and, farther on, winding through the narrow valley; — woods on all sides, in the midst of which patches of cultivated land appear, — very poor land, I should say. Yet this is the region over which the rage of speculation scattered fortunes a few years ago.

An inhabitant gets on at a way station, and takes a seat by my side. "All this land along here," he tells me, "went up to two hundred dollars an acre, at one time. I have a mighty poor farm, and I was offered that for it. But I was going to have two hundred and ten; — a hundred acres, twenty-one thousand dollars; — a handsome pile for a poor devil like me. But before I got it, the bubble burst; and the prices fell away from my fingers so fast I never could overtake 'em. When I concluded to take two hundred, they had got down to a hundred and fifty; and before I could open my mouth to say I would take that, they dropped to a hundred, to fifty, to nothing. I'd be glad enough to sell for nine dollars an acre to-day."

The appearance of lonely derricks, keeping ghostly guard over abandoned

wells, shows that we are entering the great oil district. We are on its remote northern borders as yet; it lies chiefly in Venango County, and we are still in Crawford. The derricks, tall, tapering, quadrangular frames, forty or fifty feet high, and perhaps ten feet broad at the base, are all weather-blackened and ancient, showing that it is long since the last of them was reared, and consequently long since the tide of oil speculation receded from these parts. Long, and yet it is not ten years since the first oil-well in the country was sunk. They count time here by pump-strokes; and the "territory" that ceases to "produce" becomes "old" in a fortnight.

The derricks increase in number as we approach Titusville. They loom up over the house-tops, they tower in gardens and backyards, they stand in the desolate fields, — hollow frames through which the wild winds whistle. They appear on both sides of the creek, and far down the valley as the eye can reach.

At Titusville, on the lower borders of Crawford County, a large number of passengers disembark, myself among them. A hurriedly built town, of the rough-and-ready sort; a town abounding in oil-cars and oil-tanks, and redolent of oil; a town through which the creek flows with an interesting glistening scum of oil; a town with a brief but eventful history.

Here the first oil-well was sunk. Before that time Titusville (named after a family of Tituses) was a small backwoods village, with a population of raftsmen and lumbermen numbering about two hundred. Oil flowed from that well, and in five years Titusville became the fourth post-office town in the State. It had forty hotels, and a fixed or floating population of I know not how many thousands, — speculators, shopkeepers, well-diggers, and teamsters. The army of teamsters alone numbered at one time not less than four thousand.

Very different is Titusville to-day. The brick blocks that sprang up in that

period of excitement still remain ; and I am told that it has now a permanent population of seven thousand. But comparative quiet reigns here. The forty hotels have been reduced to four or five. This change has not been brought about simply by the failure of wells in this vicinity and the continuation of the railroad down the creek. Oil enough still comes here to keep up the old excitement, if teams were any longer of use in conveying it. Teamsters supported the hotels, the shops, the smithies, and kept various branches of business alive ; but the time came for a revolution in this cumbersome and costly method of transportation.

Teamsters were to be superseded. The right man stepped forward at the right moment, and spoke the word of common sense, — always a danger and a menace to old routine. "Instead of all this clatter and hubbub of wagons and whips and oaths, in carrying loads of barrels over land, why not," said he, "send the oil silently flowing underground, through pipes, like so much Croton or Cochituate water?" The trouble was, that in many places it would have to run up hill ; moreover, being so much lighter, and at the same time less fluent than water, it might require help even in going down hill. These difficulties were to be overcome by means of force-pumps. The first transportation-pipe was laid in the summer of 1863, from Tarr Farm, on Oil Creek, to the Plumer refinery, on Cherry Run, a distance of three miles. Here the oil had to be driven up by steam-pumps over an elevation four hundred feet above the creek. The enterprise was only a partial success. In the following year the Harleys projected a general system of pipes for the entire oil region, and commenced operations in the fall. The reform was of course opposed — as all such reforms must be at the outset — by the class whose interests were assailed. Mobs of teamsters tore up the pipes, burned the tanks, and threatened the lives of the pipe-layers. This was done repeatedly ; but it was striving against fate. In

1865 the system was fairly established, in spite of all opposition ; and now almost the entire product of the oil region, amounting to ten thousand barrels a day, flows or is forced through pipes, from the scattered farms, to the railroad centres, and the army of teamsters has disappeared. A great saving in the expense of transportation, in whiskey and profanity, has been the result.

About a mile below Titusville, the first oil-well derrick that was ever built, in this or any other country, is still to be seen. In the light which petroleum has thrown upon the world since, the history of this primitive enterprise stands out like a romance, the interest of which is heightened not a little by the fact that the man who first bored for oil, and by his pluck and perseverance, not only flooded a community with sudden riches, but increased the wealth of the world, is to-day himself a poor man.

That man is Mr. E. L. Drake, commonly called "Colonel Drake" in the oil region. He first made his appearance here in 1857. Previous to that time he had been a conductor on a railroad in Connecticut. He went to Oil Creek to obtain for another person an acknowledgment of a deed from one Squire Trowbridge, living in Cherry-Tree township, a few miles below Titusville.

At Titusville he had occasion to call at the office of Messrs. Brewer and Watson, lumber merchants. On Dr. Brewer's desk his eye fell upon a bottle with a strange label. "What is this?" he asked.

"This," said the doctor, "is mineral oil. It is what the druggists sell under the name of rock oil, or Seneca, or American oil. It flows from natural springs on our flats, a mile and a half below here."

Drake's curiosity was excited. If he had ever heard of the phenomenon of oil flowing out of the ground, he had never given it a thought before. He was curious to hear all the doctor had to tell of its history.

The oil was known to the Indians ;

and the tribe of Senecas, who introduced it as a medicine or liniment to the white settlers, used it also in mixing their war-paints, and in anointing their hideous, glistening bodies for the midnight dance. But there is evidence that it was known to a superior race that occupied the country before the Indians,—probably the mound-builders of our Western valleys. Remains of what were undoubtedly ancient oil-pits, walled in by well-jointed timbers kept from decay by the oil in the earth in which they were imbedded, have been discovered; and their antiquity is shown by the fact that there were found in them, similarly preserved, the roots of large forest trees, which had once overgrown them but had passed away.

Oil had long been gathered from Brewer and Watson's springs by the white settlers, who used it as a liniment, or sold it to the druggists. It was found covering the surface of the water, and was absorbed by blankets. But Dr. Brewer having conceived the idea of using it in lighting the saw-mills of the firm, and also for lubricating purposes, an improved method of obtaining it was devised by his foreman. He pumped the water of the springs into tanks, and collected the oil from the surface in considerable quantities; what was not used in the saw-mills was sold for the mutual benefit of the foreman and the firm. This, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was the first systematic attempt ever made to procure and utilize American rock oil; and it was, so far as it went, a success.

The business had reached this primitive early stage, when, in 1854, a relative of Dr. Brewer's, Mr. Albert H. Crosby, of Hanover N. H., visiting him at Titusville, carelessly asked his advice with regard to a promising enterprise for a young man. The doctor as carelessly replied, "Go to gathering this oil and selling it." The young man replied, after a moment's thought, "There is more in that idea than you are perhaps aware of." He carried a bottle of the oil away with him, and soon succeeded, with the help of Mr. George

H. Bissell and Mr. G. J. Eveleth, in forming what was known as the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company." This company was organized in the fall of 1854, with a nominal capital (entirely nominal, I suspect) of three hundred thousand dollars. It purchased of Dr. Brewer one hundred acres of land (which it did not pay for), caused the oil to be analyzed, exhibited, and puffed, and politely invited the public to take its stock. This, however, was generally regarded as "fancy," and shrewd capitalists smilingly shook their heads. So the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company went down,—if it can be said ever to have been up.

In 1855, interest in the subject was revived by an analysis of the oil, and a favorable report of it, made by Professor Silliman; and a new company was organized at New Haven, which took the unpaid-for oil territory off the old company's hands. Little, however, had been done by either of these companies towards developing the property, at the time of Drake's visit. Narrow trenches had been dug, twelve or fifteen feet deep, and sixty or seventy feet long, converging at a point where the oil and water were pumped into tanks; and this was about all. Only a few barrels of oil were obtained in the course of a season. It was then worth, at retail, a dollar and a half a gallon.

Drake listened attentively to this account, and, borrowing a pair of water-proof boots of Dr. Brewer, went down on the Flat—"Watson's Flat" it is called—to look at the oil-springs. Nothing had been doing there at that time; but he thought something might be done. An idea struck him: "Why not bore to the sources of the oil, and obtain it in large quantities?" And he returned to the East, his brain fermenting with that notion.

The result was that he returned, in the following year, as agent for the New Haven Company, with full authority (though with limited means) for developing the property by boring.

Drake may have got his idea from having heard that parties, sinking arte-

sian wells for salt, down on the Alleghany, were sometimes annoyed and incommoded by meeting with a flow of oil. At all events, his first step was to visit the salt-works near Pittsburg, and engage experienced hands to go up and sink a well for him. A bargain was made; but it was not kept, the honest drillers for salt concluding, after Drake's departure, that the man must be a fool who thought of drilling for oil. A second trip to Pittsburg, in a buggy (there was no railroad from Oil Creek then), resulted in another contract, which was broken for similar reasons. Drake then made a third trip; and finding it idle to talk of oil to men who were accustomed to regard it only as a nuisance troubling their salt-water veins, he proposed to one of them to go with him and bore for salt. Salt seemed reasonable, and the man accepted his offer; and finally, in June, 1859, ground was broken for the first artesian oil-well.

The drillers wished to make a large cribbed opening to the rock, which seems to have been their usual method of starting a well. But Drake said he would drive down an iron tube instead. This plan, which his friends claim was original with him (if so, it is a pity he did n't secure a patent for it, which would be worth a fortune to him now), was adopted, and it has been in use ever since, not only in sinking oil wells, but in artesian borings for other purposes. The pipe was driven thirty-two feet, to the first stratum of rock. The workmen then drilled thirty-seven feet and six inches farther, entering what is known as the first sand rock, and making a total depth of sixty-nine and a half feet. They were at this point, when, one day (August 28, 1859), as the tools were lifted out of the bore, a foaming, dingy fluid, resembling somewhat in appearance boiling maple sugar, rushed up, and stood within a few inches of the top of the pipe. It was oil.

In the meanwhile Drake had had great difficulties to overcome; and greater were before him. There were still no railroads in that part of the country,

and all his machinery and apparatus had to come in wagons from Erie, — a distance of forty miles. He had to send to Erie for everything, — once even for a couple of common shovels, the store at Titusville being unable to furnish them. He had soon spent the money advanced to him by the company, and it refused to advance him more. He had exhausted his credit, too, and could not get trusted for the value of an oak plank or a centre-bit. He was thought insane, and people called him "Crazy Drake." His workmen were unpaid and discontented, and his enterprise must have failed when on the very verge of success, had not two gentlemen of Titusville, worthy of mention here, — Messrs. R. D. Fletcher and Peter Wilson, — having faith in the man and his work, come to his assistance. They indorsed his paper and loaned him money; and with this timely aid he struck oil.

Yet even now, with his well in operation, pumping twenty-five barrels a day, he seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into difficulty. He found, as he afterwards said, that he had an elephant on his hands. There had been a demand for oil, at a good price, in small quantities; but there was no demand for it in large quantities. Imitators followed him, other wells were sunk, and the market was flooded. Teamsters charged ten dollars for hauling a barrel to Erie, where it would not fetch ten dollars. The oil could not be generally used as an illuminating agent without being refined, and the coal-oil refiners refused to touch a barrel production, whose success in the market would be likely to injure their interests. Drake's health, if not his spirits, gave way under these complications, and he returned to the East about the time when petroleum — first refined by James McKeown and Samuel Kier of Pittsburg — was coming into general use. The great oil excitement came too late for poor Drake to profit by it. He is now, as I have said, a poor man, after having been the author of wealth to many and of comfort to millions. He

may console himself with the reflection (if he is a good patriot) that petroleum, which he gave to the country, paid a government tax at one period (1864-65) of ten thousand dollars a day; but he would be better consoled, I doubt not, if now the country should do something for him.

To-day the banks of the Creek, all the way from Titusville to Oil City, bristle with interminable forests of derricks. Whichever way you look, there they lift their melancholy frames, like an army of gigantic, headless skeletons. It is a strange sight, when the red eye of sunset glows through their hollow ribs. Here they stand like stragglers along the flats and slopes, and there they rise in clusters, thick as masts in a harbor. A few scattered farms or solitary wells are enlivened by puffs of steam and the creaking of engines, which show that the land still yields oil in spots. But many of the wells never struck oil; many more have long since ceased to "produce"; so that the majority of the derricks are now abandoned wrecks, which their builders, departing in haste to fresh territory, could not take the time or trouble to tear down.

As the country bristles with derricks, so its annals, since Drake's time, abound with personal romances. You seem to be travelling in a land of melodrama. Almost everybody you meet has been suddenly enriched or suddenly ruined (perhaps both within a short space of time), or knows plenty of people who have been. Writers of the thrilling-incident style of fiction should come here and replenish their worn-out stock of ideas. Robberies, tragic deaths, bankruptcies, burning oil-wells; fleets of oil-boats on fire, sweeping down stream in clouds of smoke and flame, destroying everything in their course; the rich reduced to want; vulgar families, the millionnaires of a moment, tricked out in the unaccustomed trappings of wealth, like Sandwich-Islanders in civilized hats and trousers;—walk up, gentlemen, and take your choice of subjects.

Some of these modern matters of

fact contain the elements of antique tragedy. Take poor Widow McClintock's history,—her famous farm spouting oleaginous wealth for her; sudden, splendid fortune leading to sudden, tragic doom. One day, kindling a fire in her house, she puts plentiful petroleum on it. Petroleum, faithful friend, that brought her affluence, seems wroth at such ingratitude, flashes back upon her, and, like an incensed Greek divinity, bestows his final fatal gift, a winding-sheet of flame. Adieu, Mrs. McClintock! Too much of oil hadst thou, poor, lone widow!

Even more fearfully tragic was the fate of that well-known, successful oilman, who initiated the terrible fashion of burning wells. "Gentlemen," he remarked, one day, having struck a vein which shot its dingy, wide-spattering jet to the top of the derrick,—"Gentlemen" (puffing his cigar), "I am fifty thousand dollars richer to-day than I was yesterday." He stepped into the derrick to give directions for securing the oil, and was instantaneously enveloped in a pyramid of fire. His cigar must have ignited the gas escaping with the oil; and the whole had burst into a vast volume of flame, putting a swift end to him and his dream of riches. Several lives were lost by this terrible accident. The fire raged like a volcanic eruption; and it was two weeks before the roaring fountain of oil and gas could be extinguished.

Then there is the Benninghoff robbery, of quite recent date (January, 1868), and a very good thing in its way. Scene: Benninghoff farmhouse, near Petroleum Centre. Family sitting together at night,—Mr. Benninghoff, his wife and niece, and two hired men. Four robbers rush in, masked with handkerchiefs and comforters, present pistols, threaten lives, and proceed to bind and spoil. Hired men sit inane, making no resistance. Old man Benninghoff uses lungs and limbs to some purpose, till gagged and bound. The family secured, two of the bandits stand guard over them, while the other two open safes and ransack drawers,

and relieve the old man (who, having come into possession of sudden riches, has unluckily chosen to be his own banker) of two hundred and ten thousand dollars in national bonds and greenbacks. (A still larger sum, in one of the safes, is overlooked.) Their booty secured, the visitors proceed to regale themselves with honest bread and milk. Then they slip-noose one of the non-resistant hired men, and conduct him to the barn, where he harnesses horses for them, with a halter round his own neck. He is rewarded by being led back into the house, and rebound. Exeunt robbers, with Benninghoff's horses and sleigh. For this daring deed respectable citizens of Titusville (you will shake hands with them, if you go there) were snatched up by the law, but dropped again speedily, there being no proof that they had eaten the Benninghoff bread and milk in that irregular manner. The real robbers, having abandoned at their convenience the sleigh and horses (but not the money; that went with the irrecoverable bread and milk), disappear utterly, and are seen no more, except in the bad wood-cuts of the illustrated papers.

Then there is the story of the adopted son, once notorious in this region, whose revenue from inherited oil-lands was at one time so bewilderingly magnificent that it might well turn the head of one whom neither natural parts nor cultivation had fitted for such fortune. One hears amusing stories told of his extravagances, almost too absurd to be true, one would think. It is said that he delighted to walk the streets of one of the great cities with a crew of jovial companions, who lived upon his bounty and laughed at his folly, and indulge in such practical and expensive jests as this: If he saw before him a hat that did n't just suit his fancy, he would step gayly up and knock it with swift stroke into the gutter; then, when the wrathful stranger turned with revengeful eye and fist, he would adroitly escape retribution and disarm resentment by saying

politely: "Beg pardon! I took you for a friend of mine. Walk right into this hat-store, and oblige me by suiting yourself to the handsomest beaver you can find, at my expense."

This youth indulged the fond delusion that he was a great man because he had money, and that the vulgar usages of life were beneath his notice. Once, when he was on a visit to Philadelphia, a cabman, who took him to a hotel, had the impudence then and there to ask for the customary fee. Young Petroleum was so incensed at this untimely importunity, which the hotel, through miserable ignorance of the character of its guest, had permitted (instead of paying the fee and putting it into his bill), that he immediately quitted the house, flinging indignant greenbacks at those who had so grievously misunderstood him, called another cab, and went to another hotel.

Some rumor of the princely youth's temper must have reached the second cabman, for he said nothing of any fee. The next morning he was again before the hotel, waiting, whip in fist, and ready to open the cab-door, at the moment the prince appeared; and drove him about town with cheerful alacrity, still with no hint in regard to pay. This happened every day for a week, and it pleased the prince; here was treatment befitting his rank. At the week's end, he said, "Cabby, I want you to do me a favor." Cabby grinned, obsequious. "I want you to go and help me pick out the finest pair of horses we can find, and a cab and harness to match. I think of going into the business a little, myself. Understand?"

"It is a good business," said Cabby, approvingly.

The purchase was accordingly made, and Cabby drove the prince about in the new cab, a few days longer. Then the prince said to Cabby: "I guess you may as well sell your old turnout; for you see, Cabby, my boy, this new concern will suit you better; and I beg you to accept it as a slight token of regard, from yours truly."

The munificent young fellow amused himself at one time by running a theatre. His latest extravagance was a troupe of negro minstrels, whom he hired, equipped, and presented with gold chains and diamond pins,—for he was a generous prince while his fortune lasted. No niggard, he spent all his revenue, and more. At last, the flowing wells stopped flowing; and, to pay his debts, or rather, because he did n't find it easy to contract new ones, he was glad to sell his interest in the oil lands for a round sum. Then one morning he awoke and found himself a poor man. He was next heard of as the hired doorkeeper to his own minstrel troupe. I hope he had succeeded, better than spendthrifts generally do, in making unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and that the gold chains and the diamonds were remembered to his advantage.

At Titusville I make diligent inquiries for flowing wells, and am told that they are obsolete. Not only have the times gone by when wells poured out, unsolicited by the pump, one, two, or even three thousand barrels of oil a day, but it is now some time since the last well ceased to flow at all. It is not probable that the phenomenon will ever again occur in this region, the compression of gas in subterranean reservoirs (which was, I suppose, the cause of it) having been relieved by numberless artesian tapplings. Pumping is now the order of the day; and if a well yields thirty or forty barrels, it is held in high esteem. The largest amount I can hear of any well producing is a hundred and seventy-five barrels, the daily tribute of a single well on Cherry-Tree Run.

Many pumping wells, which produced only a paltry hundred or two hundred barrels at the time when the great flowing wells had brought down the price of oil to ten cents a barrel, and which were then abandoned because it did not pay to run machinery for so small a quantity, have since been reopened; and the owners are only too happy to work them for a return of twenty or thirty

barrels, oil being now worth four dollars at the wells, instead of ten cents.

But such wells are not often worth reopening. If abandoned while yielding oil, they seem to resent the slight, and to dry up like a neglected-milch cow.

"A friend of mine," says a table acquaintance, "struck oil once, and got a splendid flowing well. He plugged it, to save the oil till he could build a tank; when he opened it again, the oil was gone, and no coaxing would bring it back again."

Similar occurrences have been common. Water getting into a well may have the effect of driving the oil back; and sometimes the wells of a whole neighborhood have been ruined through the negligence or malice or despair of one man. But such loss in one locality may result in gain to another, the flooding of one set of wells having been known to force up the oil in exhausted or previously unproductive wells on other ground.

Wishing to see the oil district both in its liveliest and most desolate aspects, I am advised to visit first Pleasantville, and then Pithole. Pleasantville is the scene of the latest oil excitement. Accordingly, I accept an invitation from Mr. Hall, city clerk of Titusville, who offers to drive me over there in his buggy.

It is an auspicious morning in the heavens, though fearful under the wheels, when we start. Recent rains and heavy travel have softened and churned the deep soil of the highway into a river of mud, just thick enough not to flow; and we are thankful for a plank road on one side, which serves to keep us somewhere near the surface of the country. The planks are overflowed with the mud, of course; but they are there, like a partially submerged wharf lining the shore of a stream. As we keep the plank by keeping to the right, it is the teams we meet that are forced to give way to us, and drive off into the depths.

The country back from Oil Creek (Pleasantville lies on the high land east

of it) is hilly, and the soil poor. We pass, on the outskirts of Titusville, two or three puffing and creaking engines, with their slowly seesawing walking-beams, pumping their eight or ten barrels of oil a day from wayside wells; then a few abandoned derricks; and then for a time all indications that we are in an oil country disappear.

I must except, however, those unmistakable signs, the going and coming teams. There is no railroad to Pleasantville, and everything — except the oil, which flows through underground pipes — has to be hauled to and from the new territory in wagons. These go over loaded, and usually return empty. Here is a steam-engine on its way, going to drill and to pump. Here goes a curious machine, called a "crevice-searcher." Loads of coal, of iron tubing, of drillers' tools, of long suction-rods, of lumber, of immense staves for tanks, follow at intervals, never suffering us to forget for a minute that we are in the realm of petroleum.

Some six miles from Titusville, a city of unfinished church steeples looms up over the hills. This is Pleasantville, the quietest of all inland *villes* a few months ago, known chiefly to speculators and teamsters, who used to make it a stopping-place on their way to Pithole. The unfinished steeples are the derricks of hundreds of new oil-wells.

The scene, as we enter the town, is sufficiently astonishing. It looks as if there had been a recent mighty upheaval of mud, and that heterogeneous portions of two or three villages had been hurled together here on its mighty waves. The tide is level with the front-doors of many of the houses; and it appears flowing into some. Occasionally there is a good bit of sidewalk, terminating generally in a ditch, which in the night-time looks too much like a continuation of the planks, and which, as I afterwards learn to my sorrow, strangers are invariably predestined to step off into.

The few respectable or old houses that stood here before the flood seem to be retiring in disgust from the fleet of

strange shops and dwellings that have drifted in and stranded by their sides. What a motley host are these! You can almost see them crowding and elbowing their way. Some are of the style called "portable houses," built for a nomadic existence; they have been brought hither in a hurry from Pithole, or some other lately populous but now desolate encampment of King Petroleum, and have, perhaps, been jointed and unjointed two or three times before. Where the latest oil is struck, there these wooden tents are pitched.

Other houses, not of the portable class, have also been torn down elsewhere, and brought hither, to be rebuilt. The Chase House, at which we put up, is a notable example. A large, first-class hotel (for the oil region), built at Pithole, and completed just as the business of that famous ephemeral city began suddenly to fail, it soon found itself a banquet-hall deserted; its guests had fled; and as they would not return to it, it resolved to follow them. Its dislocated frame and immense shell have been stuck together again as well as could be expected; but everywhere windows that won't rise, and doors that refuse to close, betoken the period of pain and travel which the great hulk has passed through.

Then there is the still more numerous class of new buildings, mostly "board houses" and shanties. They look as if they might nearly all have been built by the boss carpenter whom I hear extolled at a street-corner: "He beats the devil, slingin' houses together."

Having disposed of our horse and carpet-bag, we tuck our trousers into our boots, and prepare for a muddy tramp. The scene from the summit of the main street commands a moment's pause and consideration. Was the like ever witnessed anywhere else in the world, out of these oil regions? Amidst this city of unfinished steeples is scattered another city of still more numerous shanties. The lately peaceful fields and pastures of what was once Pleasantville (now anything but pleasant) are covered with them. Some are shops or

dwellings. Some are roofed oil-tanks, or the enclosed lower stages of derricks. But the majority of them appear to be hut-like shelters thrown over the engines. To all which a picturesque effect is given by countless puffing clouds of steam, rising over the roofs, and amid the tall derricks, and drifting off like soft, white plumes blown by a gentle wind.

I note the signs of business activity on all sides; coopers' shops, carpenters' shops, tool shops, "rigs fitted" here, "wells fitted" there, trenches digging for pipes, piles of lumber, piles of iron well-casing and pump-tubing, old boilers cast aside, new boilers getting into place, engines pumping, and little black streams, supposed to be oil, dripping, drizzling, or generously spouting, from long horizontal pipes running out from the derricks over the high tops of tanks. All this on a few acres of ground. Not a fence is visible anywhere around; everything combustible of that sort having gone into the throats of boilers long ago.

The new derricks here are much more imposing than the old ones in Oil Creek. They are nearly sixty feet high, strong, well-braced, pyramidal frames. One end of the walking-beam is in the derrick, and plays up and down over the six-inch hole called a well, drilling or pumping, as the case may be.

I don't know how many derricks can be counted from the high ground about Pleasantville. But my friends of the *Titusville Herald* (whose careful monthly petroleum report is quoted in *New York and London*) have slipped into my note-book a statement which credits the oil region with four hundred and thirty-five new wells now drilling, two hundred and thirteen of which — nearly half the entire number — are in the Pleasantville district. This district extends over two or three square miles, but its bustling nucleus is here. These two hundred and thirteen do not include the finished wells, which are a much smaller number, however, the territory being new.

To complete the picture, one must fancy the army of drillers, pumpers, engineers, contractors, landowners, and speculators. Prominent among these you will be sure to see the antique type of his class, — the tall, thin, sharp-featured, long-bearded, shabby, elderly gentleman, in bad hat and boots mudded to the tops, who lies in wait for strangers, — the Ancient Mariner of the oil regions, who holds you with his glittering eye, while he tells you of fine oil territory for sale or to lease.

Still another characteristic feature of the place is the pale, flapping flag of flame unfurled from the perforated ends of a gas-pipe stuck up high in the air. This is the flambeau of gas, which lights up the scene at night, and which (so prodigal is nature's supply, without metre and without tax) is often left burning, with pallid, ghastly glare by day. Then there is at all times the strong, pervading smell of petroleum.

Such is Pleasantville, quietest of villages a few months ago, and now the liveliest oil-pumping, hole-drilling place in the State, — that is to say, in the world. Whence the change? Early in the days of speculation in oil lands, much of the country about here was bought up and held at high prices, until experience seemed to have demonstrated that accessible oil veins were confined to the low lands and the banks of streams. Pleasantville is high and hilly. So the farms thus secured soon slipped out of the hands of speculators, and fell back to their old prices. And there they remained, until a man named Abraham James, a spiritualist and a medium, passed this way. Here is what he says happened to him, as he was for the first time (October, 1866) riding through Pleasantville with some friends: —

"I was violently influenced and controlled by a power outside myself. Forced from the buggy, over the fence, and becoming entirely unconscious, I was moved some distance across the field, and made to stop upon a certain location, where my controlling influences said to those present, pointing

towards the earth, "Here is an immense amount of petroleum!"

This assertion seems to have been corroborated by abundant dreams and visions; and in August, 1867, amidst the scoffs of unbelievers, work was commenced by the faithful on the spot indicated. In December a depth of seven hundred feet had been reached, and the third sand rock passed through. Still no oil. The faithful began to falter; and stock in the "Harmonial Well" — for so it had been named, in honor of the spiritual philosophy — became a laughing-stock throughout the oil region.

Still James and a small band of believers kept the drills going; and people who reviled their creed began to admire their pluck. This certainly was real, whatever might be said of their powers of prophecy. In January the tools had gone down a hundred feet farther, and still there was "no show." When compared with Drake's well, which struck oil at sixty-nine and a half feet, this eight-hundred-foot well of the Harmonials was certainly, as an enterprise, deserving of respect. When compared with the deepest wells that had yet found oil (beginning at Drake's depth, they had finally got down to six hundred feet, on Pithole Creek), it looked to secular eyes like that most abhorred and derided thing, a "dry hole."

It was not "Crazy Drake" now, who was the subject of derisive comment: it was "Crazy James." People laughed louder than ever when he proceeded to build tanks for his oil, — a folly of which no sane man, in testing new territory, had ever yet been guilty. But James was so sure of his bird that he determined to have the cage ready. And, whether the man had really been guided by magnetic or clairvoyant or spiritual powers, or whether he had simply made a fortunate hit in a forlorn enterprise, it was not long before the cage came in use.

On the last day of January, the tools were well down in the fourth sand rock, at a depth of eight hundred and thirty-

five feet; and on the morning of the 1st of February, the little world of Pleasantville was astounded by the news that oil had been struck. The pumping apparatus was adjusted, and the amazed citizens saw a stream of black oil spout into the tanks. Everybody was in high glee; not the Harmonials alone, who were of course rejoiced at an event which seemed to justify their large outlay of faith and money, but the grim farmers of the neighborhood, who, though they did not believe in spiritual gifts, did believe most firmly in a flow of oil, rubbed their rough hands with satisfaction, well aware how this lucky chance, as they called it, would affect the value of their lands.

This happened only nine months ago, and now witness the result. James's "Harmonial Well, No. 1," made known to all comers by the conspicuous sign nailed aloft on the derrick (all the wells are named and labelled in this way), is surrounded by a community of derricks thick as trees on a Southern "deadning."

I hardly know what effect this practical argument of the spiritualists may have had on the minds of unbelievers. I talk with some of these, who smile at it, saying that, although James's enterprise succeeded, many similar attempts to find oil or treasure through spirit agencies have failed, and that consequently nothing is proved. Still I perceive that they speak of James with respect. "There is one good thing, success." Everybody appreciates that.

James has located many wells since, both for himself and others; all of which, that have gone deep enough, have found oil. It was this same Abraham James, by the way, who located the artesian wells at Chicago, one of which yields a large supply of pure water, and the other of which produced, in response to earnest pumping, a small quantity of petroleum.

I find a number of spiritualists, of the practical sort, at Pleasantville, and a still larger class of persons who do not believe in spiritual agencies, but who yet have faith in the location of wells

through the indications of the hazel switch in sensitive hands. A goodly proportion of the wells now drilling are going down on spots where mediums have stuck their sticks or the hazel rod has turned.

Let us look at some of the wells. Here is one that is just starting. An iron tube, about six inches in diameter, is driven to the rock by a pile-driver. "What do you do if you strike a boulder before you get to the rock?" I ask the workmen. "Drill through it, ream it out, then drive again." But this is a rare event compared with what occurs in some localities, where the driven tube takes on boulders like a string of beads. After the tube reaches the rock, its earthy contents are removed by means of water and a sand-pump, and the drilling begins.

Close by, carpenters are building a derrick. Two rods farther on there is a derrick in operation. The lower stage is enclosed with rough boards, as a protection against the weather. We step in through a rude door, and are immediately greeted by a shower of muddy water. We are at the same time made aware of something whirling with furious rapidity and no small clatter on the opposite side of the derrick. This we discover to be a windlass. A drenched rope, hundreds of feet in length and very strong, uncoiling from it, passes over a pulley in the top of the derrick, and drops perpendicularly through a hole in the centre of a strong plank platform, on which we stand. This hole is the entrance to the well. Attached to the lower end of the rope are the driller's tools, which, having been drawn out for some purpose, are being let down into the well again. Descending by their own tremendous weight, they unwind the wet rope, which whirls the windlass, and envelopes itself and us in the before-mentioned profuse centrifugal shower.

At a depth of seven hundred feet, the tools approach the bottom, and their speed is checked by a brake applied to the windlass. They strike, and the windlass is stopped. The rope is then

attached to a powerful walking-beam, by an apparatus which hangs from the latter directly over the hole in the floor. A bell is jingled; the engine in an adjacent shanty is set in motion; the great beam rises and falls; the rope plays up and down through the hole in the platform, like a bell-rope through a belfry floor; the tools are lifted and let fall with every stroke; and this is the process of drilling.

The driller (there is but one in the derrick) thrusts a stick for a lever through a knot in the rope, and begins to walk round with it, first in one direction, and then in the other. With every stroke of the walking-beam, he gives the rope a little turn. This is necessary in order to prevent the centre-bit, or drill, from working all the while in one spot, and to force it to make a round hole. Then, every few minutes, he turns a screw in the apparatus which clasps the rope, and which lowers it by degrees, as the drill works its way down into the rock.

Holding an ear over the hole, we hear a rushing of water. It is a stream from veins fifty feet below us, falling into the well. "We can't drill without water," says the man. "Before we strike a vein, we have to put water into the bore. It softens the rock, and helps the drill, and takes up the sediment so it can be pumped out."

Noticing an intelligent face under the rough and mud-bespattered felt hat, we ask if he has worked long at the business.

"Longer than I ever shall again," he answers with a grin. "I was one of the first fellows on Oil Creek."

"Well, you have made some improvements in boring since then," we observe.

"That's so," he responds, with emphasis. "We used to kick wells down there. We had no steam-engines, you know," he goes on to explain. "We set a spring-pole, which took the place of a walking-beam. The rope and tools were fastened to it, and it lifted them, when we let up on it. The rope was furnished with a sort of double stirrup,

which two of us put our feet into. Then, when the tools were up, we came down on the stirrup, and that bent the pole, and let 'em drop again. We called that kicking a well down. All the first wells were sunk in that way, except a few that were put down by horse-power. Now the walking-beam does it all."

We suggest that one who has been so long in the business must have seen a few fortunes change hands.

"I've seen one too many," he says, significantly.

"How so?"

"Why, when a man sees a fortune go out of his own hands into the next man's, there ain't much fun in it. I made a pile of money; and three years ago I was worth sixty thousand dollars. But I did n't know enough to keep it. I went on speculating, when I ought to have stopped. It's just like gambling; if a man wins, he wants to win more; and if he loses, he wants to win back what he has lost. So I speculated till I speculated my pockets out, then I went to work again."

As the young man seems confident that he is now going to make one more fortune, which he will know how to keep, we wish him success with wisdom, and pass on to the next derrick.

Here we witness the reverse of the process first seen. The windlass turned by the engine winds up the rope which draws up the tools. At last these appear,—an apparatus of astonishing length and strength and weight,—twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, the driller tells us. First comes the "sinker-bar," which does here on a grand scale what the sinker on a fishing-line does on a small scale. This is followed by the "jars,"—a pair of long, narrow links that play into each other, and prevent a too sudden strain on the rope. Then comes the great auger stem, into which the centre-bit is screwed. This is the drill,—an enormous tooth of steel, which at each stroke of the walking-beam gnaws and gnaws the rock.

The centre-bit is now unscrewed from the auger stem, and a "reamer"

screwed on. This is sent down to ream out the sides of the bore, which the drill has not left perfectly circular and smooth. In a few minutes its work is done, and it is drawn up again.

The rope is then detached from the tools and fastened to the sliding valve of a sand-pump. This is simply a copper tube, about five feet long, with a stationary valve in the lower end, besides the sliding valve that plays from top to bottom. This instrument the driller—a very good-looking, bright young fellow, in the usual muddy clothes—drops through the hole in the floor, and lowers to the bottom of the well. "The upper valve," he says, "falls down on the fixed valve; and then, as I begin to draw, it slides up to the top of the pump, sucking it up full of water and sediment, which the lower valve holds."

He applies the engine-power to the windlass, and up comes—at the end of a few hundred feet of rope—the pump, well filled with a grayish fluid, which he empties into a bucket. Out of the bottom of the pump he knocks a thick, gray mud. The pump is then returned to the well. This operation is repeated a number of times, until scarcely any sediment comes up, as is shown by the bottom of the bucket, from which the water of each drawing, after being allowed to stand a little while, is poured off. It is dirty work, and hard work too.

"I've seen the time," remarks the young man, emptying the sand-pump for the last time, "when I would n't do this." And, with a little encouragement, he tells his story. He belongs to a well-known family of Philadelphia, and was bred up in white-handed idleness. Inheriting a small fortune, he thought to make it a large one by investing it in oil stocks. He came out here, bought lands and shares, and sunk wells, and met with such success that in six months he could have sold out his investments for two hundred thousand dollars. "But," says he, "I held on too long. The bubble burst, and at the end of another six months I was n't

worth a cent. Then I went to work with my hands, and I've been at work with my hands ever since. I guess some of my old chums would laugh to see me doing this!" And he himself laughs lugubriously, as he sends down the drill again.

But he thinks the experience has done him good, and is worth about all it has cost him.

"Are you putting down this well for yourself?"

"No, I'm at work by the day. But I have an eighth interest in another well." It is plain to see that he has golden hopes of that eighth interest. He, like the other man, believes that, when a second fortune comes to him, he will know better how to keep it.

"How long does it take to sink a well here?"

"About thirty or forty days, according to luck." And he tells us something of the driller's troubles. "Sometimes the centre-bit drops into a crevice, which prevents it from turning. Then maybe the reamer gets caught in it, and breaks or unscrews. Or perhaps a piece of rock falls down on the tools, and wedges them in so tight they can't be got out. But the mud vein is the greatest nuisance. The tools are very apt to get stuck in that. Then they have to be cut out by this contrivance,"—showing a long-handled iron instrument, called a "mud-spear," with a long, narrow blade, in shape something between a chisel and a spoon. "There are companies that make a business of fishing out broken or lost tools. But often," he says, "they can't be got out at all, and the wells they are in have to be abandoned, perhaps when a few days' more drilling would reach oil."

"What is the cost of sinking a well like this?"

"Rig and all,—that includes engine, derrick, tools, and everything,—about six thousand dollars. We go deeper here than we ever did anywhere else. If it had been necessary to sink the first wells on Oil Creek seven or eight hundred feet, they never would have

struck oil. Drake never could have got down even one hundred feet, in the way he went to work, and with the poor encouragement he had. We have been working down to this depth by degrees. Wells that did n't find oil in the first sand rock kept on, and found it in the second, then down still lower in the third; and it was thought for a long time there was no oil below that. But oil was found in the fourth sand rock at Pithole, and then again here.

"This Pleasantville oil," the young man continues, "is of a different color from what has generally been found in other places. This is almost black, as you notice, while the other kind is dark green."

He asks us to look at the engine; and entering the little shanty that shelters it, we are shown at least one noteworthy thing.

"See the fuel we use for the boiler," says the engineer, throwing open the iron door. No fuel is visible, but the space is filled with a volume of bright flame. "That is gas," he says. "We take it from another well, that supplies its own engine and ours, and nine more. We pay three dollars a day for it; and it is the cheapest fuel we can get. The well gives out a steady supply, and makes a good income from its gas alone."

The next well we visit is pumping. We climb a short ladder, and look over the side of the tank, but see no oil flowing from the pipe. "She intermits," says her proprietor, standing below, cigar in mouth and hands in pockets. "It's a way she has. She'll pump an hour or two right smart, then she'll intermit twenty minutes. It's about time for her to start up again,"—looking at his watch. We are interested in the phenomenon, but do not stay to study it.

A group gathered near another well close by indicates an event of some interest, and we proceed thither. "Test-in' her," is the explanation we get from one of the spectators; which, being translated, signifies that, the well having been bored to a sufficient depth, a pump

has been set at work, in order to exhaust the water, and get oil if possible. It is an anxious moment for the proprietors. Though all the wells around them may have struck veins, there is no certainty that they will have struck one here. The oil floweth where it listeth; and many an enterprising man, after expending thousands of dollars in boring within a few feet of the most valuable producing-wells, has got nothing but a "dead beat."

These men, however, are confident. The fourth sand rock here is so full of fissures, and Yankee ingenuity has devised such cunning methods of opening them, that absolute failures are rare. Still there is much solicitude depicted in the faces gathered around the overflowing bucket, at the end of the pipe. One man puts down his solemn nose and smells. Another dips his finger and tastes. A third thinks he perceives a slight filmy scum. The scene has something quite romantic about it. The longing of Moore's lovers for a little isle of their own, in a blue summer ocean, far off and alone, was not greater than the longing of these men for a little "ile" in the bucket.

"What if you get no show, after pumping all day?" I inquire, tasting the water, which I find salt.

"Then we send for the crevice-searcher. That's a new invention, and very useful. It feels its way towards the bottom of the well, and when it finds a crevice, a little spring moves, and shows just where it is. Then we send down a torpedo, and explode it in the crevice. If we can knock a hole into a vein or reservoir, that's all we want. But sometimes," adds the speaker, "the torpedo does harm; if it is used where there is a small flow of oil, in order to get a larger flow, it may choke up the passage altogether, by filling it with rubbish."

We go on to a well which a number of men are "casing," where we learn something of that interesting operation. "It is to keep the water out," says the boss of the job. "There are no water-veins below the first sand rock; a little

salt water trickles in, which we can't help. So we case down to the first sand rock with these iron tubes. They have a three-and-a-half-inch bore. The well, as far down as we case, is five and a half inches; below that, five and a quarter; the point where the change is made, we call an offset. Around the lower end of the tube is a seed-bag, which is simply a leather covering, shaped something like a long boot-leg, with a lining. Between the lining and the outside it is stuffed with flax-seed. It is drawn on over the end of the tube; and it goes down and rests on the offset. There is no casing below. The flax-seed swells when it is wet, and keeps the water above from getting through. Sometimes the seed-bag bursts, and makes a great deal of trouble,—perhaps ruins the well by deluging it with water."

The workmen are screwing on section after section of the casing, as this is let down into the well, until at last the seed-bag is in its place, three hundred and ninety-seven feet from the orifice.

"So," we observe, "in fitting a well, three different styles of iron tubes are required:—first, the pipe you drive through the soil to the rock; then the casing, which extends below that to the first sand rock; then the pump-tube: that is a separate thing, altogether, is n't it?"

"Entirely. It extends from the pump-box, at the bottom of the well, to the top, and it has a two-inch bore. It is divided into sections, like the casing, which are screwed together as they are let down. Then, inside the pump-tube, are the sucker-rods. So you see there is a good deal of toggery about one of these little wells."

At another well, we witness the operation of drawing the sucker-rods; "So as to put in new valves," one of the workmen explains. "Water getting in has thickened the oil, so that they stick and don't work, or else the sand has cut 'em to pieces; anyhow, she ha'n't produced for two days, and we are going to see what the matter is."

The rods, which are of oak, slender and black and nasty with the saturating oil, are drawn up by rope and windlass, section after section, twenty-five feet in length, and are disjointed, and stood up in a corner of the derrick, to wait there until the pump-valves have been doctored.

Another well is pumping a steady black stream at the rate of forty or fifty barrels a day, the proprietor tells us. He invites us to walk into his derrick, and explains how the gas that runs his engine is separated from the oil. "Gas used to have a trick of blowing the oil out with it; that made flowing wells. Now we pump the oil, and the gas rushes up between the pump-tube and the casing; it is confined by a cap, and carried off where it is wanted in pipes."

We notice that he has two pumps going within four feet of each other, both worked by the same walking-beam. One, he tells me, is the pump that supplies his engine with fresh water, from an artesian bore fifty feet deep. "I furnish other wells with both water and gas," he says.

As we wander about, our curiosity is excited by a new sign on a new derrick, "CHILDREN'S WELL." We are fortunate enough to meet one of the "children," — a lad with a pipe in his mouth, who talks freely of the family history. Four years ago his father, a poor man, came here to live on a poor farm, which was then mostly covered with wood. This he cut away and sold. He paid a dollar a cord for chopping, and sixty cents toll to the plank railroad company, and got two dollars for his wood in Titusville. This gave him forty cents a cord for hauling it. There was a prospect of his remaining a poor man all his days, at this rate. But nine months ago oil was struck in his neighborhood; and now his income, from his own wells and his leases, is fifteen hundred dollars a day. There are eleven wells on his land. This one he named for his children, and they have the income from it. We are sorry to learn that he has fallen into habits of

self-indulgence, since his good-fortune came to him, — if it can be called good-fortune. Surely, wealth has its perils; and as the lad with the pipe shakes hands with us at parting, I hardly know whether he is most to be congratulated or commiserated for the luck of his family. "Children's Well" — ah, if one could only hope that it would prove a source of culture and beneficence to them, and not of worse things!

The oil tanks of the wells are immense, iron-hooped, circular tubs, communicating through pipes with the still more capacious tanks of the pipe company. Two of these, which we visit, are of astonishing size. The capacity of each is twenty thousand barrels. They are sheltered by a shed roof. I climb a ladder, and look over into a still, black, shining lake of petroleum, which mirrors with calm, diabolical intensity the shed roof and my own peering face. The tank is about half full. Considered as a thing to fall into, it has n't an inviting look. Across its edge lies a long measuring-rod, with which the oil is gauged before and after the contents of the well-tanks are taken in.

Such is Pleasantville to-day. What will it be six months hence? The letters of correspondents, paid for puffing the territory in the newspapers, are bringing adventurers here in greater numbers than the actual condition of things will justify. I wish they might all be induced to study a little the Titusville Herald's monthly petroleum reports, before making their investments. From these reports we learn that this district (including the wells on West Pithole Creek) produced, in the last two days of August last, an average amount of eleven hundred and fifty barrels a day; on the last two days of September, an average of seventeen hundred and thirty barrels; on the last two days of October, an average of nineteen hundred and sixty barrels. The increase of production during the month of September is thus shown to have been nearly six hundred barrels a day, while the increase in October was only a little

over two hundred,—so decided a falling off, when compared with the steady and astonishing increase in the number of wells, that I doubt if the next two or three months' reports indicate any increase at all in the gross amount of production. The more wells, the less oil is left for each. A little while ago hundred-barrel wells were not uncommon; but to-day the best are not producing more than forty or fifty barrels, while perhaps twenty-five barrels a day is the average. So we see that the territory gives signs of exhaustion, even while new-comers are rushing in to occupy it.

After dark, I go out to view the wells by gas-light. The misty sky is all aglow with the glare of the great gas flames, which cast the strange scenes about me into wonderful light and shade. Brilliant gas-light shines through the boarded sides of derricks and engine-shanties, and among these I go about, stepping high over shadows and stumbling over real obstacles, in my ignorance of the ground. I enter a derrick, and find a gloomy youth, wrapped in a brown cloak with a big cape, perched on a high stool, beside the walking-beam, turning the drill-rope. The place is lighted and partially warmed by a rushing jet of gas; but the driller looks cold and lonesome. He brightens up at sight of a stranger, and becomes sociable. I find that he, like nearly all these men, has been a good while in the business. He talks freely of his experience during what he calls the great excitement. "It was just a dishonest game all through," says he. "Preachers were in it the same as everybody else; one could n't say anything to another. We bought territory when we knew it was n't good for anything. If we could only sell leases, we did n't care. The lessees did n't care, neither, if they could only get up companies and sell the stock. It was the stock-buyers that got bit." This young man, too, has made much money and lost it,—a common experience, I find.

He is doing tolerably well now, he says. "I sink wells for a living. There

are four of us in the company. We all work at it, two at a time,—twelve hours on and twelve hours off, night and day,—one in the engine-room and one here. We get well paid, and it is better in the long run than speculating."

He corroborates what I hear on every side, that the day of extravagant speculation is over; that the thing has settled down into something like a regular business; and that they who really make anything by it are the men who stick to it as to any other business, stay in the country, and watch the course of development.

"A man," he says, "can get a lease of the best land here for a royalty of half the oil. That is different from what it used to be in Pithole, where I've known half-acre leases to sell for sixteen thousand dollars, and half the oil besides."

I step into the engine-shanty, where his companion for the first six hours of the night sits reading a newspaper under a bright gas-light. He is glad to offer a chair to a stranger, and have a chat with him. He knew nothing about an engine till he came to the oil regions five years ago; he did n't know much of anything, in fact. Now he can run an engine, and keep it in repair. He has a little forge in a corner of the shanty, at which he does any common blacksmith's work which the business requires.

As he opens the door for me going out, and we see the misty sky lighted up all around us with the gas flames, he tells of fires he has witnessed among the oil-wells, the last of which was here, not long ago.

"The way it happened was curious. A tank had been leaking; and the oil floated off on the surface of a little run. A man living some distance below made a dam, to get the oil, which he soaked up in cloths laid on the water. But one night he goes out with a candle, and drops it while he is taking up the cloths. In an instant the oil on the water bursts into a blaze, runs up the stream, and fires the tank, which comes pretty near burning us all up."

I find but few foreigners at the wells. Proprietors and laborers are nearly all Americans; and Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio seem to be the States most largely represented.

Returning towards the hotel at a late hour, I look in at a bar-room. A rough crew crowds it almost to suffocation, indulging in much loud talk, tobacco, and whiskey. The proprietor and his aids calmly set out the decanters, and calmly sweep back dirty scrip and greenbacks into a drawer. This man too has struck oil.

November 7. — Turn my face towards Pithole and a pelting hail-storm.

After two hours' ride in an open stage-wagon, over a plank road, through a rough new country, I come in sight of Pithole, — a forlorn and shattered village high up on the west bank of Pithole Creek. Woods and bleak farms and stump-lots encompass its rear. Its front looks down on a narrow, ravine-like valley, bristling with abandoned derricks. Through the valley flows Pithole Creek, euphoniously named from gas-emitting caves on its banks. Down there too is the railroad with its long trains of oil-cars. A plank walk descends to it from the village, winding amid uncouth stumps and brush-heaps.

The derricks rise thickly along the creek-bottom and on the steep hill-side beyond, once a scene of activity and excitement, which seems almost a fable to the traveller visiting the spot for the first time to-day. Only around the railroad-station is any sign of life visible, excepting here and there a solitary puff of steam, which shows that still, at the solicitation of the pump, a little oil comes from the drainage of nature's great but exhausted reservoir.

Seeing a well pumping at my right, as I go down the plank walk, I turn aside to it. A boy is stuffing wood under the engine's boiler. He shows me the tank, which is merely a huge hogshead, into which a very large quantity of salt water and a very small quantity of oil are pumped in the course of a day. The salt water is let out by a plug near the bottom of the hogshead, while the

oil is drawn off through a pipe higher up. In this way five or six barrels of oil a day are obtained.

The railroad and the large receiving-tanks, built here when Pithole was in its glory, still keep a little life in the place, — Pleasantville pouring a part of its oil this way through underground pipes, and other places contributing small supplies. And now the great tanks on the hill-side, with their prop-supported pipes leading to a long row of spouts ranged above the railroad track, from which twenty car-tanks can be filled at the same time; and the loading cars themselves, each a platform on wheels, carrying a pair of round, black, greasy, leaky hundred-barrel tanks, — are about all that is left of Pithole worth seeing.

At the spouts I fall in with a big, greasy fellow, who talks with melancholy pride of the good old times when Pithole was in its prime, and he was a teamster here, making his twenty-five or even fifty dollars a day, hauling oil to the river and "bringing back lumber with the empties. I would n't turn my team round for less than ten dollars," says he. And when I ask what became of his earnings, I find that his lot has been the common lot of all: "I bought territory, and held on too long." Railroads and pipes abolished teaming, and he now earns a modest livelihood turning the stopcocks at the spouts.

From Pithole I go on by railroad to Oleopolis, — mellifluous classic name given to a little cluster of cheap board houses on a wind-swept hill-side overlooking the Alleghany. If here I see anything memorable, it is a flat-boat by the shore, imbibing its bellyful of oil from over-reaching pipes, that draw it from Pithole. Thence down the bluff-embosomed river — sentinelled on both sides by lonely derricks, and showing here and there, along its low shores, shining blocks and natural platforms of white sandstone — we go to Oil City, romantically perched on a high bluff at the confluence of Oil Creek and the Alleghany, and confronted by

superb mountainous bluffs opposite. Thence to smoky, clanging, picturesque Pittsburg, — of which I shall not venture to speak, after Mr. Parton. And so on homewards, through regions of soft coal, lumber, and anthracite, em-

barking at Scranton on the Lackawanna, for New York at last, after three weeks' delightful Carpet-Bagging, with the conclusion strongly impressed upon my mind, that PENNSYLVANIA IS A GREAT STATE.

CHINA IN OUR KITCHENS.

IN those days when the Boston stage-office was in Elm Street, girls with blooming cheeks came from the pine woods of Maine, the breezy hills of New Hampshire, and the green valleys of Vermont, to do housework in the city. They arrived by stage over Charlestown Bridge, and beheld with wondering eyes the shipping in the harbor. Westward they saw the spires of Cambridge, while before them rose the city of Boston with its labyrinth of streets and lanes. Down through Union Street galloped the horses, the people rushing to their doors and windows, to witness the event of the day, — the coming-in of the stages, — and refreshing their eyes with the sight of health and beauty.

The stage-coach with six horses on the run was the highest ideal of progress. Society, at that period, moved only at the rate of nine miles an hour. Farmers from all "Down-East," from the Canada line, and from the Berkshire hills, came in midwinter to Boston market, and there was an annual throng of red sleighs round Faneuil Hall. In those years there was no lack of children in the land, and M. D.'s and D. D.'s did not feel constrained to write tracts and deliver lectures to the women of America upon the baby question. Farmers had daughters by the half-score, who could spin, weave, knit, sew, milk, make butter and cheese, and who, by hard work from dawn to twilight, at the wheel and loom, could earn fifty cents a week.

Those who had a surplus of daugh-

ters were always on the lookout, when at market, for situations where a dollar a week and board could be earned by Jane and Mary; so, when the girls came whirling into the city in the stage, they knew where they were going, and what wages they were to receive; for it had all been settled by the prudent father.

Ah! there were capital chambermaids and cooks in those days, many of whom have bloomed into matrons during the lapse of years, and are now sitting in their parlors, vainly wishing that they could find girls as willing and capable to work for them as they had been for others, and sighing for those good old times when there was respect between employer and employed, and when respect and confidence often ripened into friendship and affection.

But the times are not as they were, neither are the servants. The farmers' daughters have disappeared; we ne'er shall look upon their like again. The new servants have come; we never looked upon their like before.

The change from the old to the new was like the coming on of an eclipse, — like the transition from light to darkness. We know when the obscurity began, and many a vexed housekeeper would like to know when it will end. It began in that year when three men went up from Boston, and lounged along the banks of the Merrimack, at Pawtucket Falls, pretending to be fishing, but in reality speculating how they might dam the river. Their brains were full of wheels, and their thoughts were spinning down the current of time.

They bought the waterfall, dug a canal, erected a row of brick buildings, filled them with machinery, scoured the country, gathered up the farmers' girls, gave them a chance to earn four dollars a week, and the result of it all is Lowell, Lawrence, Lewiston, and a score of manufacturing towns.

It is a mystery to know what becomes of all the pins, and equally a puzzle to know what has become of the farmers' daughters. They were in the factories, but nearly all of them have disappeared. Ireland is tending looms in mills as well as holding sway in our households.

"Do you know of any American girls doing housework in the city?"

I have put this question to several of my lady friends, and the invariable answer has been: "No; not one."

And yet there *are* some, as I have ascertained by inquiries at intelligence offices. Of house-servants in cities about one in a hundred are of American parentage. In the country and in suburban towns the percentage is larger; for the daughters of Cork and Killarney prefer the city to the country, while American girls, as a rule, are more willing to go where they can have fresh air, and where they will not be compelled to climb from basement to attic several times a day.

From some cause or combination of causes,—the increase of wealth and consequent increase of luxury, hot-air furnaces, close rooms, warm bread, want of out-door exercise, and a following of fashion, American women are less able than in former years to do their own work, while, at the same time, there is vastly more to be done. There was a time when two girls were sufficient for a household of twelve; but in these days twelve servants are sometimes required for a household of two. It has come to pass, therefore, that Ireland is getting on bravely, not only at the ballot-box, but in our kitchens and chambers as well.

The supply of house-servants not being equal to the demand, the employed are able to dictate terms and

take such liberties, that it is not definitely settled whether the woman who sits in the parlor or the lady who makes the beds is mistress of the establishment.

During the war, when fugitives from slavery flocked northward in search of employment, there was some prospect of relief for afflicted housekeepers; but, like birds of passage, our colored allies have nearly all flocked back to Southern climes. The mercury drops too near zero, and the winters are too dreary for their comfort, here.

It is apparent that, if we are to have our dinners cooked and beds made by other hands than those of our wives and daughters, we must look in some new direction for help. Thus far, most of our domestics have come from the other side of the Atlantic. Ireland has been emptying itself into America at an astonishing rate; but the supply is running short, and the prospect of liberal legislation has already had its effect on emigration. Wages have risen in Ireland as well as here; the lot of the peasant has improved, his future is brighter. Why then should he leave the greenest isle under the sun? Throughout Europe liberal ideas are gaining ground; the people are obtaining such influence as they never enjoyed before; under these circumstances there is more inducement for them to remain where they are. Land in the United States is dearer than it has been, while the cost of living has also increased greatly; and the prospect now is that there will be a gradual falling off in emigration from this time forward, unless it is stimulated by unforeseen events.

The difficulty of obtaining good house-servants, united with false conceptions of the aim and end of life, has driven multitudes out of their own homes into boarding-houses and hotels. A story both pathetic and amusing might be written concerning the trials and experiences of housekeepers, the mistakes of the cook, the tantrums, the sulks and saucy words of the chamber-girl, the petty pilfering and wholesale rob-

beries by both, and their leaving at a minute's notice. Undoubtedly there are two sides to all stories, and Bridget's is very doleful when rehearsed to sympathizing friends, for it is a story of the bad temper of mistresses, and the perfect slavery to which the servant is subjected.

On each side it is a tale of antagonisms rather than of good-will, and there is very little sympathy or esteem between employer and employed. Democratic ideas, universal suffrage, and a lack of servants, are just now in Bridget's favor. Having become mistress of the situation, she does not hesitate to make her power felt.

But it also happens just now that we are laying down a service-pipe to an immense reservoir brimming over with labor. The Chinese have already found their way to our Pacific coast. They are at work on the railroad, in mines, forests, fields, factories, and the kitchens and chambers of our friends in California. They are in Oregon, Montana, Nevada, and Idaho. When the Pacific Railroad is completed, they will be at Salt Lake City and Omaha, and in time will make their appearance in Chicago and Boston.

But Bridget and Patrick already comprehend the situation of affairs, and have declared war against the interloping Celestials. The possibility that Hop Kee and Woo Choo may be able to solve the servant-girl problem leads us to consider the qualifications of the Chinese, not only for general labor, but for household service.

The supply of labor in China is unlimited. We are to think of a territory not larger in area than the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, but containing a population of four hundred millions. One half of the people are only able to gain their daily bread. Two hundred millions in that country have faint hope of ever making any headway, and hence the readiness to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. They are at Singapore, where several hundred thousand have taken possession of the lower end of Malacca, and

trade with vessels touching at that port. They are on all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. They swarm in the gold-fields of Australia; the Sandwich Islands will soon be in their hands, and they will supply San Francisco with sugar. They are to be found all the way from Chili to Oregon.

Nearly all those who are thus seeking their fortunes abroad are from Southern China, where a remarkable spirit of enterprise and adventure has been lately developed. Companies, like those established in London two and a half centuries ago for the settlement of North America, have been formed at Canton and San Francisco for the encouragement and protection of the Chinese emigrants. The one hundred thousand now in this country are but pioneers of the millions who will follow by and by.

It is evident that henceforth we are to look westward, as well as eastward, for laborers. We are accustomed to think of the Chinese as belonging to a degraded race, ignorant of civilized life, and unable to compete with the skilled labor of Europe. But we have this fact before us, that China as a nation makes the whole world her debtor. We want her tea and silks, and can obtain them only by paying cash. We have also the fact that the Chinese have established themselves in the woollen mills of California, producing cloth which won a prize at the World's Fair.

It would not be strictly accurate to say that they have driven Patrick from the railroad and Bridget from the bed-chamber, for these worthies were not present in California when wanted; but Hop Kee and Woo Choo, being there, took up the shovel and broom, and, having acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their employers, will remain.

"But what sort of servants do they make?"

The question was put by our next-door neighbor, whose Christian fortitude is sorely tried by what goes on in the kitchen, and what does not go on upstairs.

Let us look at the peculiarities of a

Chinese servant. He is small in stature, has a solemn countenance, twinkling black eyes, retreating forehead, high cheek-bones, and broad, flat nose. He will never be hung for his beauty. He wears a blue cotton tunic reaching to the knees, large, flowing trousers, and thick-soled slippers turned up at the toe. All his hair is shaved off except a small portion upon the crown, which is braided into a cue reaching nearly to the floor. When about his work it is coiled upon the top of his head, but it would be a breach of politeness were he to appear before us with his pigtail thus arranged. It must be at full length, to show not only his respect for us, but for himself.

It would be strange indeed if all his habits of life commended themselves to us at first. He has been poor in his own land. Cleanliness is not set down there as being next to godliness; washing-days do not come regularly every Monday. But he is imitative and quick to learn. He is not an expert in pastry, but show him how to make one pie, and he will make a dozen—a thousand if you want them—precisely like the pattern; with just as much dough for the crust, the same amount of spice to a grain, and with twelve holes and no more in the upper crust, if you made so many, to let the steam out, though he will have no idea of their use.

He works patiently, and will not stipulate for three evenings a week to visit friends. St. Patrick's day is not in his calendar. He wants only a week at New Year.

The Chinese are not disposed to be aggressors upon the rights of others, neither will they allow any infringement of their own. They wage no war, but, if treated unkindly, quietly go their own ways, seeking business somewhere else. "I no do for you, you no do for me. I go." And he is off at once. He fully understands what some Anglo-Saxons as yet have failed to comprehend, that the hiring of servants does not include the privilege to abuse them.

"But are they not a thievish set?

Won't they steal all they can lay their hands on?" asks my excellent neighbor, whose napkins, towels, sheets, and pillow-cases have mysteriously disappeared, and the chamber-girl has no idea what has become of them. The sugar bucket gets low very often. The tea-caddy wants replenishing every week; and although there are only four in the family, a firkin of butter lasts, to use the words of the lady, "no time at all."

"I have my suspicions," she adds, "as to what becomes of a large portion of our groceries."

Having suspicions, though she does not declare them, it is perfectly natural that she should ask if the Chinese are not a thievish set. Upon this point we give the testimony of those who have employed them.

"I have had a Chinaman," says a gentleman of San Francisco, "nine years. When he came into my family he could not speak a word of English. He knew nothing about cooking. My wife went into the kitchen, and showed him how to make a pudding and a pie, and after a few days' observation he mastered the mysteries of the culinary art, and has cooked to our satisfaction from that time to the present. He is faithful and honest. I would intrust every dollar of my property to him as soon as I would to one of my own countrymen."

Another gentleman gives this testimony:—

"I have had a Chinese servant several years, and when I go into the country I leave my house in John's hands. He hides my silver plate and other valuables, and does not leave the premises a minute. When I return I find everything in perfect order. I do not think he ever took a dollar that did not belong to him, though he has had opportunities to do so. He purchases all my groceries, and invariably makes better bargains than I can myself. I would trust him much quicker than I would many Americans in my employ."

The Rev. Mr. Nevius, ten years a missionary among the Chinese, thus speaks of their qualifications:—

"It is the testimony of foreigners that the laboring classes make excellent servants. There are exceptions to this statement, some persons representing them as very inefficient and unreliable. The probability may be inferred, in these cases, that the employers have been unfortunate either in the selection or management of those in their service. During our residence of ten years in China, we hardly ever had occasion to dismiss a servant; in nearly every case a strong attachment sprang up between them and us; and in more instances than one, I have felt personally grateful for services and attentions which I could not reasonably have required, and which were all the more gratifying because rendered spontaneously and heartily. The only thing which I recollect to have had stolen was an old clock, which was taken by an opium-smoker, and found a few days afterward. We had so little fear of theft that our doors and drawers were often left unlocked, and servants and numerous visitors had free access to every part of our house. I am aware that others, both missionaries and merchants, have had a different experience, and that, especially in the foreign communities, it is as dangerous to leave coats and umbrellas near the hall-door when unlocked as it would be in New York or Philadelphia. I have travelled hundreds of miles in the interior, at different times and in different parts of the country, sometimes entirely alone, and have been completely in the power of perfect strangers, who knew that I had about my person money and other articles of value; but have always felt nearly as great a sense of security as at home, and have hardly ever been treated with rudeness or violence, though I have been often annoyed beyond measure by exorbitant charges and useless detentions. I have heard the testimony of prominent merchants who have had large business transactions with the Chinese, both in China and California, who have represented Chinese business men as very prompt and reliable in meeting their business

engagements. The confidence often placed in Chinese agents is seen in the fact that they are sent into the interior with large sums of money to purchase silks and tea, the persons employing them having no guarantee or dependence but that of their personal honesty. I have known genuine 'one-priced stores' in China where you are sure to obtain a good article at a reasonable price. There are also false 'one-priced stores,' and it is not safe to trust them from simply looking at the sign.

"I may say further, that I have met with some of the most beautiful instances of affection, attachment, and gratitude in China which I have ever known; and that it has been my privilege to form the acquaintance of not a few Chinese, whom I regard with more than ordinary affection and respect, on account of the natural amiability of their dispositions, their sterling integrity, and thorough Christian principle and devotion." *

We are not from this testimony and high praise to conclude that there are no thieves in China, or that all Chinamen will make good servants; but from diligent inquiry, at Canton, Shanghai, Hankeoo, and San Francisco, of men who are best acquainted with Chinese character and morals, I believe that there is not so much crime in that empire in proportion to the number of the population as in the United States. This may be a startling admission, certainly it is an humiliating one. I am assured by American traders in Canton and Shanghai, that there are no men in the world who have higher commercial integrity than the great Chinese merchants. "I know," said a gentleman at Shanghai, "men who are worth fifty million dollars, and I believe they would lose every cent of it rather than break their word."

It is not pleasant to contrast this scrupulousness with operations in Erie Railroad stock in Wall Street, or with daily transactions in gold and bonds, in the great commercial centres of this country. The time may come when we

* China and the Chinese. By John L. Nevins.

shall revise our opinion of the Chinese, and instead of setting them down as a nation of "thieves and liars," shall arrive at a truer estimate of their character.

It will probably be some time before Chinamen will make their appearance in our Atlantic cities. Those who take up their abode in California do not intend to make it a permanent home. Wife and children are left behind, and emigrants hope to go back after having accumulated a few hundred dollars. As yet the Chinese know little about us, and what knowledge they have is not altogether to our credit. They think of America as a country abounding in gold, where provisions are plenty and where high prices are paid for labor; but those who have been here have harrowing tales to tell of the state of morals. We are a nation of thieves, swindlers, and murderers. In our railroad stations, in public halls, in cabins of steamboats, there are placards cautioning the people to beware of pickpockets. The newspapers are filled with accounts of murders, poisonings, and robberies. In the largest city of the country twenty-two hundred policemen, armed with clubs and revolvers, are required to look after the ruffians, and, notwithstanding their vigilance eighty thousand crimes are committed during the year. Forty jails are filled with criminals, to say nothing of the large number daily sent to the houses of correction and the penitentiaries. If there is so much crime in one city, what must the aggregate be throughout the country?

Chinese who are in comfortable circumstances will not leave their homes to trust their lives in a country where boys pelt them with stones, where rude men kick them from the sidewalk into the gutter, where they are plundered without finding redress in the courts, and maltreated not only by any ruffian upon the street, but outlawed by the State itself, as in California and Oregon.

It is only the lowest class of Chinese that have thus far reached our shores as servants and laborers; but let these receive kind treatment, let them have the same protection for life and property which is given to all others, and in time a different class will make their appearance. It would be comparatively an easy matter to obtain Chinese labor through the societies already established at San Francisco and Canton. These are not emigration companies, but mutual-aid societies, and they might be used for conveying information to the millions in China concerning the field open here to laborers of every description, but especially to house-servants. Although the Chinamen cannot speak a word of our language when they arrive, in a few days they master enough to understand what we want.

It is to be hoped that, as the Pacific Railroad is now completed, the experiment of bringing to this side of the continent some of the Chinamen now employed as house-servants in California will be tried. If they prove to be as good as they have been represented, housekeepers may regain their lost liberty.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—OPEN.

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

VII.

OUTSIDE of San Francisco, California has many a wonder in nature, many a rare development of industry, to show its visitors. But summer tourists must be choice in their selections. A few days for railroad excursions into the valleys of the coast mountains about San Francisco will show us some of the grand wheat-fields, the orchards, and the vineyards; will exhibit the advantages of agriculture in a country where you can plough and plant from December till April, and then begin to harvest, and keep at that till October, with no barns necessary for housing animals or crops; will open to us beautiful natural groves of oaks; will reveal to us charming little nooks with rural homes among the neighboring hills; will invite us to health-giving sulphur-baths and soda-springs, more delightfully located than Sharon or Saratoga; will give us a peep into the gardens of the old Catholic missionaries among the Indians, — now overgrown with peach, plum, and fig trees, — where we may enjoy the novelty of picking ripe figs from trees nearly as large as the big elms on Boston Common; will — if we go far enough, a two days' ride — take us into the wild valley of the Geysers, where a miniature hell sends up its sulphurous waters, and burns and poisons all the earth and air within reach; will carry us into the grand forests of red-wood in the coast mountains, — promise of the mammoth trees of the Sierra, — a light, delicate, reddish pine, that enters largely into the lumber supply of the San Francisco market; will introduce our curious steps to the great quicksilver mine of New Almaden, the rival of the Almaden mine of Spain; or will set us down under the mountains, by the ocean's shore, at Santa Cruz, —

the Nice of our Pacific coast, — where the pure air is soft and health-giving. Farther down, Los Angeles invites us with stories of the tropical wealth of Southern California, of grape-vines like trees, of orange and banana groves, of cotton plantations, of agricultural wealth unbounded, of a climate so dry and even, so soft and sweet, as to surpass Italy's.

But most of us will wait for the Southern Pacific Railroad, already moving out from both sides, to introduce us to this region of almost fabulous wealth and beauty; and after a hasty run, with wide-open eyes, to Napa, Sonoma, and Santa Clara Valleys, perhaps into that of Russian River, we shall prepare for the one great wonder which we came out to see, — The Yosemite Valley. For this, ten days, a full purse, Professor Whitney's new and model guide-book and maps, — one of the best incidental gifts of the geological survey of the State, — and a camping suit, with duster and overcoat, are essential. The best way to go is by night boat or early morning cars to Stockton; then by stage one hundred miles up the San Joaquin Valley, — O, how dry and dusty! — through rich wheat-fields, and through that magnificent ruin, that foot-ball of Wall Street, Fremont's Mariposa estate. In one of the dying villages of this principality, — Bear Valley, or Mariposa, — saddle-horses and guides are procured. If possible, add tents, blankets, and food, and travel independent of ranches and hotels. The first day after leaving the stage, we shall reach Clark's Ranch for dinner, by way of White and Hatch's. To this point we may ride in wagons, and stop over a day to see the Big Trees of the Mariposa grove. These are four or five miles from Clark's, and if possible we persuade him to go with us. He is in natural

sympathy with all these wonders and beauties of the Sierra Nevada, is the State's agent for the care of the valley and the grove, and whether within his wide-spreading cabins, or under his protecting hay-stack, or in your own tent by the side of his grand open-air fires, he will care for you as a father for his children, and be proud to have you praise his trees, his river, and his mountains.

Another day—the fourth—takes us into the grand valley, after a hundred miles of wagon and forty of saddle riding from Stockton; and every man and woman of us should dwell long upon the first views that open to us as we come out of the woods, and should look over into the depths below, and on to the heights above and beyond. The Atlantic early introduced its readers to what is here spread before the first awed, then delighted, and always wondering spectator. But only seeing is believing what this gorge in the mountains reveals. It is Nature speaking to man in a way that proves and exalts her supremacy.

There are primitive hotels here; but if we have tents and blankets, we should pass each of our three days at different points in the valley,—one in the lower part, under El Capitan, another where the music of the Yosemite Fall will lull us to sleep, and the third by the lake, or in the neighborhood of the Vernal Fall. All the main features of interest are within a ten-mile circuit, and the three days will give us ample time to see them comfortably.

Another week may be also profitably spent in the high Sierras around the Yosemite Valley. Here, amid peaks from eight to thirteen thousand feet high, we find beautiful lakes and bright rivers, grand rock and mountain scenery, and a repetition in miniature of the Yosemite Valley itself, called the Hetch-Hetchy Valley; and if we choose to prolong our ride down the Nevada side of the mountains to Mono Lake, we shall find in that sheet of water, fourteen miles long by nine wide, truly a Sea of Death. No living thing can

exist in it; its waters will consume leather, and will thoroughly decompose the human body in a few weeks; and though it receives various pure streams from the mountains, like Salt Lake it has no apparent outlet, and is even more of a puzzle to geologists and chemists than that better known inland sea.

We should make the return trip from the Yosemite by the Coulterville trail and road, keeping our original outfit with us. There are ten miles more of horseback riding on this route; but it introduces us to a change of scenery, and a remarkable cave, called Bower's Cave, and invites us by a short detour to visit the Calaveras grove of Big Trees, the first-discovered and best known of these forest wonders. There are some eight groves of these mammoth trees scattered along the Sierra Mountains in a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The tallest trees yet measured are full three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and are in the Calaveras grove; the largest in circumference are in the Mariposa grove, and measure over ninety feet; while the greatest age that any yet scientifically tested in that respect can claim is about one thousand three hundred years. Their beauty of shape and color is as striking as their size; and no visitor to California will omit them in his tour of its curiosities.

Though the mining interests of California have fallen behind those of agriculture and manufactures, and seem destined to still greater decay, there are some features of them decidedly worth a stranger's study. Grass Valley is the centre of the most extensive successful gold-quartz mining; and its operations are not dissimilar to those of Central City in Colorado, and Virginia City in Nevada. But the excavation of the "dead rivers" of California for the loose deposits of gold left in their beds by the convulsions of nature in ages long past, and the grand hydraulic processes resorted to in the work, justly rank among the marvels of the State. These dead rivers are not dry, open beds; but huge strata of sand,

gravel, and quartz, filling up what were once river channels, and lying now from a hundred to a thousand feet beneath the foot hills of the mountains. They lie parallel with the mountains and diagonally to the rivers now coming out of the mountains; their channels were filled up by the upheaval of the mountains; and their place was made known by the modern streams cutting down through them, revealing on the walls of the canyon the peculiar gold-bearing materials that now occupy their beds. Out of these dead rivers, three hundred millions in gold have been taken, and they still yield eight millions a year. Much capital and labor are requisite to carry on mining operations in them; tunnels are run along their lines; and great streams of water are brought down from the mountains through miles of ditches and troughs, and poured by the aid of hose, with many times more force than the streams from a steam fire-engine, upon a hill-side, to tear it to pieces and get at the gold materials, or into the gold-beds themselves, to wash out the precious particles. The ruin that such operations spread around is frightful; rivers are choked up with the sands and stones sent down by these washings, and broad, fertile valleys are laid waste by the hills thus set afloat.

But it is no longer proper to consider California as especially a mining State. Many of the mining villages and camps along under the mountains have been wholly deserted, nearly all are decreasing in population; and it is very sad and very odd to see so new a country exhibiting these aspects of age and decay. The agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the State are each, even now, in advance of the mining interest in wealth and productiveness. The mining counties have fallen off twenty-five per cent in population since 1860, while the population of the agricultural counties has been doubled, and that of San Francisco trebled, in the same time. The agricultural products of 1868 footed up sixty millions of dollars against twenty-six millions in met-

als. There are thirty millions of grapevines growing in the State; the wine made in 1866 amounted to from three to four millions of gallons, and in 1868 to eight millions. The wine was at first crude and coarse, but, as the rankness of the soil is tempered by use, and greater care and science are used in making it, its quality rapidly improves. Finer kinds of grapes than the old Mission are coming rapidly into cultivation, and will still more surely improve the quality and add to the variety of the wine. The wheat crop of California in 1868 was fifteen millions of bushels; the barley, eight millions,—this grain being fed freely to horses on the Pacific coast; the wool, seven millions of pounds; the butter, five millions, and the cheese, three millions, and still much butter and cheese are imported from the East. The exports of domestic produce, aside from metals, amounted to seventeen millions in 1868, the chief item being wheat, of which no other State in the Union raised so large a surplus in that year; and, with a surplus contribution of four millions from Oregon, she is holding over for higher prices, or against the contingency of a bad year, probably enough wheat to supply her own wants for two years.

With such suddenly developed yet securely held wealth as these few facts illustrate, the future of California looms before the visitor in proportions that astound and awe. In her, nature is as boundless in its fecundity and variety, as it is strange and startling in its forms. While Switzerland has only four mountains that rise to a height of thirteen thousand feet, California has one or two hundred, while Mount Whitney soars to fifteen thousand feet, and is the highest peak of the Republic. She has a waterfall fifteen times as high as Niagara. All climates are her own; what variety her long stretch north and south does not present, her mountains and valleys introduce. Dead volcanoes and sunken rivers abound in her mountains; the largest animal of the continent makes his covert in her

chaparrals; the largest bird floats over her plains for carrion; the remains of the Oldest Inhabitant, so far as identified, have been dug out of her depths; the biggest nugget of gold (weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds and worth thirty-seven thousand four hundred dollars) has been found among her gold deposits; she has lakes so voracious that they will eat up a man, boots, breeches and all, in thirty days, and rich enough in borax, sulphur, and soda to supply the world's apothecaries; she has mud volcanoes and the Yosemite Valley; she grows beets of one hundred and twenty pounds, cabbages of seventy-five, onions of four, turnips of twenty-six, and watermelons of eighty pounds, and has a grape-vine fifteen inches thick, and bearing sixty-five hundred pounds in one season. Her men are the most enterprising and audacious, her women the most self-reliant and the most richly dressed, and her children the stoutest, sturdiest, and sauciest in all the known world. Let us worship and move on!

VIII.

To us of the East, the Sandwich Islands are a remote, foreign kingdom, where our whalers refit, and to the conversion of whose heathen we dedicated all our sanctified pennies in childhood. But here in California, they are counted as neighbors, dependencies, ay, surely and soon possessions of the American Republic. We have converted their heathen, we have occupied their sugar plantations; we furnish the brains that carry on their government, and the diseases that are destroying their people; we want the profit on their sugars and their tropical fruits and vegetables; why should we not seize and annex the islands themselves? At any rate, the familiarity with which the Eastern visitor finds "the Islands" spoken of in California, and the accounts he receives of their strange scenery, their wonderful volcanoes, their delightful climate, will strongly invite him to make them a visit. Indeed, though his portfolio

may have been enriched with the rarest harmonies of tint, new suggestions and novelties of form, during his sojourn among the mountains and parks of Colorado, or in the deep canyons of the Sierra, yet he must not close it feeling that he has exhausted the revelations that this western world has to make to him, until he has added a few sketches at least of the yet more unique scenery of the Hawaiian Islands. So, if time permits, let us see the utmost possibilities and varieties of the Republic, and devote to these at least a couple of months.

This little group of breezy, sunny islands, standing like an outpost of the great army of islands, little and big, that guards the eastern coast of Asia, yet offering itself as a kind of neutral ground on which the eastern and western worlds have met and joined hands, lies about two thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, and is brought into close communication with it by means of a semimonthly steamer. A voyage of ten days, — days of uninterrupted sunshine and serenity on this most smiling of seas, — and the passenger will find himself rounding the bold, bare headland of Diamond Point, which stands guard over the little bay and city of Honolulu. The first view of this miniature capital of a petty kingdom can hardly fail to be disappointing; it is but a village of unpretending, wooden houses, clustered for the most part around the bay, and stretching out, here and there, toward the hills. But you have not come so many thousand miles from home to see a counterpart of Boston or New York, and the first walk on shore will offer a suggestion at least of the pleasure that awaits you in the thousand novel shapes and aspects of a changed hemisphere. After two or three weeks here, — spent in early morning or evening gallops into the wonderful valleys of the range of hills that cuts the island in two, and in climbs to the different summits, from which, on each side of you, the little island seems to roll away and leap and tumble in great billows of green into the

sea; with the days rounded in on cool and fragrant verandas, among these intelligent, hospitable people, with whom kindness to the stranger is the first of duties,—one will find it hard to believe that the other islands can promise greater attractions.

The first expedition usually made is to the active volcano Kilauea, situated on the island of Hawaii, the easternmost of the group. The indispensable articles by way of outfit for this are a waterproof (a lady should carry a bloomer dress of heavy woollen material) and a saddle, as all the journeying must be made on horseback; to these may be added whatever articles of comfort or convenience the individual taste may suggest; but it is desirable that all should not exceed the capacity of a pair of saddle-bags. To sail direct to Hilo, which is the most common course, instead of landing at Kewaihae, on the other side of Hawaii and making a partial circuit of the island, is to rob one's self of an experience full of novel enjoyment. It is a journey of three or four days, and attended with some fatigue and discomfort; but to the enthusiastic sight-seer the annoyances will be counterbalanced by the pleasures. After a day of monotonous scenery, the road winds round the base of Mauna-Kea, and comes out close to the sea. Then begins the romantic part of it,—a succession of precipices, or great crevices as they might be called, from one hundred to five hundred feet deep. But these *palis*, as the natives call them, are as beautiful as they are perilous of descent; their steep sides are covered with every shade of green, from the silver-leaved *kukui* to the dark purple fronds of the *pulu* fern,—masses and tangles of vines and trees,—and at the bottom of each is a roaring, tumbling brook, or narrow arm of the sea. On this side of the island, also, lie the rich sugar plantations under the hospitable roofs of whose owners the traveller must look to find his shelter and his victual.

But Hilo will not suffer him to pass her by without stopping to pay a tribute

of admiration to her beautiful bay and cultivated and generous inhabitants, giving him at the same time the opportunity to take breath before the last day of his journey. The crater of Kilauea opens at a height of four thousand feet on the side of the lofty Mauna Loa, and a gradual ascent of thirty miles lands you suddenly on the edge of this enormous, yawning chasm. So vast is it that it is impossible to get any idea of its gigantic proportions till you have clambered down its almost perpendicular walls, and crossed the interior, which measures ten miles round. Its condition varies greatly at different times: sometimes the molten mass forms a chain of fiery lakes, connected by subterraneous channels, sometimes it overleaps its barriers, and floods the floor of the crater with fire. No words can depict the awful fascination of those fiery caldrons, boiling and hissing and roaring, and tossing up fountains of liquid flame. The most effective time to see them is the evening. Then the whole sky is lighted up with the reflection of the fire, and the surrounding darkness serves to heighten the splendor of the glowing, seething mass.

In striking contrast with Kilauea stands the stupendous extinct volcano of Haleakala, almost the greater wonder of the two. It occupies the eastern half of the island of Maui, and is a cone ten thousand feet high. Its crater is three times as large as Kilauea,—that is, it is thirty miles in circumference,—and more than a thousand feet deep. Parties visiting this crater are accustomed to take their camping equipage, and to pass a night on the top of the mountain, not only because the excursion would be too fatiguing for a single day, but also because through the day the crater is filled with light clouds and mist, which only depart with the setting sun. No scene could possibly combine more elements of the grand and the beautiful than this does; the soft, flocculent masses of clouds silently rolling in and out of these Tartarean depths, through the great gap in the mountain-wall, toward

the sea, occasionally breaking to reveal the frightful blackness beneath; the sun as it sinks, touches the whole cloud-landscape with a rose-gray glow; long lines of trade-wind cloudlets, like fleets of phantom ships, go scudding over the sea; the three lofty summits of Hawaii, and the lesser heights of the islands surrounding Maui repeat the sunset tints, and the whole seems like a scene of enchantment. Maui can also boast of a valley that deserves to be mentioned by the side of the Yosemite, though so different in outline and in coloring as to allow of no comparison; and this, together with the most picturesque mountain group of all the islands, the richest sugar plantations, and the most generous and free-handed proprietors, make Maui the greenest spot in the memory of every traveller.

It is impossible, in the limits of such a brief sketch as this, to do more than roughly outline the chief points of interest in these far-off islands. The climate, too, lends its subtle attraction, a deliciously blended heat and coolness in which you are puzzled to know whether you are comfortably warm or pleasantly refreshed. One who has two or three months of leisure cannot better bestow it than in going to see all this for himself, and he will obtain from the warm-hearted islanders every possible help and suggestion he may need to make his journey easy and profitable, with only one drawback, namely, that at every place he may stop, with the exception of Honolulu, he must accept the freely offered hospitality of the foreign residents, nor dare to make any return except in friendship's coin.

IX.

A visit to the islands, however, cannot be included in the two or three months' plan with which we left home. But Oregon, the Columbia River, and Idaho can; and if you please, we will go home that way. It will take but two weeks longer than the straight railroad line back, and even the most

careless tour of our new West will be incomplete without it. Good ocean steamers will carry us to Portland, Oregon, in two days; but if the roads are tolerable, and the stage service what it should be, we shall prefer to go over land. The cars take us up the grand valley of the Sacramento through Marysville to Oroville, and leave about five hundred miles for the stage. We ride then through broad alluvial meadows, golden-brown with wheat, and enlivened by frequent old oak groves; past Chico, where, if possible, we should linger to see General Bidwell and his twenty-thousand-acre farm, with its vast gardens and orchards; past Red Bluffs, the head of navigation on the Sacramento River, where the widow and daughters of old John Brown live in quiet and usefulness, nursing the sick, teaching the young, and honored by the whole village; into narrowing valleys, where the Coast Range and the Sierras meet and kiss each other; over pleasant hills, with occasional plantations of the pear, apple, and vine, growing most luxuriantly here; along under the grand shadows of Mount Shasta, monarch of the Northern Sierras, and the Mont Blanc of California; over higher hills and into the cross valleys of Northern California and Southern Oregon, the Trinity, Klamath, Rogue, and Umpqua Rivers coursing wildly through them to the sea; by many a grove of oak, with the green mistletoe and the gray moss pendent from the branches, and the gay madrone-tree lighting up the scene; through many a broad interval of grass and grain, welcoming flocks or reapers; through and in sight of forests of pines, cedars, spruces, balsams, birches, and ash, greener and more diversified than those of California, and grander in individual size and collective extent than those of the Alleghanies or the White Hills. We stop in the Umpqua Valley to have an hour's chat on the philosophy and practice of politics with Jesse Applegate, a wise old pioneer of Oregon, and come out at last into the garden of Oregon, the Willamette Valley. No-

where else was ever a scene of picturesque rural beauty like that spread before us, as the stage comes out of the hills and woods, and we overlook the broad meadows, with their wide, open groves, rising and falling in softly undulating lines, and the hills standing far apart to frame the picture. The parks of Old England, the valleys of New England, the prairies of Illinois, the mountains of Colorado and California, all seem to have contributed their special attractions to make up this scene. Through this valley, one hundred and twenty-five miles long and fifty miles wide, the railroad or the steamboat may quicken our speed; but we shall wish to linger over its wealth of beauty and wealth of agriculture. Prosperous villages lie along the river, and sixty thousand people already live upon the soil. Wheat, corn, and fruit are the chief products; and there is no stint in the return.

Portland lies on the Willamette, just before it enters the Columbia, has from eight to nine thousand inhabitants, who pay almost a New England respect to the Sabbath, and dreams sometimes that it is a rival to San Francisco. It would be well if, now we are here, we could run across Washington Territory, — a two days' ride through thicker forests of larger trees than we have yet seen, always excepting the mammoth groves of California, — and see Puget's Sound. Steamboats carry us to Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, and back, and the excursion is a revelation of new beauties and new wealth. Magnificent forests line the shores, close to which the largest ships can move; there is lumber here for all nations and all time; snow-covered mountains, grand in form, smiling in aspect, rise on the right and left; and we come back penetrated with a new wonder at the far-reaching bounty of our Northwest, and a trifle impatient that the British drum-beat is even temporarily sounded over a portion of such waters, over an acre of such excellent forests for ship timber and profitable lumber generally. A week would suffice to

make this excursion from Portland to Victoria and back, and a most recompensing investment would it prove.

But we promised to return homeward by the Columbia River. Elegant steamers convey us up the broad stream. Soon we pass Fort Vancouver, where Grant, Hooker, and McClellan all served apprenticeship, and Grant distinguished himself by raising a crop of potatoes; and it was here, too, that our new President left the army, to come back in the hour of national distress, rescued himself, rescuing us. Mount Hood appears next, — a grand pyramid of snow in the distance, — the pride of Oregon, and the rival to California's Shasta. We now enter the exciting theatre of conflict between river and rock, that distinguishes the Columbia from all other known rivers. Our boat cannot pass these rapids, but there are railroads to carry freight and passengers to boats of equal excellence beyond.

East of the mountains, the close, rich forests disappear, the hills are bare and brown as in Nevada, and the boat-ride grows monotonous. At Umatilla, or Walla-Walla, some three hundred miles above Portland, we come to the present head of navigation, and take stages for a five hundred miles' ride over the Blue Mountains, through the Grande Ronde Valley, along the valley of the Snake River, where steamboats will probably soon help us over another hundred and fifty miles of the way, into and through Idaho, and on to Salt Lake and the railroad again. The ride over the Blue Mountains and through the Grande Ronde Valley is the most satisfactory for scenery. The ascent and descent of the mountains are easy, the roads hard and smooth, and the views, near and remote, very grand and inspiring. Gorges and parks, forests and meadows, alternate with fine effect; and a bath in the warm sulphur springs by the roadside will relieve the weariness of the body. Through Idaho, whose gold mines seem exhausted and whose towns are either decaying or at a standstill, and along the Upper Snake, the country presents a dull, barren uni-

formity of aspect; and high, volcanic table-lands begin to appear.

Within some hundred and thirty miles of the north end of Salt Lake, are several peculiar freaks of nature, which the traveller should leave the stage for a day or two to observe. The first on the east is the canyon of the Malade River, a branch of the Snake; for miles it flows through a narrow gorge of solid lava rock, in some places fifty feet deep, and yet only eight or ten feet wide, the confined waters coursing rapidly and angrily below. Next, at Snake River Ferry, the waters of the Lost River branch, having sunk beneath the ground a long distance back, emerge to light again just at the point of junction, and pour from rocks one hundred and fifty feet high into the main stream. Ten or fifteen miles from this point, though only seven miles from the stage road at another place, are the Shoshone Falls, on the Snake River. They rank next to Niagara in the list of waterfalls, and by some visitors are held to be entitled to the first rank in majesty of movement and grandeur of surrounding features. All about are wide lava fields, and the river, two hundred yards wide, deep and swift, has worn itself a channel one hundred feet down into the rock; then, as if in preparation for the grand leap, it indulges in a series of cascades of from thirty to sixty feet in height, and at last, gathering into an unbroken mass, swoops—in a grand horse-shoe twelve hundred feet across—down two hundred and ten feet into the pit below. The river is not as wide as Niagara, nor the volume of water so great, but the fall is higher and quite as beautiful. It is difficult to get near to the falls, because of the high, rough, and perpendicular walls of rock that guard the stream; but they can be reached by hard climbing. A perpendicular pillar of rock rises one hundred feet in the midst of the rapids; islands rise from the stream just above the cataract; and two huge rocky columns stand on each side of the falls. Either by a day's detour in the trip from the

Columbia River to Salt Lake, as we have suggested, or by a special journey of three or four days from the railroad at the latter point, these marvels of nature will soon be generally visited by Pacific Railroad travellers, and the details of their sublimity more thoroughly catalogued by pen and reproduced by photograph for the general public.

Finding ourselves again at Salt Lake, — time, money, and disposition holding out, and the season being favorable, — we shall be greatly tempted to round our travel with the stage-ride through Montana to Fort Benton on the Upper Missouri, and follow down that river in one of its steamboats to Omaha again. It is about three hundred miles by stage to Virginia City, Montana, four hundred and twenty-five to Helena, and near six hundred to Fort Benton, and the fare through a hundred and forty dollars. The roads are excellent, the stage service the best on the continent, and the scenery across the high open plains, along the fertile valleys, and through the passes in the Upper Rocky Mountain ranges, fresh, picturesque, and every way inviting. Colorado is scarcely more favorable for farming and stock-growing purposes than this region. The ride is among the head waters of the Missouri River, and grand mountains rise to guide and guard, not to obstruct, along the entire pathway. In Montana, too, we can see, more readily than perhaps anywhere else, mining in all its phases, — panning, "long toms," sluicing, hydraulics, and quartz mills. The boat-ride down the Missouri will be long, slow, and tedious; the stream is muddy, the banks for the most part barren and uninviting; the time will perhaps be ten days or two weeks; but the experience will prove most valuable, and the journey will afford time for arranging the information gathered during the summer.

Or, postponing Montana for a "more convenient season," and indulging our unsatisfied curiosity in another peep over Brigham Young's garden and harem wall, and our weary bodies in a

bath in the warm pools of fresh sulphur water in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, we close our Pacific Railroad excursion by a two days' ride in the cars back over the mountains and across the plains to Omaha, where we stand on the threshold of the East and of home.

This vast region, through which we have so hastily travelled, the hand of science has only touched here and there as yet. Professor Whitney has done much to map the past and present of California, and inventory its varied resources; if sustained by the State, he will complete a work that will be of incalculable benefit to its people, and a great contribution to scientific knowledge. Several young graduates of his survey, with aid from the general government, are fast completing a thorough examination and report of a belt across the continent along the fortieth parallel, or the line of the Pacific Railroad. This will prove of great interest and value. Professor Powell, an enthusiast in geology and natural history, from Illinois, spent last summer, with a party of assistants, in a scientific exploration of the parks and mountains of Colorado; and, after wintering in the wilds of Western Colorado, he proposes this season to extend his observations into the almost unknown land of Southwestern Colorado and Northeastern Arizona, and perhaps test the safety of the passage of the great canyon of the Colorado of the West. Here lies, as yet, the grand geographical secret of our Western empire. For three hundred miles, this river, which drains the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, is for several hundred miles confined within perpendicular rock walls averaging three thousand feet in height, down which there is no safe descent, up which there is no climbing, between which the stream runs furiously. One man is reported to have gone through the canyon and come out alive. To explore it is the dangerous yet fascinating undertaking of Professor Powell. For the rest, our scientific knowledge of the mountains and plains and deserts of our Far West is founded upon the re-

ports of government engineers and the railroad surveys, — valuable, indeed, but incomplete, and provoking rather than allaying curiosity.

The Indians are not likely to interfere with Pacific Railroad travel. The fears of travellers on that account are needless. Neither among the Colorado parks and mountains, nor in the valleys of California and Oregon, nor in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, shall we be likely to meet Indians, save as humble, peaceful supplicants for food and tobacco. They may appear on the routes through Idaho and Montana. But greater danger is to be apprehended from the "road agents," or highway robbers. In Nevada and California, and in Idaho, they have occasionally introduced the Mexican banditti style of operating on travellers, rarely killing their victims, and only making sure to get all their money and watches, and whatever treasure the express messenger on the stage may have on hand. The Western country is destined, probably, to go through an era of this sort of crime. The vicious and vagrant population that followed the progress of the railroad in its building, and has been set loose by its completion, and the similar elements turned adrift by the failure of mining enterprises, furnish the needy and desperate characters for the business. Not unlikely they may grow bold enough to stop, and "go through," a railroad train. Short and sharp should be the dealing with this class of marauders. But the chance of becoming their victims is not great enough to excuse any of us for staying at home, when the Pacific Railroad — open — offers to us all such inviting pleasures and such wide-reaching experiences.

These are but scant outlines of the new and larger half of our Republic. Arizona, New Mexico, and Lower California — three territories as remarkable perhaps in natural wonders and resources as any in our new West — have not been mentioned; but only speculators or adventurers will be readily tempted into their difficulties and dangers now; and we fear the early travel-

lers by the new pathway of iron will be appalled by the variety of entertainment to which we have here invited them. But if they start with the protest that we have promised too much, they will return with the confession that the half was not told them. We hope they will also return with a new conception of the magnitude, the variety, and the wealth, in realization and in prospect, of the American Republic, — a new idea of what it is to be an American citizen.

OUTLINE FOR A TWO MONTHS' JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC STATES BY THE PACIFIC ROAD.

From Omaha to Cheyenne and Denver	2 days.
Excursions in Colorado	9 "
To Salt Lake City	2 "
Stay in Salt Lake City	2 "
To Virginia City	2 "
To San Francisco, with two days to stop on the way	3 "
In and about San Francisco	7 "
Yosemite Valley and Big Trees	10 "
Overland to Oregon	6 days.
From Portland to Victoria, through Washington Territory and Puget's Sound and back	7 "
From Portland to Salt Lake by Columbia River, Idaho, and Shoshone Falls	8 "
From Salt Lake to Omaha	2 "
Total	60 days.

This is obviously a short allowance for so comprehensive a journey; but every traveller can enlarge it to suit his comfort and convenience. He cannot advantageously cut down Colorado or San Francisco and its neighborhood, or the Yosemite, but he may well add a week to the time assigned for each. Another month would allow the traveller to return through Montana and down the Upper Missouri, and to give an extra week to different points in the earlier parts of his journey. Two months more — or from June 1 to November 1 — would include, with all the above, a liberal allowance of time for an excursion to the Sandwich Islands. And the weather during these five months would be favorable for every part of the grand trip; only in the islands would water-proofs and umbrellas be needed. For the two months' journey we would recommend July and August; for the three, July, August, and September. California is in its summer glory in April and May; but that is too early for its mountains or the Yosemite; and the parks and mountains of Colorado, though passable in June, are much more accessible in July and August.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Edelweiss. A Story. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE think the first charm the reader will find in this most charming book is the fact that the story seems to tell itself. From the beginning it goes alone, and one does not think of the author till the end, when perhaps one's homage is all the more devout in recognition of the genius that could produce such an exquisite fiction, and nowhere in it betray a consciousness of creation. It is the minor work of a master, and we hardly know whether it is to be most enjoyed by those who first make his acquaintance through it, or by those who read it in the reflected light of his great

romance. The scene is not among courtly people here; in fact it is always in one little clock-making neighborhood in the Black Forest, and the characters of the story are the clock-makers and their friends and kinsfolk; — a doctor is the highest in dignity amongst them. It is simply the story of Lenz, who makes musical clocks, and marries Annele, the worldly-minded but not bad-hearted daughter of the inn-keeper, who leads him a very miserable life indeed, both before and after her father's bankruptcy, until she is somewhat precipitately brought to a sense of her errors and to repentance by being buried with Lenz under the avalanche which overwhelms their house. They escape of course, and the reader takes leave of them in the as-

surance that they will be happy after that, but not without a lurking suspicion, which is perhaps also the author's, that it was almost too bad a match to begin with. Lenz is full of generous sympathies; Annele's happiness is in proportion to the discomfort of somebody. Such different kinds of pride, — pride in others' regard, and pride in others' envy, make life a battle. Annele despises Lenz's clock-making, and longs to be the mistress of a hotel; Lenz is mildly immovable in his old attachments, in his love for the art taught him by his father, in his tenderness for the hill-side homestead, in his devotion to his mother's memory. Annele hates all his friends, and in one horrible quarrel she accuses him of having ill-treated his mother, — his mother, whose death he has never ceased to lament, with whom, while she lived, he dwelt in such perfect love that it was the wonder of all who knew of it. "His breath came short as she spoke, and there fell a stone upon his heart, which nevermore departed, but lay there like a dead weight." "Annele," said Lenz's hard old uncle Petrovitch, as the three sat together awaiting their death in the house buried under the avalanche, "if Lenz had throttled you when you said those words, he would have been hung, but he would have been innocent in the sight of God. . . . There is my hand, Lenz; you are a beggar for kind words, which is pitiful; but you have not deserved a punishment like this, to be driven mad by a devil in your house."

Petrovitch is not a principal character of the story, but he is one of the most entertaining, with his past of loveless exile and success, his return to the little Black Forest village through pure homesickness and love of the brother he supposed himself to hate, his present of selfish and cynical ease, and his reconciliation with his nephew Lenz just in time to share his peril and escape; and it is quite in keeping with all the rest that he should be found after death to have had only an annuity, and to have gambled the remainder of his fortune away. The glimpses of sweet, simple, refined life in the doctor's family, and of the tender esteem in which all Lenz's friends and neighbors hold him, are almost the only cheerful lights in the picture; the humorous passages, though abundant, are for the most part only varied expressions of the gloom of the story, for it is, indeed, as the author premises, "a sad, cruel history," though "the sun of love breaks through

at last." Nothing can be at once droller and more pathetic than the adieu of Franzl, the old servant whom Annele drives out of Lenz's house: —

"Lenz comforted her as well as he could, assuring her she should soon come back, and promising her a yearly sum as long as she lived. But she shook her head, and said, weeping: 'The Lord God will soon put me beyond want. Never did I think to leave this house, where I have lived for eight-and-twenty years, till I was carried out. There are my pots, and my copper kettles, and my pans, and my tubs; how many thousand times I have taken them in my hand, and polished them up! They are my witnesses. No one can say I have not been neat and orderly. The nozzle of every pot, if it could speak, would tell who and what I have been. But God knows all. He sees what goes on in the great room, and in the kitchen, and in each of our hearts. That is my comfort and my *viaticum* and — Enough; I am glad to get out of this place; rather would I spin thistles than stay here a day longer. I don't want to make you unhappy, Lenz. You might hunt me down like a rat before I would bring ill-will into the house. No, no, I will not do that. Have no anxiety about me; you have cares enough of your own. Gladly would I be crushed under the weight of them, if I could but take them from you, and bear them on my own shoulders. Have no fear for me. I shall go to my brother in Knuslingen. There was I born, and there will I wait till I die. If I join your mother in Paradise, I will tend upon her as she was used to being tended here. For her sake, our Lord God will admit me, and for her sake you shall still be blessed in this world. Good-by; forgive me, if I have ever grieved you. Good-by, — a thousand times good-by!'"

Franzl makes most of the laughing in the book, but, as our readers can see, she is not altogether a comical character. We deride without compunction, however, the father of Annele, who by dint of prodigious personal dignity, a great deal of silence, and a habit of talking, when he did speak, of honor, had so won the awe and confidence of his neighbors that he was able to involve them all in ruin when he failed. He sold the forest on the mountain-side which protected Lenz's house, and which, being cut away, gave the avalanche free course. The landlord in after years had charge of a

water-cure, and received one of Lenz's friends as a patient :—

"He spoke handsomely of Lenz, and enjoined upon Fallér to tell him that he must never allow himself to be goaded into any undertaking that he did not feel himself thoroughly fitted for. This sentence he made Fallér repeat over and over again, word for word, till he knew it by heart, when the landlord put on his spectacles to see how a man actually looked who had such a sentence in his head."

By-Ways of Europe. By BAYARD TAYLOR.
New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

THE Familiar Letter which Mr. Taylor addresses to the reader is to our mind the pleasantest thing in this volume, though the book contains some of the author's freshest and most fortunate studies of travel. These have already appeared, with one or two exceptions, in the Atlantic, and our readers know their quality,—easy, quiet, unaffected descriptions of the life and scenery beside or beyond the great tourist lines—people and places that offered something like novelty even to so much-travelled a man as Mr. Taylor. To most readers we imagine that "The Little Land of Appenzell" is all as new as if Switzerland were not a vast hostelry from the bottom of its valleys to the top of its mountains, and as if there were not an Alpine Club in the world. Mr. Taylor's journey thither had something of the joy of discovery, and he makes his readers share this pleasure. But for him, too, Majorca and Minorca have been long so untouched by travel, that they are almost "fresh woods and pastures new." "Catalonian Bridle Roads" is a delightful and careful study of unhackneyed Spanish character and Spanish scenery not yet photographed; and the account of the Republic of Andorra is in all respects a worthy pendant to that of "The Little Land of Appenzell." Not less charmingly written are the papers on more visited places, Capri, Ischia, Corsica; and no one can deny that Mr. Taylor's "Distant View of Capraia" offers peculiar and surprising features. The three chapters on life in Russia have the attraction felt in all the rest, that is to say, they are pleasantly and lightly written, in the spirit of experienced and intelligent observation, and with such a thorough conscientiousness that fact is never sacrificed to effect, nor

truth to point; they are graphic and distinct, but the pictures once brought before the reader, the author's work is done; he does not comment upon them any more than he sentimentalizes them; and we imagine it is for this reason that we find them so satisfactory, in contrast with the many impertinences of most modern travellers.

The reader will think none the less of them, and certainly none the less of their author, that, in the Familiar Letter we have already mentioned, he rates these sketches and his other books of travel so modestly. They will, of course, establish their own place in literature quite independently of his judgment, and of that of the generation to which they were first addressed; but, in the mean time, we cannot fail to be touched and instructed by the frankness with which, in announcing that he expects to write no more books of travel, he speaks of his past efforts as so many studies, so many processes of education,—with the one advantage that, however immature they may be, nothing in them is forced or affected,—and regrets that his want of systematic training disabled him from producing scientific works of travel. "Narratives of travel serve either to measure our knowledge of other lands, in which case they stand only until superseded by more thorough research, or to exhibit the coloring which those lands take when painted for us by individual minds, in which case their value must be fixed by the common standards of literature. For the former class, the widest scientific culture is demanded; for the latter, something of the grace and freedom and keen mental insight which we require in a work of fiction. The only traveller in whom the two characters were thoroughly combined was Goethe."

The readers of Mr. Taylor's poems and novels will believe that it is only from the purely incidental, not to say accidental, character of his career as a traveller, that he has not produced any work of imaginative travel; and they might not unreasonably look to him yet for a philosophized review of his wide experience and observation, which should supply this want. As to the scientific value of his books, it is a question which seems very sensibly and definitely treated for him and for us by the greatest of scientific travellers. We have a peculiar pleasure in quoting this opinion here, because it refutes one of those stories with which the public now and then loves to disgrace its favorites :—

"I never thought it worth while to con-

tradict a story which, for eight or nine years past, has appeared from time to time in the newspapers, to the effect that Humboldt had said of me: 'He has travelled more and seen less than any man living.' The simple publication of a letter from Humboldt to myself would have silenced this invention; but I desisted, because I knew its originator, and did not care to take that much notice of him. The same newspapers afterwards informed me that he had confessed the slander, shortly before his death. I mention the circumstance now, in order to say that the sentence attributed to Humboldt was no doubt kept alive by the grain of truth at the bottom of it. Had Humboldt actually said, 'No man who has published so many volumes of travel has contributed so little to positive science,' he would have spoken the truth, and I should have agreed with him. But when, during my last interview with that great student of Nature, I remarked that he would find in my volumes nothing of the special knowledge which he needed, it was very grateful to me when he replied: 'But you paint the world as we explorers of science cannot. Do not undervalue what you have done. It is a real service; and the unscientific traveller, who knows the use of his eyes, observes for us always, without being aware of it.'

We are always grateful for what an author chooses to tell us of himself; and Mr. Taylor's bit of autobiography is so amiably and sincerely written, that it not only appeals successfully to the reader's good feeling, and enlists his sympathy in the emotion with which the author must close a long chapter in his life, but will awaken a new interest in his future literary career. It is also valuable as one of the first efforts of an American author in self-criticism, and it is full of suggestion to the student of our literature; for it expresses, with delicacy and discretion, in regard to one member, what we feel to be measurably true of a great part of our literary body.

The True Christian Religion, containing the entire Theology of the New Church, foretold in Daniel viii., and Revelation xxi. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Translated from the Latin by R. NORMAN FOSTER. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

THE publishers of this edition of Swedenborg spare no pains, mechanical or lit-

erary, to put a good face upon his writings, by giving them to the world better edited and very much better printed than they have ever before been. So far as we have been able to judge, we should say that Mr. Foster has acquitted himself of his obligations in a very conscientious manner, having no sectarian bias nor covert ends of any sort to promote, by imposing his own personality in any appreciable degree upon his author, or making him speak the language of the conventicle rather than that of common sense. When the edition is completed, we think it must in great measure supersede the older ones.

It is not easy to give the reader a compendious idea of Swedenborg's philosophic significance as a religious teacher. It is easy enough to say, no doubt, that all truth to his judgment is identical with the contents of the Christian revelation, *spiritually understood*; that is, with the Christian dogma of the incarnation, or, as he calls it, of the "divine NATURAL humanity." But there is the rub. Men's "spiritual," unlike their natural understanding, is essentially free, is eminently individual; and no authority exists in heaven or earth consequently to compel them into unanimity on questions of a spiritual order. Thus a profound philosophy, natural and moral, underlies the Christian truth as Swedenborg presents it; and there can be no spiritual or intellectual apprehension of that truth unless this philosophy be previously to some extent excogitated. Swedenborg himself never pretends to give his reader the least philosophic insight into the truth. He denies that spiritual or living power can be directly communicated even by God himself, much less by man or angel; and he confines himself to affirming the endless superiority of the internal scope of revelation over its external letter, without ever attempting to justify the affirmation by any application of the internal sense to the elucidation of our history as a race. It is quite useless therefore to resort to Swedenborg with a view to get any direct increment to your spiritual stature. He gives you any amount of phenomenal fact, derived from his own observation of the spiritual world; but not one of these facts is ever given as of the least interest or significance in itself, but only for the bearing it exerts upon the truth of God's *natural* humanity. They are as good, no doubt, as any other facts wherewithal to fill your memory, or mental stomach, and are per-

haps even more entertaining than most facts of observation. But they will do you no manner of permanent good, unless you intellectually digest them, or resolve them under the stimulus of your own spiritual necessities, out of their lifeless, literal application to Christ as a person, into a doctrine of God's creative presence or spiritual intimacy in universal man, i.e. *man in nature*, or the race of man.

Swedenborg's books are wholly impertinent then, save in the way of literary entertainment, to every one who is at ease in our intellectual Zion; that is, to every one who is not feeling a secret divine discontent with the existing ontological conception of deity, as a being outside of man, or unimplicated in human nature, human progress, and human destiny. Swedenborg is the sworn foe of every such deity, every deity who has any personal interests apart from those of the humblest man that breathes, or the lowliest plant that blooms. The whole mythologic conception of God, as an idle, luxurious, superfluous force in the world, essentially unrelated to all that exists, is practically ignored by him; and our ordinary Christian deism consequently, which is more or less fashioned upon this lifeless mythologic method, is regarded by him with little less aversion than atheism. For deism, under whatever name it goes, is the doctrine of a patent or exhausted divine force in the world, not of a latent or living one; of a manifested, not of a revealed deity; a deity manifest to sense or observation in the fixity of nature, rather than revealed to life or consciousness in the progress of history. Deism regards God as primarily the author of nature, and as imprisoned therefore within its inflexible laws; while revealed religion regards him primarily as the father of man, and as endlessly active therefore and urgent towards every conceivable issue and possibility of human freedom. Deism says, nature first, and man in subordination to nature. Revelation says, man first, and mineral, vegetable, and animal only in subservience to him. Thus while deism explicitly avouches God as a maker, or regards him as sustaining the same formal and heartless relation to man that a clock-maker does to his clock, it to the same extent implicitly denies him as creator, or refuses to accredit him with the substantial and intimate or affectionate relation which a father bears to his child. And this is the reason why deism has never been, and never will be, a popular

doctrine. An eccentric intellect here and there may espouse its fortunes, but to the mass of religious minds it bears the chill of death. The human heart invincibly insists upon a nearer approximation to God than nature enforces; and it is incredible therefore that any of our tepid and bloodless deistical formularies, — positivist, radical, liberal, or what not, — should be able to supplant or even enfeeble the craziest scheme of faith that ever issued from a human noddle, so long as it intrenches itself to the imagination of its followers behind the bulwarks of a living divine revelation. It may tickle the speculative ambition of an enthusiastic naturalist now and then to cultivate a filial recognition of his late-found father, the gorilla; but the fashion will never be popular, especially whilst the relationship continues to be the lop-sided thing it is, and the gorilla himself remains utterly untouched by the return of his repentant prodigals. People, no doubt, admire the child that knows its own father; but they never will agree to acknowledge a father who is absolutely indifferent and even insensible to the caresses of his own child.

Yes, the world has had and still has gods many and lords many; but they are one and all, according to Swedenborg, definitively doomed and disposed of by the Christian revelation of the divine name, which stamps it as essentially inimical to the moral hypothesis of creation, or to the existence of any outward and personal relations between man and God. It is true that the Christian Church, in Swedenborg's estimation, has never begun to be true to the idea of its founder, having indeed from the start grossly misconceived the altogether spiritual doctrine and mission he confided to it. From the day of the Apostle John's decease down to our own day, a midnight darkness has rested upon the mind in regard to spiritual things, — a darkness so palpable at last, so unrelieved by any feeblest star-shine of faith or knowledge, that a church has recently set itself up among us which claims to be nothing if not spiritual, and yet has so little apprehension of the meaning of that word as to exclude Christ from a primary place in its regard, because, forsooth, it can get no conclusive proof of his having been *morally* or *personally* superior to Socrates and other great men of whom history preserves a tradition! But let us for once admit the charge. Let us for once frankly allow that Christ was so inferior in point of

moral or personal force, not only to these great names, but even to the meanest of his own followers, that he was incompetent to provide for his own living, and actually depended for his subsistence upon the precarious charity of a few poor women: what then? May not this comparative deficiency on his part of personal or moral force, force of selfhood, argue *of itself* a greater force of spiritual manhood in him, a nearer approximation to the divine nature, than ever befell any merely accomplished person? Such at all events is Swedenborg's conception of the case. For he invariably represents the divine being as destitute of any moral or personal limitation. He denies that God has any *absolute* character, any *passive* existence, any such perfection as makes him self-centred, or leads him to contrast himself favorably with the meanest wretch that breathes. He has in truth no absolute or passive and personal worth, such as we covet under the name of virtue; for his worth is altogether active or creative, existing only in relation to his creatures. He has no absolute claim, according to Swedenborg, upon our regard, but only a *working* claim; a claim founded not upon what he is in himself, — for he has no self in our sense of the word, — but upon what he is relatively to others. We, of course, cannot help, in our native ignorance of his spiritual attributes, according him a blind and superstitious worship for what he presumably was before creation, or out of relation to all existence. But this, nevertheless, is pure stupidity. His sole real claim to the heart's allegiance consists, according to Swedenborg, in the excellency of his creative and redemptive name. That is to say, it consists, first, in his *so freely subjecting himself to us* in all the compass of our creaturely destitution and impotence, as to endow us with the amplest physical and moral consciousness, or permit us to feel ourselves absolutely to be; and secondly, in his himself becoming, by virtue of such subjection, so apparently and exclusively objective to us, — so much the sole or controlling aim of our destiny, — as to be able to mould our finite consciousness at his pleasure, inflaming it finally to such a pitch of sensible alienation from, or felt *otherness* to, both him and our kind, as to make us inwardly loathe ourselves, and give ourselves no rest until we put on the lineaments of an infinite or perfect man, in attaining to the proportions of a regenerate society, fellowship, brotherhood of all mankind.

But our space fails us, and we can only say, in closing, that no one interested in the controversy between "natural" and "revealed" religion, or deism and Christianity, should fail to give his days and nights to Swedenborg.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of VICTOR RYDBERG. By WM. WIDGERY THOMAS, JR., late U. S. Consul at Gothenberg, Sweden. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson and Brothers.

THE degree of merit ascribed to this romance by Fredrika Bremer's declaration that "it is the most genial historical novel ever written in the Swedish language," is to be exactly determined only by those as well acquainted as she with Swedish fiction. It would perhaps be no more than the whole duty of a reviewer to affect this acquaintance, and we will not deny that we have it, though we think most readers will be satisfied to learn that, judged in itself, "The Last Athenian" is very interesting. As to "genial," we are not certain from our perusal of M. Rydberg's novel, let alone our collateral knowledge of Swedish romance, that we should apply that epithet to it in either an absolute or a relative sense. We feel sure, however, that it would be next to impossible for any writer to take M. Rydberg's theme, — which is Athenian society of the fourth century, in the reigns of Constantius II. and Julian, rather than individual fortunes, though these are not neglected, — and quite divest it of attraction; and our author is so thoroughly master of the historical situation, and is in such full sympathy with the civilization struggling against the barbarized and degraded Christian Church of that day, that he clothes his subject with a peculiar fascination. The effect is in truth rather bewildering and dismaying at times to the humane and enlightened modern reader. He becomes unawares a heathen philosopher for the nonce; there is nothing he desires more than that the two warring sects of Christians should exterminate one another; he looks upon the conversion of the temple of Mars into a church as a gross outrage; he openly rejoices when Julian the Apostate comes to the throne; he laments that prince's untimely death as a personal and universal calamity. Doubtless, M. Rydberg does not intend so much as

this, but in the presence of those atrocious Homoiousians and Homoiousians, it is hard to keep from declaring one's self fully and finally for the only temperate and tolerant people in Athens, the pagans namely. This is a fatality of the historical romancer's art, which he cannot himself avert; and as in this case it helps to enforce the great lesson that these are happier than any former times, and that with the lapse of ages Christianity itself has grown purer and better, it is a fatality not altogether to be regretted. We are duly Christians again upon the appearance of Theodorus with his humane teachings, and we perceive that our author has not been equally deluded with ourselves by the aesthetic and sentimental aspects of declining paganism. It is Julian's hatred of bigotry, not his apostasy, which he admires; and while he makes us regret that so much which was beautiful in civilization and art must perish with the advance of Christianity, he teaches that the form only is perishable, and that no principle of truth or beauty is lost. We perceive, indeed, that men were sensual and selfish in obedience to the old philosophy while they were intolerant and cruel in violence to the new faith; and we are made to question at last whether the spectacle of the slaughter of the Homoiousians by the Homoiousians was not more consoling than the banquet of the Epicureans, where death and vice both sat crowned with flowers, and a sort of polite despair was deified.

Apart from its religious interest, "The Last Athenian" is a very absorbing romance. Chrysanteus, the Archon of Athens under Constantius and Julian, and afterwards leader of the rebel Donatists, though always himself a pagan, is that Last Athenian from whom the book is named; and so much love story as is in it links the fate of his daughter Hermione to that of Charmides, a refined and profligate young philosopher of the Epicurean school. The son of Chrysanteus has been stolen in infancy (by a slave who afterwards appears as the Homoiousian Bishop of Athens), and reared in the Christian faith, from his monkish devotion to which his father vainly attempts to estrange him. Annaeus Domitius, Proconsul of Achaia, vacillating between paganism and Christianity, and doing homage to whichever religion is politically uppermost, disposed naturally to be the friend of philosophers and politeness, but greatly drawn to the new faith as the most popular, is a relief to the other charac-

ters in their earnestness and sombreness; and his charming wife, Eusebia, with her Homoiousian dogmas, and her habit of confounding the impulses of sense and spirit, now converting pagans, and now making love to a handsome ecclesiastic, is his worthy mate, and an admirable study of the kind of character developed often enough in periods of religious excitement. Such persons as Athanasius also appear in the comprehensive scene, and Theodorus, the great Arian, leads the beautiful Hermione to an inquiry into Christianity. She becomes, through the evident sympathy of the author, what in these days we should call a Unitarian; and her loathing of the orthodox Christian Church and its priesthood is so deep that, when dragged to the altar and baptized by force, she stabs herself.

We give but a faint idea of the tragic events of the book by the mention of this incident; and we have sketched its general character very vaguely. We can praise it as a romance which most may read with benefit, and nearly every one with interest,—as in fact a generously planned and conscientious study of a strange, sad, and most fascinating period of history. In many of its scenes and characters, the author shows himself an artist of signal power, if not a perfect master of romance. The descriptions of the combats between the two factions of Christians, and between the imperial troops and the Donatists, are fine battle-pieces, painted vividly and clearly; while in other pictures M. Rydberg has a charming tenderness and delicacy of touch. We owe much to Mr. Thomas for making us acquainted with so delightful an author, and have only to regret that here and there the English language does not hold out sufficiently to save the translator from the American, not to say the newspaper, dialect.

Pre-historic Nations: or, Inquiries concerning some of the great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable Relation to a still older Civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THREE or four years ago, when Stuart Mill and a few other authors happened to be caught simultaneously in the English Parliament, some ardent patriot attempted

a census of *literati* in our own national councils. The result was a little discouraging. The list, as well as we remember, contained only the name of the Hon. John D. Baldwin of Worcester, Mass., who was reported as having "given to the world" in early youth a small volume of poems.

The literary guild may well rejoice that the same delegate who thus stood for it during two Congressional terms now renews his allegiance. He signalizes his temporary withdrawal from public duties by printing another small volume, not of verse, but of prose; and into this, with the remembrance of the "hour-rule" still upon him, he has packed the substance of many octavos. Would that every American author would subject himself to four years' service in Congress, if, by so doing, he could learn to be brief!

Of literature in the English Parliament, as represented by Stuart Mill, "we only know it came and went." Nor is it easy to name in our House of Representatives a single man who has upon his conscience a literary effort more extended than a Reconstruction Bill. It is something even to trace the departing footsteps of a literary Congressman. At a time when most men on leaving the capital, still linger round the doorways of the departments in pursuit of some vice-consulship at Flores or Samana, it is something to find a man who will put up with nothing less than ancient Arabia and the pre-historic nations. It is a most dignified retirement. Instead of the Chiltern Hundreds, he accepts the Cushite Aeons.

Mr. Baldwin's book is really one of uncommon research, though its compact form and the absence of foot-notes may hide the fact from many a reader who would stand amazed before Nott and Gliddon. It has its defects; but it is always straightforward, honorable, laborious, and thoroughly in earnest. The author has faithfully used his opportunities as chairman of the Congressional Library Committee on the part of the house. If he has actually caused to be imported for that great library one half of the rare books he mentions, he will deserve grateful remembrance in that remote, but possible epoch, when scholars shall choose Washington as a residence.

The author's main zeal is for the Cushite race, for which he is as zealous as is Max Müller for the younger Aryan dynasty. He holds that the earliest civilization of

which we have any trace, dating back to 7000 B. C. at the latest, was that commonly called the Ethiopic, but which really had its seat on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and had no connection with over the way. Of this civilization, Egypt and Chaldea were but the children; it colonized the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates; it occupied India, Western Asia, and extensive regions of Africa. Commerce, manufactures, and astronomy all reached a high development during that great epoch of colonization. It was a branch of this race which established what is now called the Age of Bronze in Western Europe, and which built the temples of Abury and Stonehenge. The Cushites taught the Northern nations the worship of Baal, whose midnight fires on midsummer eve are hardly yet extinguished in England, and have testified to that remote idolatry as surely as the lingering fifth of November fires on our Essex hills still keep alive the memory of Guy Fawkes.

Compared with this Cushite or Ethiopic civilization, that of "our own proud Aryan race" was but modern, proclaims Mr. Baldwin. The two currents were at last brought in contact in India, and the Brahmanical mythology betrays the admixture. The gods of Greece, he thinks, were mainly Cushite deities; but his heart evidently goes out more toward the elder branch of the family, who made their mark at Stonehenge; and his indignation is high against those who find in Roman civilization the source of that of Modern Europe. He has his grievances too in Eastern Africa, where modern society has destroyed, even within a few centuries, more than it has created. When Vasco de Gama arrived at Mozambique in 1498, he found there cities not inferior to those of Portugal, and "many ships" equal to his own, and provided with astrolabe and compass. All this civilization has now disappeared, almost as thoroughly as that of Carthage, which was itself a Cushite city of nearly a million inhabitants.

Mr. Baldwin's main conclusions will probably be received with respect by scholars, allowing for some dissent as to his geographical theory. It is hard to surrender "the holy Meroe" without a struggle, or "him who sleeps in Philae." It is, moreover, so much more compact and comfortable to find the whole early history of the world on one river, that the aesthetic traveller will not wish to read this book as he

ascends the Nile. It has also the disadvantage of extreme condensation, not relieved by that peculiar freshness of style with which Max Müller takes us through everything. With this brevity comes also dogmatism, as many things have to be introduced with mere assertion, where there is not space for proof. Then the opinions of others have to be treated with equal brevity, which sometimes means bluntness; and a good many people are called "absurd" and "preposterous" without full statement of the evidence on which they are convicted. Yet when it comes to theorizing on scanty grounds, Mr. Baldwin is also open to temptation, and the style of argument by which he proves that the Phœnicians invented the mariners' compass is such as he would handle pretty severely, if it came from the counsel for the other side.

For these and other reasons it is to be wished that the author would treat himself more liberally to ink and paper in his next edition, and give himself time to say all that he wishes. It is a rare compliment to a book which comprises the whole history of the world, when we say that it should be twice as long.

Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp-Life in the Adirondacks. By WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

It was always a notable fact of pioneer life that, while it was difficult almost to impossibility to make a white man out of an Indian, the reverse was perfectly easy. Our race takes kindly and naturally to the woods, as if each one of us had

"A tree among his far progenitors";

and so great is the instinctive joy in sylvan life, that men willingly own a remote cousinship with the more picturesque and reputable of the four-footed forest denizens, and the more elegant and gay-colored populations of the streams. If we felt sure that this sentiment could be strengthened into a desire to share with them such pleasure in the chase as the deer knows when shot at and ultimately "dropped," or if we could believe that the trout's rapture at the instant of being "struck," were within the reach of human experience, the chief discomfort with which we read Mr. Mur-

ray's agreeable book would be removed. But certain doubts on these points force themselves upon the mind of the reader of every book of hunting adventure, and they seem to have troubled our author into making some sort of attempt at their solution. He tells us plainly that it is a sin to kill more game or take more fish than you can eat or give away; but within this limit the passion for capturing and slaying is apparently to be left unrestrained. Let each one determine, as Mr. Murray does, for himself. We remind the sentimentalist that the trout is a gluttonous murderer, whose greed for insects alone brings him into trouble, and that deer are often desperate and blood-stained duellists. Besides, there is very much in this book that can give an unalloyed pleasure; as, love of nature and a gift for imparting the effect of her wild aspects and majestic moods; a very robust and healthful manhood; a sincere delight in the strength which the wilderness gives and the prowess it demands; an unpatronizing fondness for the odd, backwoods character of the Adirondackers; a kindness even for brutes, when these do not assume the unlucky attitude of game. You say, of course, that the style is a bit florid and over-wrought where the author happens to recollect himself, and that, at times, it is a little more "rollicking" than you care to have the style even of wild-wood literature; and perhaps you feel, in some of the humorous passages, that you are not treated quite fairly, and that Mr. Murray has more than his share of the fun; but you are obliged to confess that these blemishes do not prevent you from reading the book through, and that there is something in it which will not let you go, when you have once taken it up, till the end is reached. The region which it celebrates was by no means unstoried before, but Mr. Murray may fairly claim to be the first to popularize a knowledge of it. It is quite possible that when he goes back this summer he may see the footprints of progress all through his beloved wilderness, and boldly inscribed upon the face of the rocks, in the very heart of those health-giving woods, the mystic legends of the patent-medicine-men. Whether, in view of these desecrations, it will be a sufficient compensation for him to reflect that he has written so temptingly about the Adirondacks, we do not know; but we mean to pay the spirit of his book a high compliment, when we say that we suspect not.

Chips from a German Workshop. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 Vols. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 1869.

WE may rejoice when Max Müller passes from those problems in comparative philology which interest the scholar, to those higher problems of comparative mythology which have value for the whole human race. There is no special story so important, after all, as that which enables us to do justice to the religious aspirations of man; and as for this purpose one must first be a philologist, or at least hold a philologist by the hand, it is a great thing to secure a guide so wise and gentle as Max Müller. In addition to his natural gifts, he has had the inestimable advantage of learning in Germany how to study, and in England how to write. He has thus an almost unique combination of learned thought and clear expression; and he adds the crowning merit of a freshness so hearty that twenty years of Oxford have not extinguished it.

These papers are a series of studies on special topics, published from time to time in compliance with the desire of Bunsen, who suggested their title, and to whose memory they are inscribed. The first volume, which is the more important, comprises "Essays on the Science of Religion"; but that title might, without much stretch of meaning, be applied to them all.

It is evident on every page that Max Müller has come to the study of religions through his study of languages, just as inevitably as an entomologist becomes also a botanist. He finds at every step the ties which connect the two. "Missionaries are apt to look upon all other religions as something totally distinct from their own, as formerly they used to describe the languages of barbarous nations as something more like the twitterings of birds than the articulate speech of men. The Science of Language has taught us that there is order and wisdom in all languages, and even the most degraded jargons contain the ruins of former greatness and beauty. The Science of Religion, I hope, will produce a similar change in our views of barbarous forms of faith and worship." (I. 21.)

Again, he points out that such writers as Maurice and Hardwick class religions in very much the rude way in which languages were classed during the last century; merely geographically, as Asiatic or European;

or chronologically, as ancient or modern; or according to their comparative dignity, as sacred or profane, classical or illiterate. Now the comparative philologist ignores all these divisions, and classifies languages genealogically; and so the Science of Religion, as Max Müller calls it, will one day deal impartially, he thinks, with the religions of the world.

The study of languages necessarily came first; and it was the discovery of Sanskrit on which that and the study of religions were alike based. A century ago there was hardly a scholar in the world who could have translated a line of the sacred books of the Brahmins, the Magians, or the Buddhists. The very existence of these books was doubted, and of course no attempt was made to understand the religious position of those millions of the human race who lived and died by their teachings. Now large portions of these writings are deciphered and published; but even now the study of their meaning is in its infancy, and the earliest translations do as little justice to their originals, as does Sale's version of the Koran when we compare it with Lane's. Thus Eugène Burnouf was able to show the utter worthlessness of those "Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon" which are to be found in many of our libraries. It seems that they were sifted through a series of languages and spoiled in the process.

It is the basis of Max Müller's creed that "what they [men] contemptuously call natural religion is in reality the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man." (I. 32.) "Every religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true though unknown God. Whether we see the Papua squatting in dumb meditation before his fetic, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming, 'The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in thee, O my God! I do not know thee what thou art: but I know that thou art what thou alone canst be,'—we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground." (I. 30.)

He frankly recognizes that what he has to say will meet with opposition from many sincere persons. "To those, no doubt, who value the tenets of their religion as the miser values his pearls and precious stones, thinking their value lessened if pearls and stones of the same kind are found in other

parts of the world, the Science of Religion will bring many a rude shock; but to the true believers, truth, wherever it appears, is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious because it was seen, not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Laotse."

There is great variety in these essays, and the author's wide erudition draws materials from "folk-lore" and nursery tales, as well as from the Vedas and the "White Lotus of the Good Law." He shows everywhere the greatest sincerity and truthfulness, with a rare absence of special pleading. He freely admits, for instance, that the first verb in the Book of Genesis (*barâ*) does not and cannot mean a creation out of nothing, but implies merely "fashioning or arranging," all else being a modern perversion. (I. 131.) Indeed he says explicitly, that "greater violence is done by successive interpreters to sacred literature than to any other relics of ancient literature," because "the simplest phrases are tortured and mangled, till at last they are made to yield their assent to ideas most foreign to the minds of the authors." (I. 131.)

Though Max Müller has been in England long enough to acquire a tinge of wholesome worldliness, and to regard the British system of castes as essential to a healthy society, he still is not quite an Englishman. He has that good average style which we learn to prize in English books, though he has also its usual accompaniment, a shrinking from the graces of rhetoric, as if they were something French and debilitating. This may do no harm, but the affair grows more serious when he carries the whim further, as in the following:

"Sense is after all the great test of translation. We must feel convinced that there was good sense in these poems, otherwise mankind would not have taken the trouble to preserve them; and if we cannot discover good sense in them it must be either our fault, or the words as we now read them were not the words uttered by the ancient prophets of the world." (II. 123.) What but this method produces that torturing and mangling of phrases which has just excited his wrath? It is by this plausible process of clarification that Cousin undertakes to dispose of all human thought in his *Histoire de la Philosophie*. Fancy a man's undertaking to translate Plotinus or the Parmenides on this Anglo-Saxon method of abolishing all the cloudy passages, or some future editor of Emerson substituting a Sphinx-made-easy for the current version! Shall a German, of all men, dispute the authenticity of the text, whenever a poet goes up into the clouds?

Sometimes, again, he manifests a kind of surprise at very common thoughts, and this leads to the suspicion that his mind may have its own narrownesses after all. Thus in speaking of the Brahmanic theory that there must be an infallible priesthood to interpret an infallible book, he says, "This is a curious argument and not without some general interest,"—as if it were not the argument on which every intelligent Roman Catholic in great part rests his faith. Possibly the sects and sub-sects around him are a little too near for the focus of his spy-glass, but it certainly brings out magnificently all the regions of greater distance, resolves many a nebula of doubt, and shows the starry heavens in exceeding beauty.

